

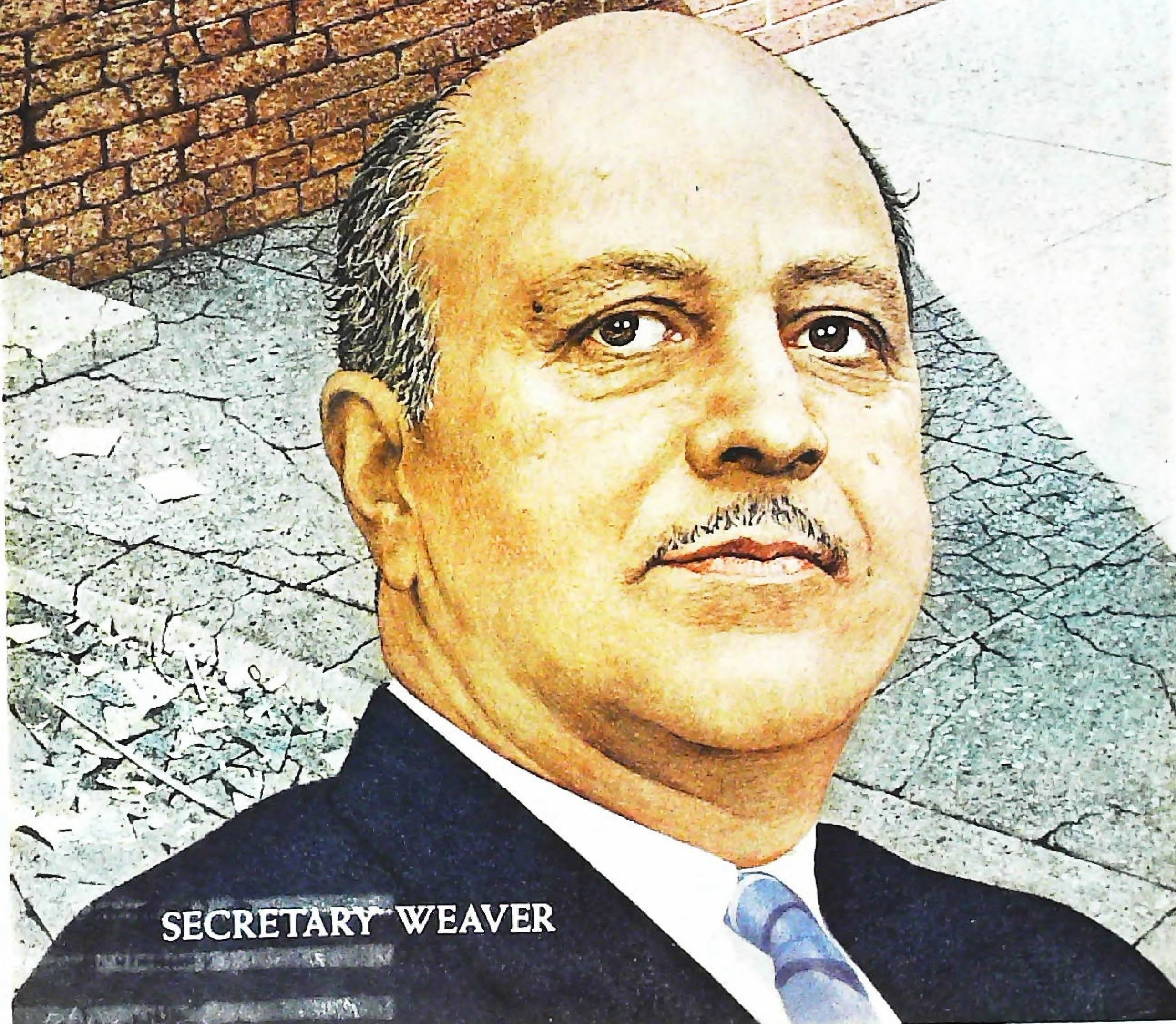
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

MARCH 4, 1966

First Negro in the Cabinet
TRYING TO SAVE THE CITIES

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



SECRETARY WEAVER

VOL. 87 NO. 9
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

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PERHAPS you have noticed how many of today's best-sellers are Literary Guild books. But, you may not have realized that members get these books as soon as published — and are guaranteed savings of 40% to 60% on every book they want!

In recent months, for example, members were offered *The Penkovsky Papers* for \$2.95 instead of \$5.95 in the publisher's edition, *Yes I Can* for \$3.50 instead of \$6.95, *The Rabbi* for \$2.95 instead of \$5.95, *Is Paris Burning?* for \$2.95 instead of \$6.95.

Being first to enjoy the newest best-sellers at savings like these is a continuing benefit of Literary Guild membership. Months before publication, Guild editors contract for the books which in their judgment will be most widely discussed and enjoyed — from among thousands of manuscripts submitted by leading publishers. Handsome Guild editions are then printed in large, economical press runs which make possible the savings to members.

Coming selections are described before publication in the Guild's free monthly *Preview*. As a member, you need accept only four books during the coming year, out of the 20 or more offered each month. For every four you buy, you may choose a bonus book.

Why not begin enjoying the many benefits of Guild membership by taking advantage of this introductory offer right now? Send no money. Just mail the coupon.

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc., Garden City, N. Y.

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966

Literary Guild of America, Inc.
Dept. 63-TZX, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a trial member of the Literary Guild and send me the FOUR books or sets whose numbers I have printed in the four boxes at the right. Bill me only \$1 plus shipping for all four. If not delighted, I may return them in 10 days and this membership will be cancelled.

I do not need to accept a book every month — only as few as four a year — and may resign any time after purchasing four books. All selections and alternates will be described to me in advance in the Guild's free monthly "Preview," and a convenient form will always be provided for my use if I do not wish to receive a forthcoming selection. You will bill me the special Guild price for each book I take. This will always be at least 40% — often as much as 60% — below the price of the publisher's edition. (A modest charge is added for shipping.) For each four monthly selections or alternates I accept, I may choose a valuable bonus book from the special bonus catalog.

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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Canadian: Enquiries write to address above. For your convenience, books will be shipped from our Canadian office. Offer good in Continental U.S.A. and Canada only.

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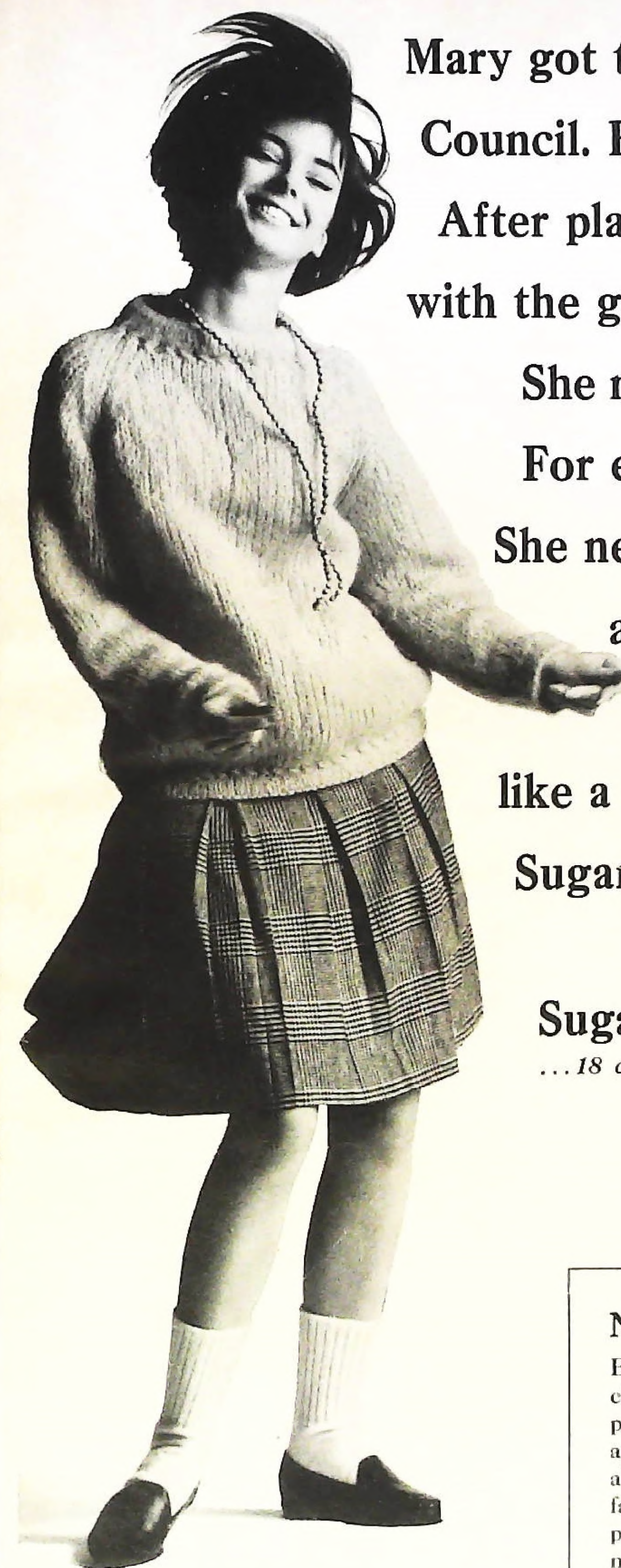
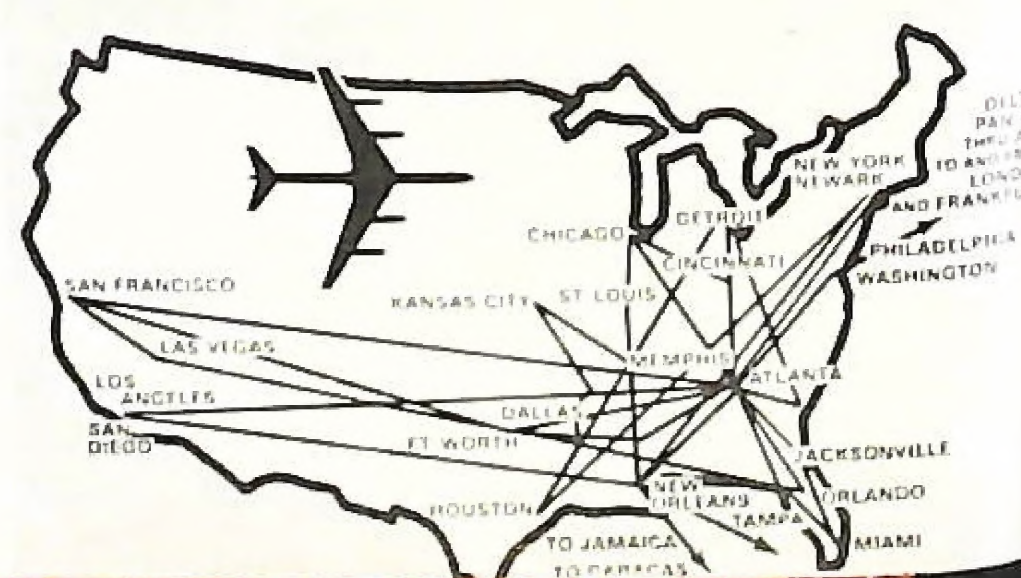


Feast your eyes on a Delta dinner!

Can you think of a nicer way to eat up 600 miles?

Cocktails, hors d'oeuvres, Champagne, vin Rosé . . . Gulf shrimp *remoulade* . . . a crisp tomato salad . . . charcoal broiled strip sirloin or filet mignon. What a delight to dine *a la Delta*! From Banner Jet First Class menus like this to appetizing Tourist fare, Delta makes your trip a real treat.

DELTA



Mary got to school early for Student Council. Her team won in gym.

After play rehearsal, she'll Watusi with the gang.

She needs sugar in her life.

For energy.

She needs energyless, artificially sweetened foods and beverages like a turtle needs a seat belt.

Sugar swings. Serve some.

Sugar's got what it takes

...18 calories per teaspoon and it's all energy



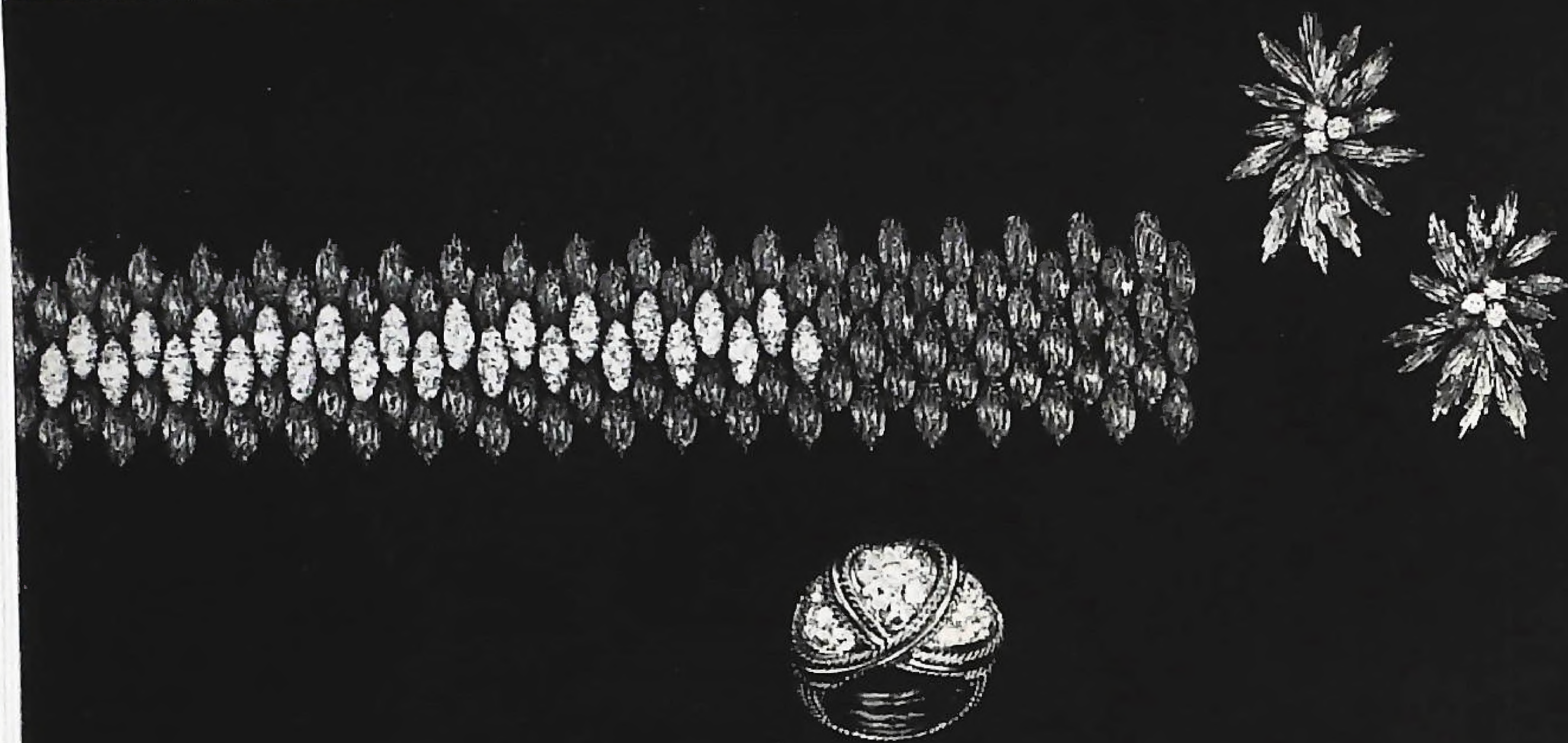
Note to Mothers:

Exhaustion may be dangerous—especially to children who haven't learned to avoid it by pacing themselves. Exhaustion opens the door a little wider to the bugs and ailments that are always lying in wait. Sugar puts back energy fast—offsets exhaustion. Synthetic sweeteners put back nothing. Energy is the first requirement of life. Play safe with your young ones—make sure they get sugar every day.

Sugar Information, Inc.

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966

For sweetness with energy, get beet or cane sugar.



Diamonds bespeak an ever-growing love

Love can never grow old. Neither can the beauty of the diamond. It matters little whether your gift for an important occasion or a special day is lavish or modest. The diamond's meaning is beyond all worldly values.

Bracelet, about \$3500; earrings, about \$250; ring, about \$950. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



Growing tall in the saddle business



Vice President G. M. Powell of Employers Mutuals and President J. E. Watkins of Chattanooga Saddlery Company, Inc., anticipate the excitement these new western saddles will bring their owners. (They didn't allow this lunch-break amusement to become horseplay—a plant taboo.)

Wausau Story

In fifteen years the Chattanooga Saddlery Company has grown from a 12-man shop into an operation employing more than 200 men and women. Each week, now, some 1500 saddles are shipped for distribution across the U.S. and overseas.

"We must be doing something right," says President J. E. Watkins of his company's growth.

Many things right, we'd say—and among them, having the experienced counsel of Employers Mutuals of

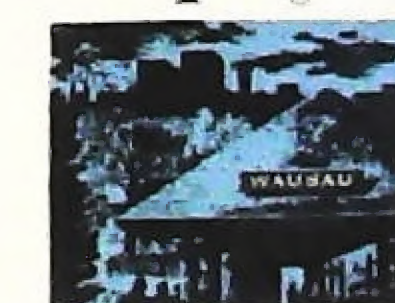
Wausau right from the very start.

With Employers Mutuals' sound guidance in safe procedures, Chattanooga Saddlery has integrated safety with routine, spared loss to employees and the company through the control of accidents and insurance costs.

If your company is growing or grown up, right now is the time to take a look at your business insurance needs. Workmen's compensation, group health and accident plans, all forms of fire and casualty insurance.

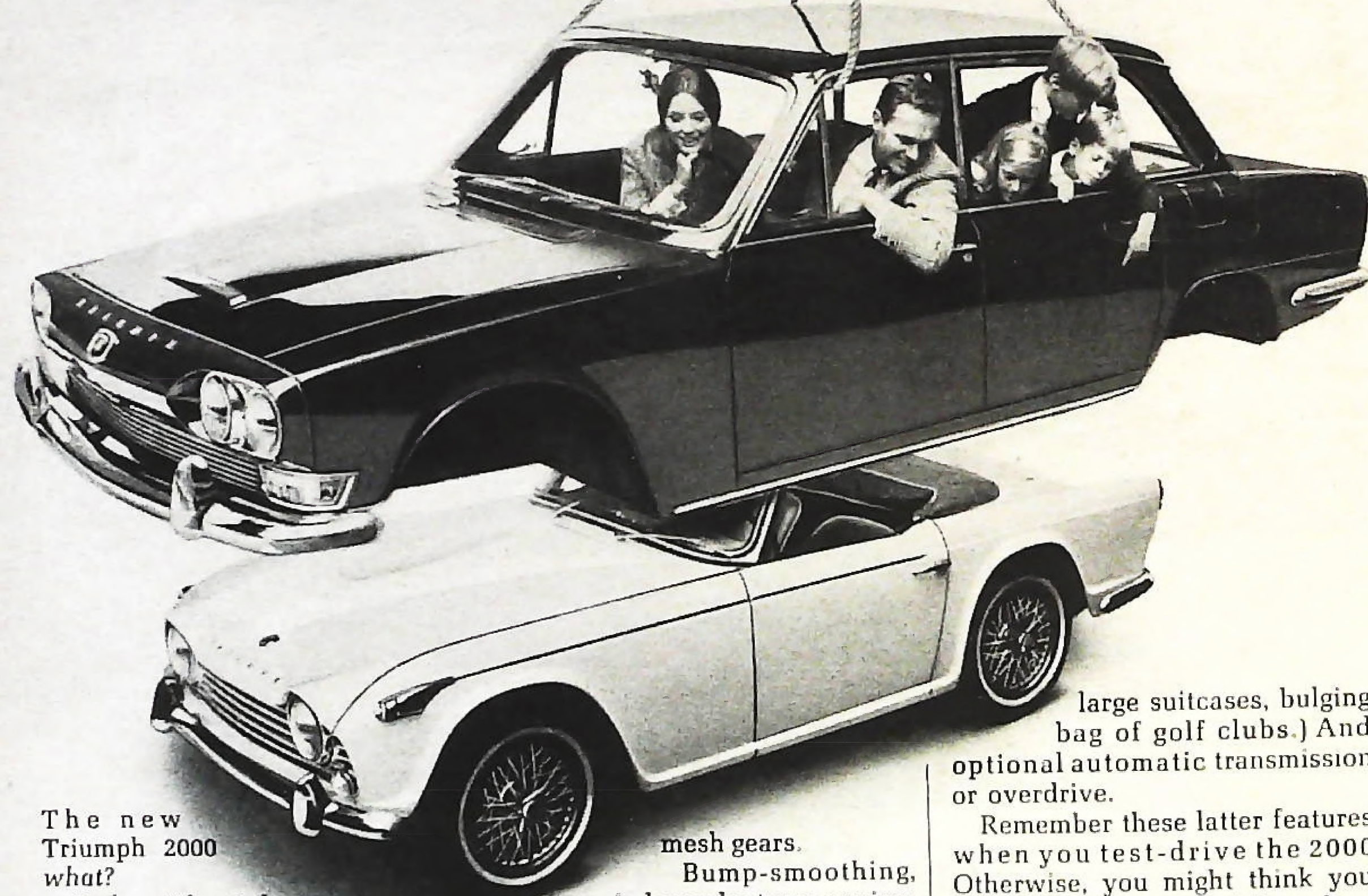
Let the "good people to do business with" help you. Call Employers Mutuals of Wausau, listed in the Yellow Pages. Or, write Employers Mutuals, Wausau, Wisconsin.

**Employers Insurance
of WAUSAU**



185 Offices Coast
to Coast
"Good People to do
business with"

Introducing the new Triumph 2000 sedan.



The new
Triumph 2000
what?

Sedan. The 4-door,
5-passenger Triumph 2000
sedan.

(You probably thought we only
make exciting sports cars. Like the
TR-4A and Spitfire Mk2.)

But please don't think we've
"gone Detroit." Because the 2000
is probably quite unlike any sedan
you've ever driven. In fact, you
might think you were driving a
Triumph sports car.

With accurate rack-and-pinion
steering. Four forward synchro-

mesh gears.

Bump-smoothing,
independent suspension.

Dependable disc brakes. (You
won't find standard features like
these—all from the TR-4A—on
most of the higher-priced sedans.)

And a 6-cylinder engine—0-50
in only 9.4 seconds—that still
squeezes about 26 miles from
each gallon of gas.

Of course, the Triumph 2000
boasts such sedan-like features as
luxurious reclining front bucket
seats. Child-proof door locks.
Yawning trunk. (Swallows five

large suitcases, bulging
bag of golf clubs.) And
optional automatic transmission
or overdrive.

Remember these latter features
when you test-drive the 2000.
Otherwise, you might think you
were driving the world's only 4-
door, 5-passenger sports car.

Triumph 2000



Suggested retail price PDE \$2815 plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly
higher in West. Look for dealer in Yellow Pages. Overseas delivery available.
Standard Triumph Motor Co., Inc. 575 Madison Ave. N.Y. N.Y. 10022



You can do a lot of baking for a little bit of dough

Your electric service costs so little, you can do all sorts
of baking for a few cents' worth.

That's part of the miracle of electric service—its very low
price. While the price of most things has been climbing
over the years, the price of electric service keeps coming
down. In fact, today the average family pays about 15%

less per kilowatt-hour for service than it did 10 years ago.
Which all goes to prove an important point. Sound business
management—and energetic business enterprise—together
mean dependable, low-priced electric service for you, both
now and in the future.

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies*

Watch for "Hollywood Palace," Saturday, March 12, 9:30 P.M., Eastern Time, on ABC-TV.

*Names of sponsoring companies available through this magazine.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 2

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).* William Shatner stars in a drama about a jungle doctor accused of malpractice and murder.

Thursday, March 3

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). *The Devil at Four O'Clock*. Spencer Tracy, as a hardheaded Irish-American priest, and Frank Sinatra, as a hard-case Italo-American criminal, invoke the blessings of heaven in their work at a children's leper colony situated on the slopes of a volcano that may erupt any moment.

Friday, March 4

THE SAMMY DAVIS JR. SHOW (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Sammy's third appearance of the season will have more of himself and less of his friends. Guests include the Supremes and Jonathan Winters.

Saturday, March 5

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The World Ski Jumping championship from Oslo, Norway; the Daytona 500 Stock Car championship from Daytona, Fla.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:15 p.m.). *The Five Pennies*. This movie biography of Jazz Musician Ernest Loring ("Red") Nichols is laden with heroics and sentimentality, but Danny Kaye and Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong have a ball and save the show.

Sunday, March 6

CBS NEWS RELIGIOUS BROADCAST (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). A tour around the new Israel Museum in Jerusalem to see exhibits ranging from 5th century Persian gold ornaments to Picasso and op art.

CAMERA THREE (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). Part 3 of "In Search of Ezra Pound" traces Pound's childhood, college life and self-exile in Europe.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Nehru: Man of Two Worlds" highlights Nehru's career from his days in prison to his election as independent India's first Prime Minister.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Part 2 of the story about a girl who wants to dance, filmed with the Royal Danish Ballet.

Tuesday, March 8

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "Our Friends, the French": the state of the Franco-American alliance as seen through the eyes of Frenchmen.

THEATER

On Broadway

PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME! is an honest and lyrical, sentimental and humorous account of a young Irishman's preparations to leave his homeland for America. A uniformly excellent cast is headed by Dubliners Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford, who play the hero's inner and outer selves.

SWEET CHARITY. As a taxi dancer in search of lasting love, Gwen Verdon is Terpsichore's darling and fortune's foil.

* All times E.S.T.

Bob Fosse's choreography sizzles, but Neil Simon's book is a burnt-out case.

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE is John Osborne's *Inferno*, the journey of an "irredeemably mediocre" middle-aged soul through a modern hell, all the while lashing out at his fate with visceral scorn and waspish humor. Nicol Williamson makes him a good sight larger than most heroes.

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE blends Brecht with the Theater of Cruelty, mixing in philosophy, revolution and insanity. A skin-tingling assault on the senses.

CACTUS FLOWER is a French bonbon oozing with sex. Barry Nelson is a sybaritic dentist who is affair-prone; Lauren Bacall plays the slightly soured nurse who saves him—then conquers him. Director Abe Burrows keeps this candied love apple dripping with amusement.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU. A note of nostalgia and innocence is struck by the APA repertory company in its stylish revival of the 1936 George Kaufman-Moss Hart comedy classic.

Off Broadway

THE MAD SHOW. With only a passing nod to *Mad* magazine, this revue satirizes TV kiddie shows, soap-flake operas, recording stars. It has more jaw than teeth, but the show is entertaining.

HOGAN'S GOAT. Ethnic memory is tapped as William Alfred evokes Irish character, customs and clout in Brooklyn at the turn of the century. Beneath the blarney and blather lies the story of the making and unmaking of an American politician.

THE WHITE DEVIL. A revival in modern dress recaptures all the gory gothic elements of John Webster's 17th century melodrama of destruction wrought by ambition, greed, murder and revenge.

RECORDS

Folk & Other

PAUL BUTTERFIELD, at 24, is a virtuoso on the harmonica, the new "in" instrument that folk aficionados, picking up an old colloquialism, call a "harp." Butterfield's harp is electrically amplified, and he gets extraordinary saxophone-like effects with it. On his first album, *The Paul Butterfield Blues Band* (Elektra), he not only blows a wild-sweet harp but also shows that he is one of the best young bluesmen around by singing the likes of *Shake Your Money-Maker* and *Thank You Mr. Poobah*, vigorously backed by guitars, drums, organ and bass.

SANDY BULL, an accomplished guitarist, plays folk music as well as jazz, classical works and his own too-lengthy ragabike musings. His *Inventions* (Vanguard) includes such surprises as a Bach gavotte played on an electric guitar with an organlike sonority, a 14th century ballad performed on oud, banjo and guitar, and a swinging selection of 20th century rhythm and blues.

HARRY BELAFONTE heard Nana Mouskouri, 28, singing in a supper club outside Athens and brought her to the U.S. to tour and record with him some *Songs from Greece* (RCA Victor), with folk lyrics but melodies mostly by Manos (Never on Sunday) Hadjidakis. Greek is

a poetic language of love for Belafonte's mellifluous voice (*In the Small Boat, Walking on the Moon*). Mouskouri adds some dreamlike songs about freedom (*The Town Crier, The Baby Snake*).

AMALIA RODRIGUEZ, one of Portugal's most marketable exports, is queen of the lemon-flavored café song known as *fado*. (*Fado* literally means fate and is always cruel.) Amalia's new album, called the *Soul of Portugal* (Columbia), contains a dozen *fados* (*Corner of Sin, Useless Angel*), similar in mood to Edith Piaf's *chansons* but stamped with Portuguese rhythms and Amalia's tangy timber.

KENNETH MCKELLAR, a stylish Scottish tenor who is equally at home singing Handel arias, gives meticulous attention to *Greensleeves and Other Songs of the British Isles* (London). Abetted by a sensitive orchestral accompaniment, McKellar's expressiveness and polish bring freshness to such faded ballads as *The Last Rose of Summer* and *Ye Banks and Braes*.

THE ROMEROS, which is to say the young Spanish guitarists Celin, Angel and Pepe along with their father Celedonia, perform *An Evening of Flamenco Music* (Mercury). The quartet plays four of the gypsy dances, but the most brilliant interludes are Pepe's solos, including the flashy *Bulerias* and the moody *Granadinas*.

CINEMA

THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET. Folksy humor and lyrical fantasy heighten the impact of this masterly Czech tragedy—a deceptively simple tale of a hennecked nobody (Josef Kröner) who befriends but ultimately betrays the doomed old Jewess (Ida Kaminíská) whose button shop is given to him by Nazis ruling a complacent Slovakian village in 1942.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW. An Italian Communist, Director Pier Paolo Pasolini, vividly re-creates the world and work of Christ with a cast of non-professional actors, a script taken line for line from Scripture, and a blessed absence of the usual conventions.

KING AND COUNTRY. The trial and execution of a pathetic World War I deserter (Tom Courtenay) mean agony for the officer (Dirk Bogarde) assigned to defend him in this rigorous British drama by Joseph Losey (*The Servant*).

THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX. While the wreckage of a twin-engined transport sits in mid-Sahara, Director Robert Al-drich coolly studies a crew of survivors headed by James Stewart in their attempt to escape on a wing and a prayer.

OTHELLO. Playing the Moor of Venice in blackface, Laurence Olivier often strikes verbal fire from the kindling poetry of Shakespeare's tragedy but fails to ignite the smoldering passion of the inner man.

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO. Before and after the Russian Revolution, lovers move through a many-splendored landscape in David Lean's version of Pasternak's classic. Omar Sharif is Zhivago, Julie Christie his Larra.

REPULSION. Terror shrouds a London flat in this classic thriller about a demure blonde murderess (Catherine Deneuve) and her eager suitors.

THUNDERBALL. The latest James Bond survival kit includes an Aqualung, a backpack jet and, again, Sean Connery conquering the fair sex and some foul foes.

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD. This strong, stark adaptation of John le Carré's novel has Richard Burton giving his best screen performance as a burnt-out



TRICYCLE

Remember when you rode a tricycle as a kid? Compared with a bike it was pretty simple to handle. Same thing's true of the modern Piper Cherokee because it, too, uses the tricycle principle for its landing gear.

IT'S one reason why the Cherokee seems to want to do everything right. It inherently rolls straight on take-off and landing. If you land with a little drift, the tricycle gear automatically corrects for it, whereas older airplanes with their little tail wheels had a tendency to wander all over the place. And you don't have to teeter on a stall a few inches off the ground to make a "three-point" landing. You just ease down onto the runway with seldom an embarrassing bounce.

Actually, all modern airplanes now use the tricycle landing gear and this innovation is one of several big reasons why flying is so much simpler than just a few years ago.

The tricycle gear takes on even better characteristics when combined with low wing design. That's why we at Piper, after building tens of thousands of high wing airplanes, have switched completely to low wing except for the Super Cub (still produced in limited quantity). With low wing several good things happen. First, the

center of gravity is much lower. Second, the wheel tread can be made much wider. With low CG and wide stance there's no top-heavy tippy feeling when you fly the Cherokee.

The low wing offers other benefits, too. Visibility's so much better. And, in the Cherokee, a "magic" pillow of air between wing and runway cushions every landing.

\$5 Introductory Flight Lesson

Like to see for yourself? Five dollars is all you need for the Special Introductory Flight Lesson your Piper dealer is offering. With a government-rated flight instructor, you'll quickly learn how easy—and fascinating!—it is to handle the quiet, smooth-running Cherokee.

Visit your Piper dealer today—this weekend for sure. No coupon needed. Just come out to the airport, say you want to take the Special \$5 Introductory Flight Lesson, and the rest is easy.

If you don't find your Piper dealer in the Yellow Pages, write for his name. You'll receive a Flight Facts Kit including 20-page booklet "Let's Fly." Just write Dept. 3-T.

PIPER

AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
Lock Haven, Pa. (Main Offices)
Vero Beach, Florida



PIPER HAS BUILT MORE AIRPLANES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966



"LONG DISTANCE SELLING IS GIVING US ANOTHER BANNER YEAR!"

says **Philip Bell, President, Pearce-Simpson, Inc., Miami, Florida**

"As a leading producer of marine and citizen's-band two-way radios, we have been doing 90% of our selling by Long Distance over the past three years," Mr. Bell points out. "We've enjoyed steadily increasing sales success at steadily decreasing costs—and last year we nearly doubled sales of the year before."

"With 925 dealers scattered all over the country, Long Distance provides us with regular sales coverage. Personal visits prove costly for us to use too frequently. We use Long Distance to get

reorders, solve problems as they arise, and maintain good manufacturer-retailer relations. The payoff clearly speaks for itself."

Though your sales requirements may be entirely different, Long Distance can still be a vital tool in building sales at low cost. To find out more, call your Bell Telephone Business Office. Ask for a communications consultant to contact you.



Bell System

American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies

Take a new look at Long Distance!

Mr. Alec Pappas, Vice-President and Assistant Director of Engineering, at the test site for a drone antisubmarine helicopter made on Long Island, N.Y. for the U.S. Navy's DASH weapon system



**"Look, I work for a helicopter company.
I'd rather invest in that than buy life insurance!"**

"But a MONY man proved that I wasn't building up anything like the right amount of cash to *guarantee* my family an income if anything happened to me!"



MONY man Arthur Engelson talks it over with Alec Pappas

"I've got investments, some life insurance plus group insurance. That's enough," I told MONY man Arthur Engelson.

"But Arthur proved if anything did happen to me my family might suffer severe financial hardship. What sounded like a lot of cash wouldn't be in terms of yearly income. If I wanted to *guarantee* an income... one my wife could live on for life and yet big enough to support the children in the early years... then I couldn't afford to stall."

"So Arthur came up with a really comprehensive plan. One that could provide my wife a realistic lifetime income. Or if all

went well I'd have cash towards a retirement fund. Or cash I could borrow. Since then Arthur even helped me set up a trust fund through my bank."

"The special help Arthur and MONY gave me is just amazing!"

MONY men care for people.

Get in touch with a MONY man near you. Rely on his seasoned judgment to provide you with the finest life and health insurance protection money can buy. From MONY, a leader for 123 years.

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☐ "The ABC of Life Insurance" How insurance works, in plain English. Basic types, cash values, dividends, etc.

☐ "Talking Over Federal Taxes, And Life And Health Insurance." The tax cut and how it can help your family.

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TIME, MARCH 4, 1966

We hate to think you'd
buy this shoe just because
it looks great.



THE EXECUTIVE

Style 113—in antiqued brown
or black grained calfskin

Great looks? that's only half of it.

Great comfort is the other half.

The four exclusive Wright Arch Preserver® features have you
stepping out free and easy, feeling better than you ever felt
before. Looks *and* comfort. You'll admit it's rare to get both.



For the same Wright
Arch Preserver comfort,
36-hole variety,
ask your pro about

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British agent sent to set a diabolical trap
for a tireless foe (Oskar Werner) in East
Germany.

DARLING. Low jinks in the jet set, with
Julie Christie bouncing from pillow to
post.

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS. Baubles, bangles
and Freudian heads bob to the surface
when Director Federico Fellini (8½)
plumbs the subconscious of a matron
(Giulietta Masina) beset by marital woes.

BOOKS

Best Reading

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOVEL, by Ken-
neth Rexroth. Novel it is not, but it is a
novel autobiography of an old bohemian
who describes with much wit and some
wisdom the anarchists, pacifists, ragged
utopians and plain cranks he encountered
during a merrily freewheeling life.

THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL KEITEL,
Chief of the German High Command, 1938-
1945, edited by Walter Görlitz. Completed
just before he was hanged as a war crim-
inal, this memoir by Hitler's top military
man gives a fascinating account of the
last days of the Wehrmacht as well as a
chilling insight into the moral myopia
that afflicted the Nazi high command.

ALLENBY OF ARABIA, by Brian Gardner.
An eloquent and meticulous biography of
Sir Edmund Allenby, the great British
general whose Palestine campaign knocked
Turkey out of World War I.

A CHOICE OF WEAPONS, by Gordon
Parks. The well-known Negro photogra-
pher recounts without a trace of self-pity
his struggle to find a better weapon than
hatred to use against the injustices he en-
countered in a white man's society.

IN COLD BLOOD, by Truman Capote. The
darkest side of murder—in this case the
slaughter of a farm family in Kansas—is
illuminated with a fidelity that makes
the act as real as it was meaningless.

A VISION OF BATTLEMENTS, by Anthony
Burgess. This wry account of a young Brit-
on's jousts with the military bullies and
oafs stationed on Gibraltar during and
after World War II shines like a Faery-
bauble when compared with the usual as-
sortment of wartime reminiscences.

THE PROUD TOWER, by Barbara Tuch-
man. The author skillfully reconstructs
the edifice of Europe—comfortable, com-
placent, seemingly secure—that was to
topple before the guns of August 1914.

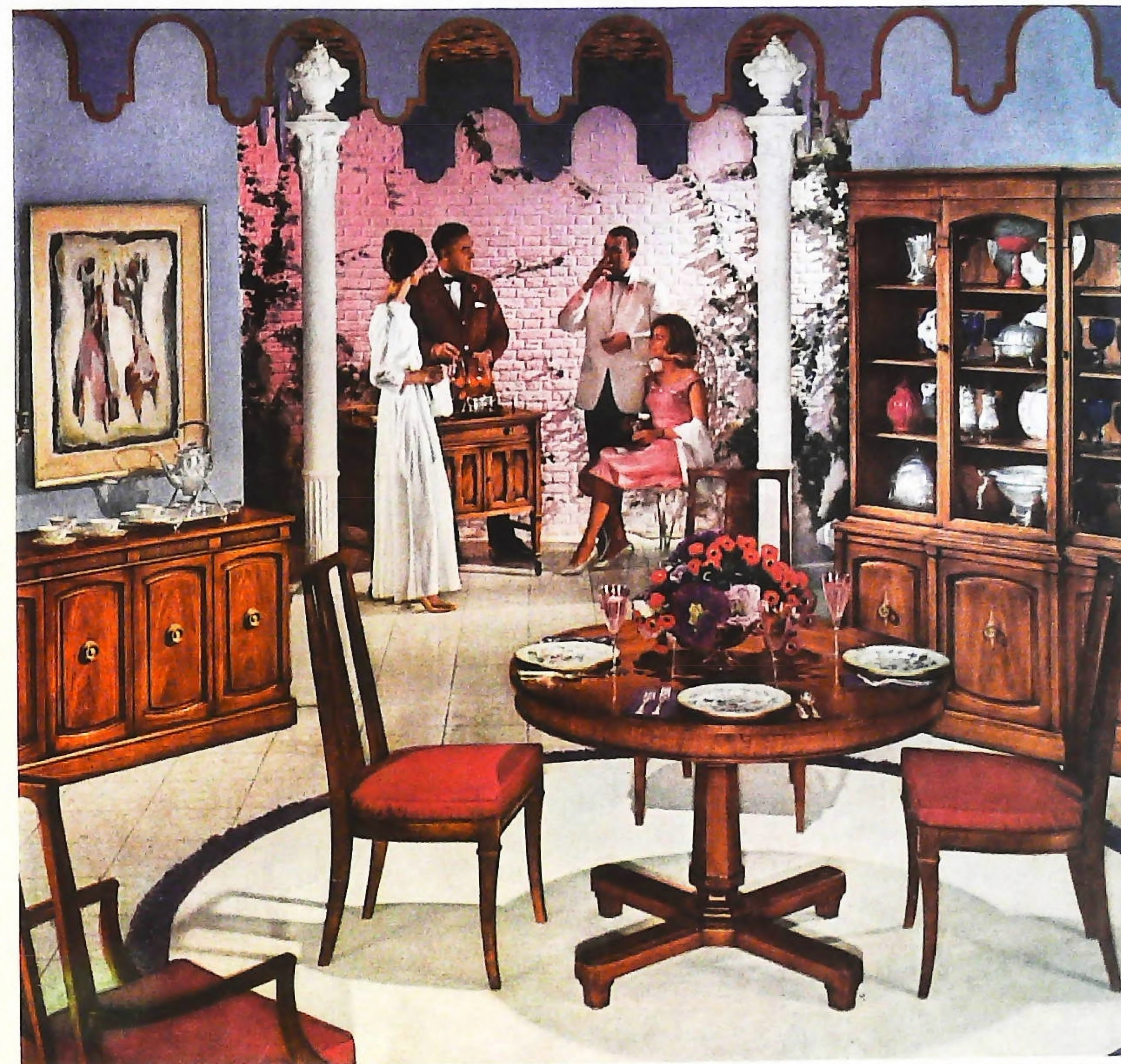
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Source, Michener (1 last week)
2. Those Who Love, Stone (2)
3. The Double Image, MacInnes (3)
4. The Embezzler, Auchincloss (7)
5. The Comedians, Greene (5)
6. The Lockwood Concern, O'Hara (4)
7. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (6)
8. The Billion Dollar Brain, Deighton (9)
9. Thomas, Mydans (8)
10. The Rabbi, Gordon

NON-FICTION

1. In Cold Blood, Capote (1)
2. The Proud Tower, Tuchman (3)
3. A Thousand Days, Schlesinger (2)
4. Games People Play, Berne (4)
5. A Gift of Prophecy, Montgomery (6)
6. Kennedy, Sorensen (5)
7. The Penkovskiy Papers, Penkovskiy (7)
8. The Last 100 Days, Toland
9. Yes I Can, Davis and Boyar (8)
10. A Gift of Joy, Hayes (9)



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LETTERS

Artur's Round Table

Sir: Thank you for a fascinating and perceptive story on Artur Rubinstein [Feb. 25], surely one of our most enduring—and endearing—musical geniuses. In a world in which so many distrust or dislike their lives, it's a pleasure to read about someone who loves and cares about his own enough to transmit his joy to others.

(MRS.) ELIDA D. LAWSON
New York City

Sir: Your enthusiasm overreaches itself when you call his playing of Mozart "impeccable." Though fine indeed, it is still marred by that same romanticism that is the Rubinstein trademark. What is interesting in this regard is not the pianist's limitation but the certainty that he will improve, that in time his Mozart will have the clarity and refinement it needs. On the basis of his spirit and energy alone, Rubinstein deserves his superb life.

DONALD WILSON
New York City

Sir: Rubinstein's unique blending of "romantic" and "modern" piano styles deserves the highest praise of the civilized world. But to state categorically that he is "the world's greatest pianist," to put him on a pedestal above Horowitz, Richter, Serkin, etc., is irresponsible reporting of a type to which I think Rubinstein himself would take exception.

MILTON SETZER
New York City

Sir: The Rubinstein story is a gem.
WILLIAM M. AVERY JR.
Elmhurst, Ill.

War With Words

Sir: As a Vietnamese, I find your cover story on Premier Ky [Feb. 18] excellent. At last people will understand that the government is doing its best to defend and help the people.

DOAN TAN HOI
Nashville, Tenn.

Sir: TIME's Viet Nam coverage has been nothing less than outstanding, the story on Dean Rusk [Feb. 4] nothing less than just. Now, after a week of Fulbright's foreign relations circus, I think we can all agree with Truman's view of the man as "that overeducated Oxford s.o.b."

NORMAND W. DUFRESNE
Lowell, Mass.

Sir: What we need is more "overeducated Oxford s.o.b.s" [Feb. 18] in Congress and fewer "shocking exposes" that are shocking only in their intent to malign.

(MRS.) MARIE G. ALI
Mt. Rainier, Md.

Sir: To accuse Senator Fulbright of a "blind spot" in not accepting the myth of a monolithic-belligerent Communist bloc is to reveal your own. That Communist doctrine is neither monolithic nor necessarily nor always belligerent is no longer an opinion. It's a fact! I know of no reputable scholar who would argue otherwise.

HERBERT W. WERLIN
Instructor in Political Science
State University of New York
Stony Brook, N.Y.

Sir: My greatest fear is that the Fulbrights, Morges and Kennans will prevail.

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966

These men don't want to negotiate; they want to capitulate.

L. G. HAMILTON
Geneva, Ill.

Third Force

Sir: True, Lockheed is a great company, and much of the credit belongs to Chairman Gross and his dynamic executives [Feb. 11]. You say the chairman is a banker turned supersalesman and that the president and vice president were accountants who became brilliant administrators. But it takes more than salesmen and administrators to produce technological triumphs. Oh yes, you did say "Engineers and scientists constitute a third of Lockheed's work force."

CHRISTOS T. CHRISTY
President

Engineers-Scientists Guild
Lockheed Section
Burbank, Calif.

Sir: About your story on Courtlandt Gross, I raised half of that \$40,000 to buy the company out of receivership in 1932, at the bottom of the depression, and served as a director during the formative years. As a close personal friend of Bob Gross from childhood, may I add that only a genius could play second fiddle to his inspiring brother all those years—and in the end rise to greater heights.

MAJOR GENERAL LAWRENCE C. AMES
U.S.A.F. (Ret.)

Oakland, Calif.

Stress & Distress

Sir: TIME's discussion of clerical celibacy [Feb. 18] has done a great service by bringing into the open a festering sore in the structure of the church. Celibacy as a *sine qua non* for the priesthood of the Latin Rite is a product neither of the demands of faith nor of the conclusions of sound theology. The stress on celibacy in Western Catholicism at times borders on the irrational. The Oriental Church has realized the error of identifying a vocation to the priesthood with a vocation to the celibate life.

(THE REV.) ROGER J. MOAG
Catholic Student Center
U.S.I. Campus
Lafayette, La.

Sir: As a married Roman Catholic layman, I have always felt that I should much prefer to receive marital guidance from a married priest. I firmly believe that clerical celibacy should be a matter of

choice, not a requirement for ordination. Matrimony is considered a sacrament by Roman Catholics. Why deprive our priests of its many graces?

DONALD E. COLOGNE
Smithtown, N.Y.

Sir: Your treatment of celibacy is misleading, superficial and one-sided. You cite exceptional cases to show that the celibate priesthood is falling apart. You should realize that the church's situation in South America is anything but favorable. What you attribute to some priests there may be one of many symptoms of a more widespread disease infecting South America's Christianity. Perhaps in South America many priests "who found celibacy no problem were either emotionally immature or latent homosexuals." But don't imply that this is so everywhere.

JOHN J. BUCKLEY JR.
Archdiocesan Seminary
Cardinal Glennon College
St. Louis

Sir: A priest who seeks solution of his problems in marriage betrays an immature appreciation of what marriage is about. Marriage is not a solution, it is a vocation, wherein persons give themselves totally to form a new creation. The celibate is capable of the greatest fulfillment because the possibility of devoting himself to many rather than to one is uniquely his.

(THE REV.) STEPHEN F. DUFFY
St. Augustine's Rectory
Union City, N.J.

Taint Necessarily So

Sir: Three cheers for the Ford Foundation! It is time someone began teaching Americans their native tongue [Feb. 18]. But why stop with the American Negro? Slurred and mispronounced speech is one of the characteristics most frequently noted by foreign visitors among Americans. Classes like those you describe should be available to all students with poor speech.

JOHN M. BRENNAN
Port Jefferson, N.Y.

Sir: We wondered, as we drove South last December, when we would notice dialectolalia. It happened in Tennessee, when the gas-station attendant responded to my "Fill 'er up" by saying, "Hahtaste?" In a Florida state park the ranger said, "Ahmtored. Hadahordnot."

GEORGE JOHNSON
Wausau, Wisconsin

Sir: It is too late for the Ford Foundation to save the U.S. from so-called Amos 'n' Andy accents. Dig the President! Dig

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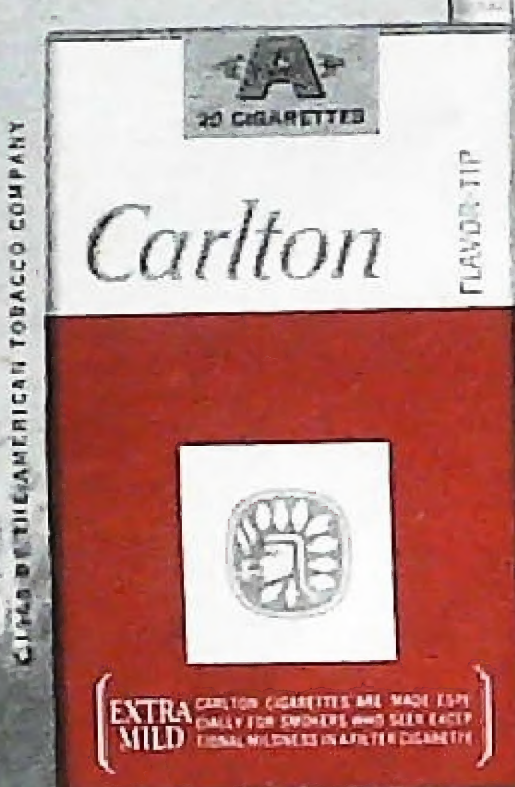
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TED JOANS
jazz poet

en route to Dakar

College of the Air

Sir: Your story on radio's vitality [Feb. 18] fails to mention college radio. While most college operations are limited to the campus, many are expanding. My own station, the country's oldest college station, has turned dream into reality: we have expanded to a 20,000-watt stereo FM station to serve Southern New England with public affairs and music programs. College radio is on the move—I believe that many of tomorrow's radio executives are getting their start at college stations rather than in broadcasting schools.

FRED BRACK
Program Director

WBRU
Brown University
Providence

Prof's Pride

Sir: I appreciated your excellent piece on the Berkeley, Calif., Police Department [Feb. 18]. Every word of it is correct. I have special pride in the department because I am the sole remaining member of the University of California group that helped Chief Vollmer establish a modern department. Soon after Vollmer (a former mail carrier) became chief, he consulted Professors Jessica Peixotto, A. M. Kidd and me. Dr. Peixotto was a member of the State Board of Charities and Corrections and taught criminology; Professor Kidd taught criminal law; I, formerly at Stanford, had also taught criminology and been chairman of the probation committee of the Juvenile Court of Santa Clara County. We drafted plans for the department and gave lectures on criminology to Vollmer's staff.

IRA B. CROSS
Retired Flood Professor of Economics
Berkeley, Calif.

Acting It Out

Sir: In your review of John McGahern's *The Dark* [Feb. 18], you quote Samuel Johnson. "The Irish are a fair people. They never speak well of one another." They don't act well to one another either. *The Dark* has been banned from Ireland, and McGahern has lost his teaching post at a Dublin school. He has, it seems, committed two unforgivable sins, not only has he written a "dirty" book; he has also (God protect us from all harm) married outside the church.

MAURICE C. KING
Dublin

I Remember Ezra

Sir: You say of the Soviet decision to let Novelist Valery Tarsis go to England [Feb. 18]: "The official rationale was that since Tarsis' most recent underground novel, *Ward 7*, concerns his experience as a political prisoner in an insane asylum, he is

a certified lunatic, hence not legally liable for his ravings." America, remember E. Pound!

LAWRENCE RUSSELL
Torremolinos, Spain

Pooh Who?

Sir: Mr. Disney's Pooh presump- [Feb. 18] isn't worth a tiddley-pum.

PRESTON K. COVEY JR.
Pittsburgh

Sir: A great salute to Mr. Disney, who has again brought to life one of the wonderful characters of all time.

(MRS.) CORA S. KILLY
Seal Beach, Calif.

Sir: You better watch out, Mr. Disney. That is not Pooh.

JULIE CLARK
Melbourne, Australia

Good Gout

Sir: Thank you for a story that did much to improve the gout sufferer's image [Feb. 18]. My husband's gout attack was not by others with a "ho, ho, ho" attitude and the usual remark, "That's the dose of the boozers and the high living." No, he ought to command a little respect with that painful big toe.

MRS. EWALD F. FISCHER
Hastings, Minn.

Degenerate Blintz

Sir: I wonder if Letter Writer George Cooley, commenting on Barbra Streisand [Feb. 18], realizes that a crepe suzette is nothing more than a degenerate blintz.

MRS. J. ROBINSON
Cleveland

All Their Buttons

Sir: Before noticing the presence of pocket handkerchief and the absence of stripes on the sleeves, I would have seen your example of avant-garde fashion [Feb. 25] was photographed in a Navy exchange. The Double-B look is certainly nothing new to us.

S. A. MOHSBERG III
Midshipman 2/c, U.S.N.
Annapolis, Md.

Sir: Horrors! Is TIME trying to start a new look in fashion by leaving the button on its double-breasted blazer buttoned? I heartily applaud the resurgence of the Double-B style, but I am obliged to point out that no Double-B man who is worth his brass would leave a button unbuttoned.

ROBERTO C. BISSONNETTE
New York City

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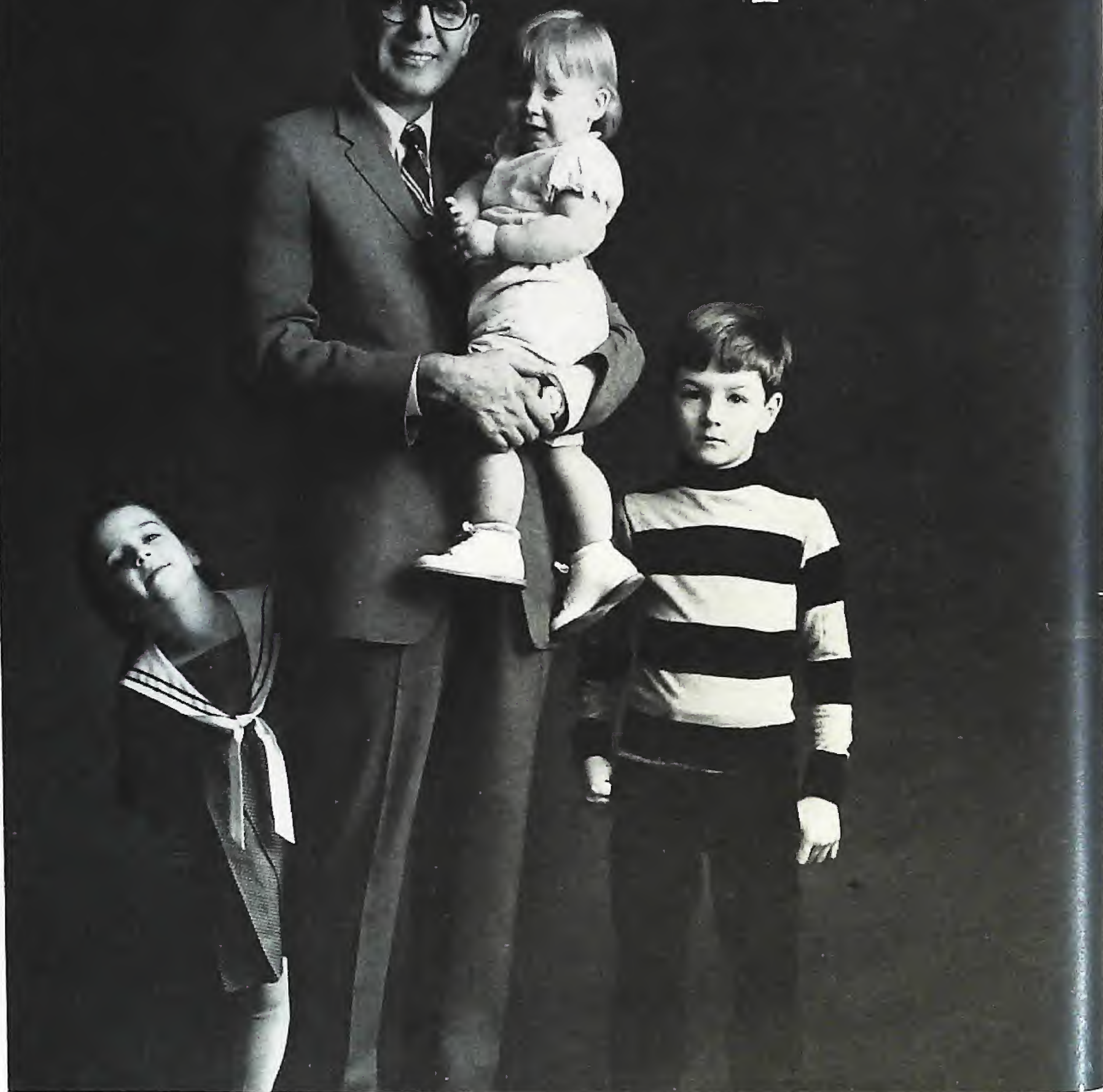
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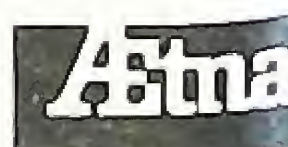
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

ALTHOUGH they have had their share of close calls, the TIME correspondents covering the war in Viet Nam had, until last week, come through unscathed. On Washington's Birthday, Pentagon Correspondent John Mulliken, on a two-month tour of duty in South Viet Nam, became our first casualty. He was wounded—fortunately only slightly—by a sniper's bullet while on a search-and-destroy mission with the U.S. 25th Infantry Division's 2nd Brigade in a patch of woods 20 miles northwest of Saigon. The bullet drilled a clean hole through the heel, missed the bones. Mulliken, a combat veteran of World War II, took the matter lightly, cabled his wife from the hospital about the precise area of his injury: IF YOU WANTED TO SHOOT YOURSELF, THIS IS THE SPOT YOU WOULD CHOOSE TO DO THE LEAST DAMAGE. To the Silver and Bronze stars he already holds, his colleagues in the Washington bureau plan to add a third citation: the Order of Achilles.



MEDIC & MULLIKEN

IN the nine years since Ghana became independent, TIME has been banned, burned, scissored, or otherwise censored in that country so many times that we've lost count. This was thin-skinned Kwame Nkrumah's way of registering his displeasure with stories that were frank and detailed about the "Redeemer's" oppressive regime and his economic mismanagement of a promising young nation. Another form of damaging official harassment has been the on-and-off exclusion—and in one case the arrest—of our reporters.

When Nkrumah's leftist police state was toppled by a military coup last week, TIME's editors were eager

for coverage. First off the mark was Correspondent Friedel Ungeheuer, based in neighboring Nigeria, who flew into Accra a few hours after the coup and was able to get his file to the editors just under the Saturday-night deadline.

Significant as the immediate news was, both Writer John Blashill, who toured South and West Africa in January 1965, and Senior Editor Edward Hughes, who reported to TIME from Africa for 21 years in the '50s, envisaged a story that would place the coup in the framework of recent African history. To this end, correspondents tapped their sources in London, Paris, Washington and several posts in Africa itself. Writer Blashill found especially useful the perceptive chapter on Ghana in a new book, *African Powder Keg*, by Ronald Matthews, our correspondent in Tunisia. A source closer to home, a Ghanaian student working as a file clerk in Manhattan's Time & Life Building, proved knowledgeable about the new leaders in Ghana. His cousin is one of the top men in the new regime.

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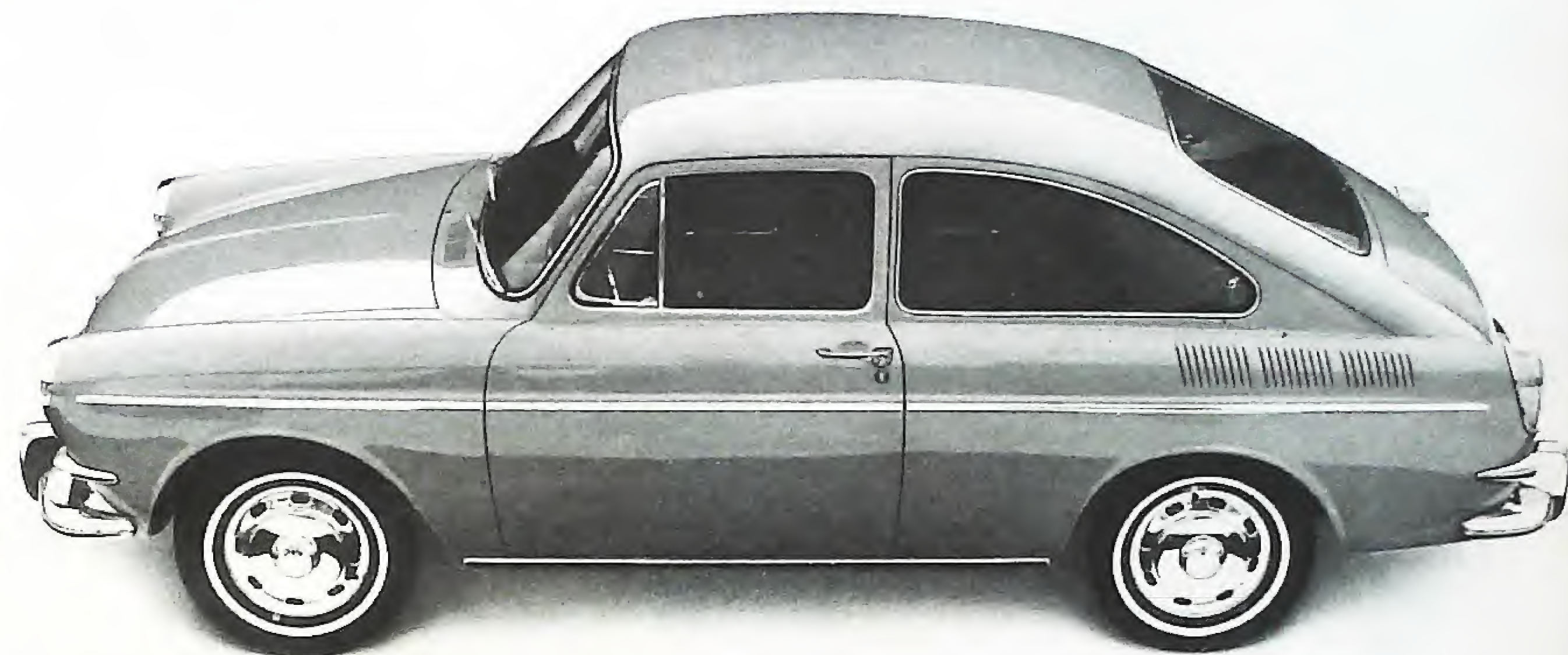


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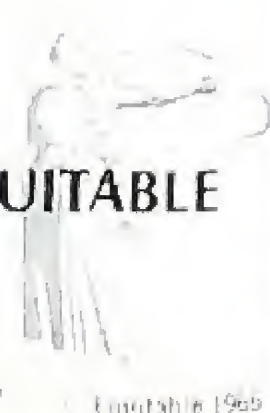
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 4, 1966

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THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Hints of a Changing Equation

In the varying calculus of world politics, the principal constant is the fundamental conflict between regimes founded on repression and societies that aspire to liberty under law. The primary protagonists in the Cold War decades have been Communism and democracy; more immediately, they are Communist China and the U.S. And while there have recently been some loud expressions of doubt and counseling of weakness on the free world's side, there were scattered signs last week that the struggle may be going better than most Westerners had dared to hope.

In Viet Nam, where years of frustration have given U.S. officials a painful inoculation against euphoria, old hands almost embarrassedly admitted that things were looking up. "I'm almost afraid to say it," allowed an intelligence officer in Saigon, "but I wonder if the Viet Cong aren't hurting—and maybe even hurting badly."

Elsewhere there were other hints of a change in the equation of world affairs. In Ghana, where Kwame Nkrumah, one of Africa's last China lovers, had been ruthlessly consolidating a squalid little tyranny for nine years, a cadre of young colonels took advantage of the Redeemer's visit to Peking to redeem their nation from his rule (see

THE WORLD). In Indonesia, where Strongman Sukarno sought to refurbish his sullied image by firing Defense Minister Nasution, one of Peking's arch-enemies, anti-Communist students dared to howl their disapproval at the palace gates.

In Russia, a new five-year plan jettisoned Nikita Khrushchev's dream of overtaking U.S. heavy industry by 1970 and focused instead on a goal that Red China's rulers condemn as pure capitalist decadence—making life more pleasant for the people. Throughout the world, Peking seeks to incite "wars of national liberation." Yet in Red China itself, noted Columnist Joseph Alsop, the regime's paranoid leaders have become so distrustful of the younger generation that they have shipped all members of the three upper classes at pace-setting Peking University to Sinkiang, the Chinese Siberia, "to improve their minds by a period of hard labor."

Clearly, neither in Ghana nor Viet Nam—let alone Russia or China—is a coup or demonstration or a series of advances and retreats any real premise or portent for the future. But the free world could take some comfort last week from the loosely linked chain of evidence around the world that repressive regimes were losing rather than gaining ground in their effort to impress mankind that liberty, Communist-style, is the wave of the future.



HUMPHREY & JOHNSON
Light in the porthole.

THE WAR

"Restrained Optimism"

The helicopter bearing Hubert Humphrey eased deliberately through the chill twilight so as not to reach the White House lawn ahead of the TV cameras. It was the only leisurely part of his homecoming. The Vice President stepped from the chopper into Lyndon Johnson's capacious *abrazo*, then plunged into a hectic round of briefings and appearances. Having stumped nine Far Eastern countries to solicit support for the Johnson Administration's Viet Nam policy, his task last week was to convert the critics back home.

After giving the President an immediate "quick porthole look" of his impressions, Humphrey was back at 8 a.m. next day to address members of Congress. His listeners found Humphrey unwontedly militant, particularly since his mission had been to emphasize that the U.S. is as deeply committed to the struggle for a better life in Asia as it is to the defeat of Red aggression.

Talking "Win." In each of the "two wars," said Humphrey, "we have a right to have restrained optimism and confidence." Then, paraphrasing South Vietnamese Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, he declared: "The National Liberation Front is neither national nor liberating, but it is a front. Communism is one thing as a theory for discussion in this country, but it is quite another in those small countries of Asia where its teeth are bared and its appetite consuming. Its creed is terror, murder, assassination." To make sure that the Administration's congressional critics got the point, Humphrey wondered aloud why some of them "always suggest what we might give up" in order to bring about negotiations. "Why not ask what Hanoi might give up?"

One listener who agreed went away saying: "He was talking 'Win.' He was



NKRUMAH IN PEKING WITH CHOU EN-LAI (RIGHT)
Redeemed from the Redeemer.

much tougher than McNamara ever was before our committee, and tougher than Rusk." Senator Wayne Morse, who likes weak talk, grumped: "I think he has lost all his persuasiveness among people who think I never expected my Vice President to make this plea for war."

Summoned back next day to brief a second group of lawmakers, Humphrey assured them: "We have now reached the stage where our military forces can sustain a planned, methodical forward movement." Though he was doubtful about the efficacy of B-52 raids on South Viet Nam when he left for the Far East, the Vice President added, he is now convinced they are useful.

Chums with Peking. Humphrey's handling of his trip and the subsequent briefings won him more attention than have come his way since his nomination in 1964. He also had his troubles. From Pakistan, where he had met the coolest reception of his tour, came a chorus of protest over a story distributed by the United States Information Service after he had left. It quoted him as saying that Pakistan was "fully aware of the threat of Communist China," whereas the regime is as eager as ever to stay chums with Peking. Humphrey subsequently denied making the statement. In India,

Prime Minister Indira Gandhi was more polite, but still found it necessary to remind the U.S. publicly that Humphrey's visit had not changed her government's nonaligned foreign policy.

At home, Senator J. William Fulbright, on whose Foreign Relations Committee Humphrey once sat, embarrassed the Vice President by again inviting him to appear before the committee—even though he had already reported lengthily to the Congressmen (Fulbright left the Vice President's briefing 45 minutes early) and had turned down one invitation from the chairman the previous week. Fulbright's explanation for sending another was that he had found the White House presentation inadequate. "I really don't see the necessity for any further discussions," snapped Humphrey. "I suggest Congressmen should be looking for new issues and new copy and not having replays." Fulbright had reminded Humphrey that a vice-presidential appearance before his committee would not be unprecedented. Lyndon Johnson, while Vice President, actually asked to testify when he returned from an Asian trip in 1961. "That was his privilege," retorted Johnson's successor. "My name is Hubert Humphrey."

"A Fox in a Chicken Coop"

Few members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee followed its televised hearings on Viet Nam more closely than the junior Senator from New York who is not even a member of William Fulbright's debating society. As the interrogation droned on, Robert F. Kennedy restlessly paced his Washington office, occasionally caught himself talking back to the screen. Bothering Bobby was his belief that Administration spokesmen were dodging a key question: What role should the Viet Cong play during a peace conference? And afterward?

Finally, Kennedy set a squad of speechwriters to work on that unmoored issue, stayed up to polish their product until 3 o'clock in the morning and at noon delivered his minority opinion in a well-attended press conference. When somebody asked him what he aimed to do next with his proposals, Kennedy said with a grin: "I guess I'll take them home and show them to my wife."

Heavy Artillery. Perhaps the Senate should have done that in the first place. As it was, his unsolicited comment brought on a blizzard of criticism. The uproar was provoked by Kennedy's



THE GREAT DEBATE ON A COALITION GOVERNMENT IN SOUTH VIET NAM

statement that the allies should allow the Viet Cong "a share of power and responsibility" in Saigon's government. "If negotiation is our aim," he had said, "we must seek a middle ground. A negotiated settlement means that each side must concede matters that are important in order to preserve positions that are essential." In other words, one way to end the war might be to guarantee in advance that the Communist guerrillas would be seated in a coalition government.

The Administration, which maintains that it is self-defeating to make any concessions in advance of negotiations, called in the heavy artillery. Under Secretary of State George Ball said the idea would lead "in a very short time" to a Communist government in Saigon. White House Adviser McGeorge Bundy reminded Bobby of what his late brother had said in a 1963 Berlin speech: "I am not impressed by the opportunities open to popular fronts throughout the world. I do not believe that any democrat can successfully ride that tiger." United Nations Ambassador Arthur Goldberg warned against giving up "all your points in advance" of negotiations.

No Beards. The heaviest barrage of all came from Vice President Hubert Humphrey in New Zealand, who took time out from his Asian tour to liken Kennedy's proposal to "a prescription which includes a dose of arsenic," putting "an arsonist in a fire department," and, for good measure, setting "a fox in a chicken coop."

Editorial reaction was less than sympathetic to Kennedy. New York Times Columnist C. L. Sulzberger concluded that "both Peking and Hanoi must have gained fresh encouragement by the joining of our Know-Nothings with our Know-It-Alls." Kennedy, he observed cuttingly, would have been "more honest to suggest abandoning Viet Nam without even bothering to negotiate."

Kennedy had got into trouble before over his remarks on Viet Nam—most notably last fall, when, defending the principle of dissent, he suggested that

donating blood to the North Vietnamese or "anybody who needs it" would be "in the oldest tradition of this country." Recently he had carefully avoided identifying himself with the Senate's "peace Democrats." Now he found himself proclaimed as their leader, hailed by the rote liberals of the California Democratic Council and even editorially embraced by the Communist Worker, which for years had dismissed him as a fascist-capitalist-imperialist. "I don't want the support of the beards," he protested, too late.

No Disagreement. Interrupting a skiing weekend at Stowe, Vt., Kennedy began collaring groups of journalists in New York and Washington to explain his position. His only aim, he insisted, had been to clarify the "confusion" among Administration officials—to which White House Press Secretary Bill Moyers stully retorted: "I don't think it is the Administration that is confused."

In full retreat, Kennedy called for help from retired General Maxwell Taylor, an old friend after whom Bobby named his ninth child. Taylor obliged him, but only added to the confusion in the process. Though he is an architect and stalwart supporter of the Administration's policy, Taylor professed that Kennedy's position was "very, very close to what I consider my position."

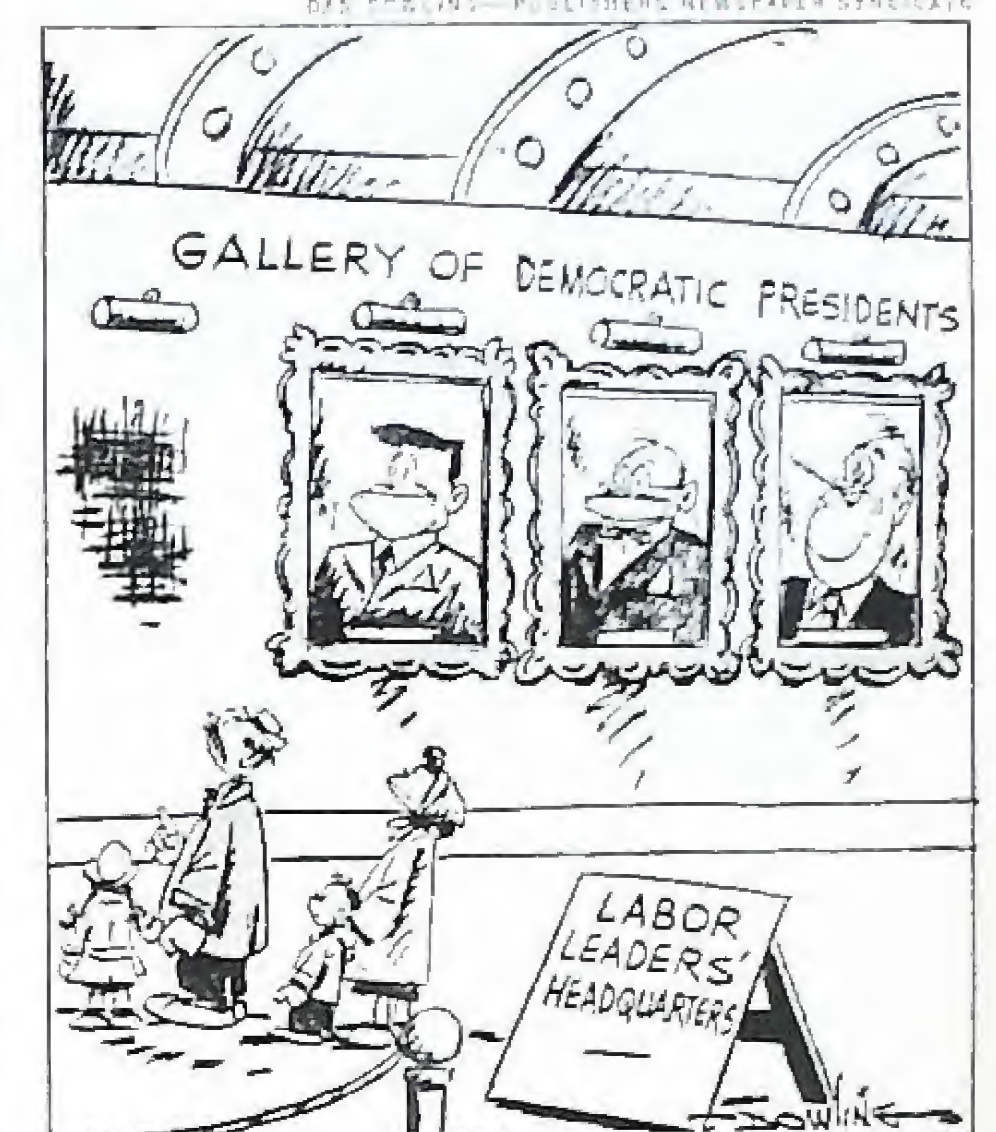
It quickly got closer. Kennedy called Moyers to explain that all he was saying was that the U.S. should not "shut the door" on a Viet Cong role at a future conference or even in a future government, or else there might never be a conference. That issue, he now said, should be settled by negotiations, not before. Allowed Moyers: "If Senator Kennedy did not propose a coalition government with Communist participation before elections are held, there is no disagreement." At that point, finally, Bobby's reversal was complete. Said he: "I find no disagreement."

LABOR

A Family Quarrel

AS AFL-CIO bigwigs gathered in Bal Harbour, Fla., for their annual executive-council meeting last week, they were in a grim mood. They were mostly unhappy over Congress' second refusal to repeal Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, which allows states to enact right-to-work laws. Pete McGavin, executive secretary of the federation's maritime-trades department, spoke for many of his colleagues when he observed: "If President Johnson had put as much emphasis on 14(b) as he did on his wife's beautification program, the measure would have gone through."

That was not their only complaint. Union leaders resent Johnson's attempts to impose wage-price guidelines, which they regard as discriminatory. Labor was irked last year when the President allowed Congress to shelve the minimum-wage bill, and is now disappointed by the Administration's pro-



"LOOKS TO ME LIKE A PICTURE'S BEEN REMOVED"

posal to set a minimum wage of \$1.60 an hour by 1968 rather than the \$1.75 that it has requested.

Bounced a Bit. When Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz went to Bal Harbour to argue the "good sense" and "good results" of the guidelines, the labor barons were hostile. "We bounced him around a bit," one official said of the private meeting with Wirtz. AFL-CIO President George Meany, 71, issued a pronouncement that sounded like a declaration of independence from the Democrats. "I'm quite sure the labor movement is prepared to make its own way politically," harrumphed the old Bronx plumber. "I don't buy the idea that we have no place to go. Some of the Democrats seem to have the idea that we've got to go along with them."

Lower-echelon labor officials emphasized that the federation's Committee on Political Education would step up its activities on a "nonpartisan" basis, aimed only at electing liberals in this fall's congressional elections. In fact, this is what COPE has always done; most of its beneficiaries have been and will continue to be Democrats. Moreover, Meany was careful to steer the animosity away from Lyndon Johnson.

Ladies Present. An official statement by the executive council blamed Senator Everett Dirksen, Republican minority leader, for the defeat on the 14(b) issue. As for the dispute over guidelines, Meany said that the "arithmetic smacks of trickery" on the part of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Meany said that he could not express his true feelings about the council—which is also advising the President on the minimum-wage bill—because "there are ladies present."

Later in the week, having accomplished his dual aim of venting labor's frustrations and warning Congress that it would be wise to pacify them in an election year, Meany insisted that he had neither caused nor sought a split with the Johnson Administration. It was, said he, "just a family quarrel."

"FREEDOM IS AN INDIVISIBLE WORD"

After accepting the first Freedom House award ever given to a President while in office, Lyndon Johnson delivered a tersely eloquent restatement of U.S. aims. Excerpts:

Wendell Willkie, Franklin Roosevelt's opponent in the campaign of 1940, shared his belief that freedom could not be founded only on American shores or only for those whose skin is white. "Freedom is an indivisible word," Wendell Willkie said. "If we want to enjoy it and fight for it, we must be prepared to extend it to everyone—whether they are rich or poor, whether they agree with us or not; no matter what their race or the color of their skin." That was Republican policy 25 years ago. It was Democratic policy 25 years ago. It is American policy tonight.

Tonight, in Viet Nam, more than 200,000 of your young Americans stand there fighting for your freedom. But in these last days there have been questions about what we're doing in Viet Nam.

Open Pledges

Some ask if this is a war for unlimited objectives. The answer is plain. The answer is no. Our purpose in Viet Nam is to prevent the success of aggression. It is not conquest, it is not empire, it is not foreign bases, it is not domination. It is, simply put, just to prevent the forceful conquest of South Viet Nam by North Viet Nam.

Some people ask if we are caught in a blind escalation of force that is pulling us headlong toward a wider war that no one wants. The answer—again—is a simple no. We are using that force—and only that force—that is necessary to stop this aggression. Our numbers have increased in Viet Nam because the aggression of others has increased in Viet Nam. There is not, and there will not be, a mindless escalation.

Some ask about the risks of a wider war, perhaps

against the vast land armies of Red China. And again the answer is no. We have threatened no one, and we will not. We seek the end of no regime, and we will not. Our purpose is solely to defend against aggression. To any armed attack, we will reply.

Men ask if we rely on guns alone. Still again, the answer is no. From our Honolulu meeting, from the clear pledge which joins us with our allies in Saigon, there has emerged a common dedication to the peaceful progress of the people of Viet Nam. The pledge of Honolulu will be kept, and the pledge of Baltimore stands open—to help the men of the North when they have the wisdom to be ready.

Is It Worth It?

Men ask who has a right to rule in South Viet Nam. Our answer is what it has been here for 200 years: the people must have this right—the South Vietnamese people—and no one else. Washington will not impose a government not of their choice. Hanoi shall not impose a government not of their choice. We will insist for ourselves on what we require from Hanoi: respect for the principle of government by the consent of the governed.

Men ask if we're neglecting any hopeful chance of peace. And the answer is no. Our undiscouraged efforts will continue.

Some ask how long we must bear this burden. And to that question, in all honesty, I can give you no answer tonight. If the aggressor persists in Viet Nam, the struggle may well be long. Our men in battle know and they accept this hard fact. We who are home can do as much.

Finally, men ask if it is worth it. I think you know that answer. It is the answer that Americans have given for a quarter of a century wherever American strength has been pledged to prevent aggression. We keep more than a specific treaty promise in Viet Nam tonight. We keep the faith of freedom.

THE CONGRESS

The Two Wars

The bill, proclaimed Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills, "is intended first and foremost to provide additional revenues to help sustain our operations in Vietnam." The House was unmoved. It was not, for a change, reservations about the war that worried Congressmen but the fact that President Johnson's proposal to raise an extra \$6 billion in taxes contained no proposals to cut back on domestic spending. As a result, the measure ran into unexpectedly stiff opposition.

Republican Whip Leslie Arends warned that "unless we stop spending, we will have additional tax-raising bills before us." A G.O.P. resolution came within 20 votes of knocking out the bill's key provisions, which will reimpose the 7% tax on new cars and the 10% tax on telephone service. In the end, the measure was passed by 246 votes to 146, but even most members who voted aye did so reluctantly.

In a less rebellious mood, the House next day approved, 350 to 27, the Administration's request for \$415 million in emergency foreign aid funds for South Viet Nam, Laos, Thailand, the Dominican Republic, and other countries that might need them. The Great Society also needs funds, and the Administration pressed ahead with several of its cherished projects:

- **FOOD FOR FREEDOM.** Before the House Agriculture Committee, Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman defended the proposed \$3.3 billion-a-year Food for Freedom program with the arresting claim that U.S. food exports "will save more human lives than have been lost in all the wars in history."

- **CONSERVATION.** To ensure Americans "a sane environment," the President presented to Congress the most exhaustive conservation blueprint ever devised. He requested an initial \$10 million for a new Redwood National Park in California, plus funds for additional parks, seashores and hiking trails.

- **ANTI-POLLUTION.** Urging a massive assault on water pollution, the President cited "one ultimate goal: to clean all of America's rivers." Johnson proposed that local, state or interstate compacts be formed "to clean and preserve entire river basins, from their sources to their mouths," and that the Federal Government supply 30% of the funds needed to establish sewage-disposal units along their banks.

ALABAMA

George's Better Half

Solemnly pledging not to use "state facilities of any sort" to keep himself in power, Alabama's Governor George Wallace last week turned the state house of representatives into a convention hall to introduce his hand-picked gubernatorial candidate to a crowd of cheering partisans. "Ladies and gentlemen and

fellow Alabamians," said Wallace, "I present to you my wife."

Lurleen Wallace, 39, a shy, honey-blond mother of four, took the podium for 2½ minutes to assure the folks that she had no intention of really governing Alabama if elected. As her husband put it, with characteristic finesse: "Both of us will be Governor of this state. I will make the policy decisions during her term of office."

American politics has not witnessed such cozy conjugality since Texas' Ma and Pa Ferguson played ring-around-rosy with the Governor's mansion in Austin after Pa was impeached for peculation in 1917. Since the Alabama constitution forbids a Governor to succeed himself, George's support for Lurleen is based on the communal-property concept of public office. In his intended



WALLACE & WIFE
Another hungry "I."

role as a kind of local Lord Bird, Wallace hopes to build support for another third-party presidential bid as states' rights candidate in 1968.

Of ten other gubernatorial candidates, four besides Lurleen have a chance of surviving the first primary round on May 3. They are former Governor John Patterson, a rabid segregationist, and three moderates: Attorney General Richmond Flowers, former Representative Carl Elliott and State Senator Bob Gilchrist. If no candidate gets 50% of the vote, there will be a runoff between the two top vote getters on May 31. The winner will face a stiff fight from a strong Republican Party, which is expected to unite behind its own bitter-end segregationist. Freshman Representative James Martin, 47, Martin, who entered politics in 1962, came within 6,800 votes of winning Veteran Lister Hill's U.S. Senate seat in that year by campaigning on the integration issue and his "perfect 13-year attendance record" at Kiwanis Club meetings. This experience could be a powerful arguing point if Martin runs against Lurleen.

INVESTIGATIONS

Knacker Knark Knipperdolling

For months congressional stenographers catalogued the names and pronunciations of klaliffs, kleagles, kladdes, kludds. Last week the House American Activities Committee decided that it had heard all the testimony it needed—or could stand—and quashed its hearings into the activities of the Ku Klux Klan.

The investigation adduced very little information about the Klan unknown to the Justice Department. Nor did it lead to any convictions or indictments, though Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton, four grand dragons, a kludd and kladd were cited for contempt of Congress. Yet the inquiry served a useful purpose, if only by giving an opportunity to a sorry clutch of knacker knarks and Knipperdollings to document for themselves that "the invisible empire" is moved as much by delusion as by racial hatred.

No one expects the Klan to disappear as a result of the House hearing, but the publicity has already demoralized membership in most of the South (with the exception of North Carolina, where a number of new Klaverns have been formed). It has also engendered inter-dissension. Having learned how high the hog their leaders live, Mississippi Klan chieftains are thinking of breaking away to see if they can do as well their own organization.

ASSASSINATIONS

The Guns of Dallas

The pistol that shot Abraham Lincoln is preserved in Ford's Theater, now a Washington museum. The gun that killed Garfield is *sous cloche* in the Justice Department. The weapon that took McKinley's life is kept by a historical society in Buffalo, where he was shot. Last week the nation was assured that the 6.5-mm. Italian-made Mannlicher-Carcano rifle with which Lee Harvey Oswald assassinated John F. Kennedy would not end up in a private collection or a public peep show.

John J. King, a Denver oilman and gun fancier, paid Oswald's widow \$10,000 for the rifle a year ago, promised an additional \$35,000 on delivery, then sued to recover the weapon from federal authorities. In a Dallas courtroom, less than a mile from the stretch of road where the President was killed, U.S. Judge Joe E. Estes last week awarded the Federal Government permanent custody of the assassin's rifle and the .38-cal. Smith & Wesson revolver with which Oswald killed Police Officer J. D. Tippit. Both weapons, said the U.S. Justice Department, thus he preserved as relics of "constitutional and historical significance."

A knacker slaughters old horses for profit. A knark is a hardhearted, unfeeling fellow. A Knipperdolling is a religious fanatic.

CITIES

Hope for the Heart

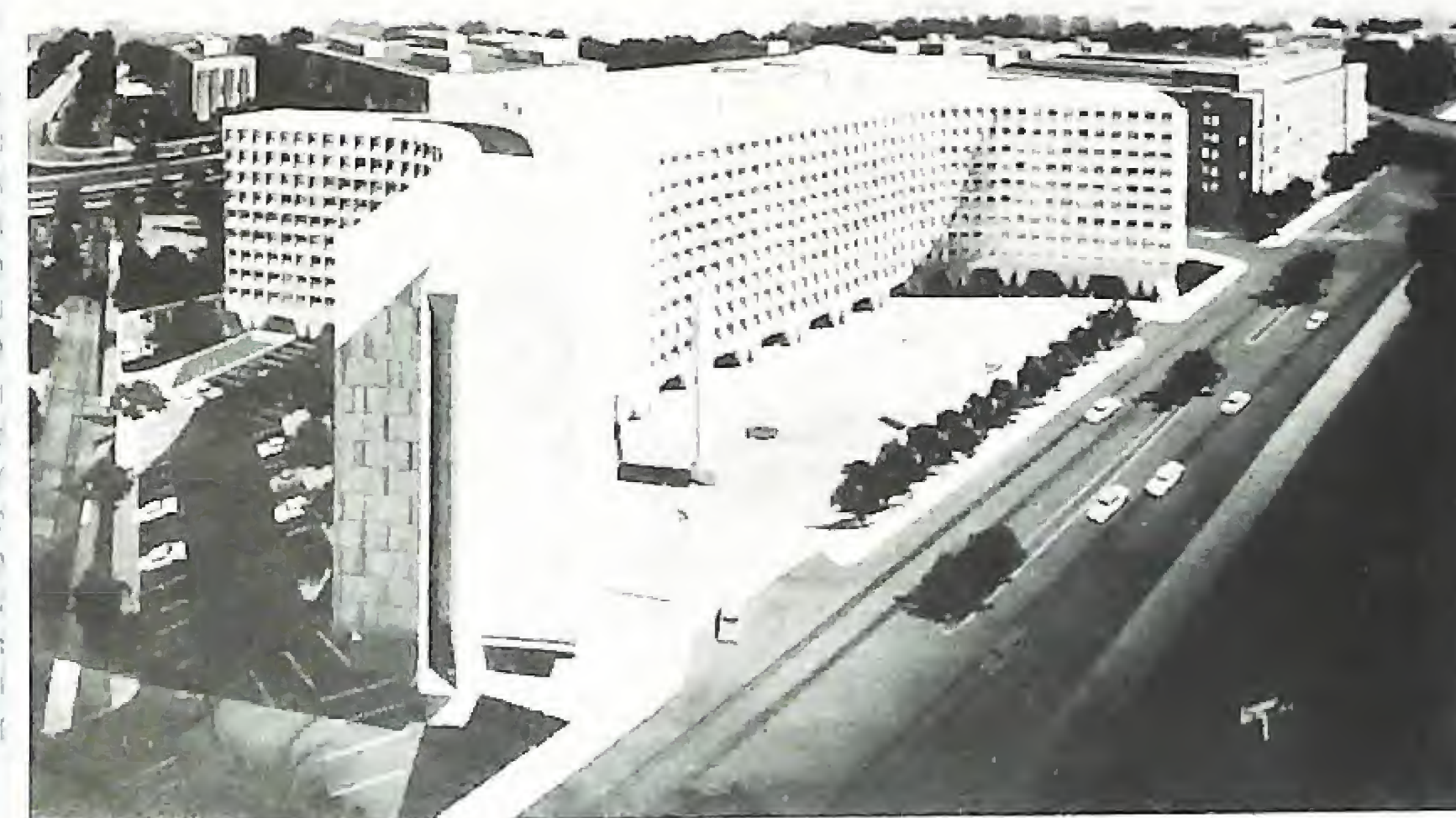
(See Cover)

"We cannot all live in cities," cautioned Horace Greeley a century ago, "yet nearly all seem determined to do so." His own classic answer to the problem, "Go West, young man," was no lasting remedy—unless one can ignore Los Angeles. Though Editor Greeley disapproved of the country's rapid urbanization, he nonetheless divined accurately one of the American's most deep-rooted traits, his hankering for city lights.

In 1966, 67% of the nation's population is jammed into 9% of its acreage. In all, 130 million people inhabit the 224 U.S. communities that are officially classified as metropolitan. By A.D. 2000, 80% of all Americans—more than today's entire population—will be city dwellers. In those 35 years, as Lyndon Johnson has warned, "we will have to build in our cities as much as we have built since the first colonist arrived on these shores."

Johnson's Great Society is in large measure based on belated governmental recognition of the complex needs of an urban nation. Indeed, the President himself, as James MacGregor Burns points out, has become the "Chief Executive of Metropolis." Not for 50 years has the heartland of America been the physiocratic demi-Eden of American myth, the pastoral paradise hymned by Jefferson and Thoreau, limned by Eakins and Wyeth. The ganglia of history's richest nation lie today in the inchoate, intermeshed agglomerations of city, suburb and country that have become *Megadopolis americana*. Such is its present rate of growth that by century's end, one concrete conurbation will reach from Portland, Me., to Norfolk, Va.,

By U.S. Bureau of the Budget definition, a center city with a population of at least 50,000, plus that of its adjacent suburbs.



ARCHITECT'S SKETCH OF NEW WASHINGTON HOME FOR HUD
God made the cavern, but man made the house.



WEAVER AT FIRST CABINET MEETING
Not because, but maybe in spite of.

in the East, another from the Mexican border to San Francisco in the West.

Diversity & Verve. Vaster in size and more splendid in promise than any other form of community in man's history, the metropolitan complex is the epicenter and embodiment of American life. In its Promethean ambit of interests, its cultural diversity and kinetic verve, the city's heart sets the pace for the rest of the nation, and indeed much of the world. It is an unrivaled functional framework for finance and business, a rich lode of pleasure, a superb showcase for art, theater, music, fashion. At the same time, the "oceanic amplitude of these great cities," as Walt Whitman rhapsodized in 1870, has cast up a titanic tide of troubles.

If no U.S. metropolis even approaches the appalling anarchy of far-off cities such as Calcutta, Hong Kong, Rio or Tokyo, the worst areas of urban America have in varying degrees almost every ill to which the industrial society

has fallen heir: unemployment, disease, crime, drug addiction, poor education, family disintegration—and slums. The middle class, the bulwark of good government in any community, continues as a result to migrate to the suburbs, helping to create the problem of proliferating racial ghettos. Almost every major U.S. city must fight advancing physical decay and increasing squalor, particularly for Negro populations, which within 15 years may outnumber whites in at least half of the North's big cities.

Predictably Unpredictable. In March 1965, President Johnson made it clear that it was time to invoke federal action. "Our task is to put the highest concerns of our people at the center of urban growth and activity," he told Congress. "For this is truly the time of decision for the American city." The 89th Congress approved Johnson's request for a new federal agency, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, to give Cabinet representation for the first time to the 130 million metropolitan Americans. The President appointed Robert Clifton Weaver, a Negro, as HUD's first Secretary last January, unpredictably tapping the most predictable candidate for the job. Weaver, 58, the portly, pedagogical administrator of the Housing and Home Finance Agency (HHFA), had been the No. 1 candidate to head HUD ever since John F. Kennedy proposed the new agency five years ago.

Weaver's intellectual and professional credentials are impressive. He is a Harvard Ph.D. (economics, '34), the author of four books on city problems, a canny, cautious veteran of 22 years of Government manpower and housing bureaucracies. As the first Negro ever to hold Cabinet rank, Weaver reasons that his race is irrelevant. "I don't delude myself into thinking that I've ceased being a Negro because I've received recognition in the mainstream of American society and because my prob-

lems as a Negro have been somewhat ameliorated. I would like to feel that I was appointed not because I was a Negro, but maybe in spite of that fact."

One of Weaver's most welcome qualifications is that he himself is a lover of cities and a connoisseur of urban living. "The American city is like a beguiling woman," he says with gusto. "Each woman has her own attributes, and each man, thank God, can make a choice." Weaver raves about such cities as New York ("You can get the best

cause legislators are elected from districts based on the farm-heavy population ratios of 40 years ago. Reapportionment of state and congressional election districts has already begun to help balance the scales for the metropolis, but the suburbs, rather than the city, will get most of the benefit.

Urbanization is a worldwide phenomenon, and there is hardly a city from Vienna to Vientiane that is not hard pressed to accommodate swelling populations in orderly fashion. American cities face

Consultant Hans Blumenfeld, pattern of residential distribution family type is entirely voluntary, liberate and rational. It is hard to any sound reason for the fashionable outcry 'to bring the middle-class far back into the city.' In part, the urban exodus reflects Americans' seated anti-urban sentiment, the tanical belief, in Poet William C. per's words, that "God made the try, man made the town" (to w City Lover Oliver Wendell Hol-

way Center, Detroit's Lafayette Square, St. Louis' Plaza Redevelopment, Hartford's Constitution Plaza. Urban renewal has worked fiscal wonders too: tax returns on city land now completely renewed have risen 313%.

There have also been some resounding failures. Overoptimistic local officials have found it too easy to wheedle funds from Washington. One of the worst—both big and little—is McKees Rocks, Pa. (pop. 13,000), a suburb bordering Pittsburgh. In 1957 county authorities decided to rebuild the town's crumbling commercial district. U.S. officials agreed to foot \$2.3 million of the bill, and the destruction was done. The 24-acre site would have been ideal for industry, which could afford it, but McKees Rocks officials insisted that it be developed for commercial use only. Last week, eight years later, the land was still bare.

Badly framed laws have allowed new highways to slash senselessly through residential areas, uprooting thousands of families and needlessly destroying neighborhoods. In New Orleans, an expressway now planned over local protest will bring the roar of rushing traffic to the historic Vieux Carré. In New York City, a 20-year-old controversy still swirls about a proposed Lower Manhattan expressway while the decaying area through which it is to run decays further because no one wants to risk improving properties that may yet be destroyed.

Archaic Taxes. The trouble with the great majority of such projects is lack of vision and planning. "There isn't a metropolitan area in the U.S. that has a comprehensive plan to accommodate its growth," says Baltimore Developer James Rouse. "The best prospect we have is that we will become a nation of Los Angeleses." More than 800 U.S. cities have modernized their housing and zoning codes in the past few years, and Houston is now the only major city that has allowed itself to soar and sprawl without zoning controls of any kind.

Despite nationwide attempts to write new regulations, there are still 5,000,000 substandard houses in cities—nearly all of them without running water or indoor toilets—and in some areas the number of barely habitable homes continues to rise. In New York alone, substandard houses have increased from 420,000 to 520,000 since 1960. Archaic taxing methods actually discourage slumlords from improving their properties, since they would then be assessed at a higher rate.

Instant Slums. Washington's first answer to slums was the public-housing program, initiated 32 years ago. From a peak of 58,000 units a year in the early '50s, it has slowed to a 24,000-unit pace, partly because it soon became evident that new housing on old sites only created new instant slums, and partly because other localities refused to have them.

A recent trend among Washington housing men encouraged by Robert

Weaver as HHFA head, is to rehabilitate existing inner-city homes instead of building anew, using federal money to buy property outright or to subsidize landlords' improvements. One outstanding example is New Haven's Wooster Square, where more than 1,000 run-down buildings were spruced up and the neighborhood's original residential character retained without the upheaval of a new project. Yet this New Haven project cost the Federal Government \$19.3 million, an average of \$130 per city resident. At that per capita rate of expenditure, creating a Wooster Square in every U.S. metropolitan area would cost a cool \$13 billion. Another perennial headache for the metropolis is the spiraling cost of mass transportation. Simply to maintain existing systems will cost close to \$2 billion a year, while only \$155 million in federal money is now available.

City-Bred Muscle. This and most other urban problems seem almost trivial in comparison with those created by the changing race structure. Says Economist Miles Colean: "We can't get around the sad fact that middle-class families living in the city who depend on public schools have not made up their minds that they can live with Negroes." Weaver adds pointedly: "We need an open suburbia—not just an upper- and middle-income-class suburbia."

The color change in the U.S. city has been abrupt and traumatic. In the past 15 years alone, 5,000,000 Negroes have moved into U.S. inner-cities. From 1950 to 1960, Detroit gained 185,000 Negroes, lost 361,000 whites. St. Louis lost 22% of its entire white population. San Diego 15.4%. Newark 23.7%. Violence on the scale of the Watts and Harlem riots has so far been rare—

partly because the heavy concentration of Negroes in Northern cities has given them powerful new political muscle. "If he hadn't been urbanized, the Negro wouldn't have become a political factor and thus able to change his status," says Weaver. "The 'Negro Revolt' is an urban phenomenon."

"Be Awfully Good." Robert Weaver, three generations removed from slavery, has experienced firsthand few of the Negro's problems. His maternal grandfather, Robert Tanner Freeman, was the son of a North Carolina slave who bought freedom for his wife and himself in 1830, and took his surname as the proud badge of his liberty. Freeman graduated from Harvard in 1869 with a doctoral degree in dentistry—the nation's first Negro to do so. His daughter Florence attended a Negro college (Virginia Union University), then married Mortimer Grover Weaver, a Washington post office clerk.

When Robert Weaver was born on Dec. 29, 1907, his parents lived in the hypersensitive environment of a neighborhood in which the Weavers were one of six Negro families sprinkled among 3,000 white families in northeast Washington. Florence Weaver drummed a rigid code of behavior into Robert and his older brother, Mortimer Jr., read to them the poems of Tennyson and Longfellow, repeatedly preached that "the way to offset color prejudice is to be awfully good at whatever you do." Recalls Robert Weaver: "My brother Mort was the bright one. I became adept with my hands." So adept was he that when he was 16, Weaver was a qualified electrician and set up a profitable summertime business wiring Negro homes.

"It Depended on Me." Not until the Weaver boys entered Washington's rigidly segregated public-school system did they find themselves in an all-Negro world. The educational standard was high, however, and Robert had no trouble getting into Harvard. His brother, just graduated (Phi Beta Kappa) from Williams College, was also there, taking graduate work in English, and when Robert was refused a room in a freshman dormitory because he was a Negro, the brothers took a room off-campus. They decided to attend law school together, but in 1929 Mortimer died of an unexplained illness. Life suddenly took on harder lines for Robert Weaver. "I always felt I had a smart brother, so I didn't have to do much," he recalls. "But now I had to say to hell with law school. Everything depended on me."

Weaver got his master's degree in 1931 and a doctorate from Harvard in 1934, returned to Washington and was hired by Interior Secretary Harold Ickes as a race-relations officer. Weaver decided that race relations begin at home. Traditionally, Negroes were expected to eat in the Interior Department's non-white "messengers' lunchroom." Soon after Weaver arrived, he and a friend strolled into the whites' cafeteria and ate lunch. A group of enraged white



ST. LOUIS' PLAZA REDEVELOPMENT



PHILADELPHIA'S INDEPENDENCE MALL

It will take more than love for a woman 200 generations old.

cheap meal and the loudest expensive meal in the country"), Chicago ("Such terrific oomph") and San Francisco ("I can walk with pleasure"). But it will take more than love to save the cities. Weaver is under no illusion that the challenges that are now his will be met "in my lifetime—certainly not in my span of public office."

Hat in Hand. Curiously enough, in the most successful democracy in history, the deterioration of the city has resulted largely from a governmental vacuum. The metropolis has traditionally been at the mercy of laissez-faire policies—and politicians. Too often the problems slop hopelessly across city and suburban boundaries: around New York City alone there are 1,476 separate jurisdictional districts.

The abiding quandary is financial. New York, the world's wealthiest city, has to borrow to meet its \$4 billion annual budget, last week was contemplating a whole new set of taxes (see U.S. BUSINESS). Yet, as Weaver points out, "if you start talking about putting on extra taxes, you may further accentuate the trend toward businesses leaving the central city and make its financial plight even worse than it was before. The whole notion that the city can lift itself by its own bootstraps is a snare and a delusion." Thus cities have no recourse but to go hat in hand to the Federal Government, which has taken billions in taxes from them and returned only token sums.

Short Shift. Urban needs have historically been given short shrift in state capitals and in Washington, largely be-

a special disadvantage, however, for they sprang full-blown from the wilderness, there was no planned base for rational expansion, as there was in Baron Haussmann's Paris or Peter the Great's St. Petersburg. In 1790 the nation's first census showed that 95% of Americans lived on farms or in hamlets. Then the eruption began: from 1800 to 1900, New York's population increased from 79,216 to 3,437,202, San Francisco jumped from zero to 342,782, Chicago from zero to 1,698,575. With few exceptions, notably well-planned Washington, one of the world's most handsome capitals, the growth was too explosive to pause for esthetic or demographic consideration.

The train, the subway, the telephone, the telegraph, and eventually the automobile, foreshortened distances; the countryside beckoned, and people sick of inner-city congestion rushed in hordes to the cool green plots of suburbia.

"Nice People's Escape." Why did they go? In his 1964 book, *The Urban Complex*, Robert Weaver reasoned, "It is an escape from changing neighborhoods, lower-class encroachment, inadequate public services and inferior schools. It is running away from the ugly facts of urban life, facts that have always existed, but never for long on the doorstep of 'nice people' who had the option of escape."

Other experts disagree, arguing that the U.S. flight to the suburbs is less a status symbol for escapists than a realization of a universal human craving for a bit of green space. Says Planning

memorably retorted: "God made cavern and man made the house."

Suburban growth has also been powerfully stimulated by the Federal Government—the FHA mortgage insurance program, which Weaver has directed for the past five years. Created in 1919, it fueled a feverish building boom that ultimately changed the U.S. from a nation of 52% renters to 62% homeowners. Unfortunately, the housing bureaucracy has often been appallingly lacking in esthetic and environmental vision. Millions of acres of woodland, meadowland were taken to make way for highways, shopping centers and rowed rows of crackerbox houses. The result was in too many cases voracious sprawl of "slurbs," combining the worst elements of city and country. It is a fact of life that suburban houses are far more common than most inner-city dwellings. But suburbs have spawned their own problems of burgeoning school population, transit, highways, hospitals, sewage water supplies.

Sledgehammer Surgery. Within the central city, the bulldozer has been used to better advantage. The federally subsidized (\$4.7 billion since 1949) urban renewal program, administered by Weaver, aims to peacefully for the U.S. what World War II bombs did for Europe—to clear decaying downtown areas for new inner cities. The physical monuments such sledgehammer surgery are making and many are distinguished. Manhattan's Lincoln Center, Philadelphia's Independence Mall, Pittsburgh's Uni-



GRANDFATHER FREEMAN
Since he was.

women flounced into Ickes' office to ask him what he was going to do about "the niggers." Infuriated, the Old Curmudgeon bellowed back, "Not one damned thing!" The cafeteria remained integrated.

Ultimately, Weaver held several New Deal jobs dealing with discrimination in employment and housing. Possibly more important than his official duties in those days was his role as a leader of "The Black Cabinet," an influential group of tough-minded young Negroes in F.D.R.'s Administration—among them U.N. Under Secretary-General Ralph Bunche, U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals Judge William H. Hastie, N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy



WEAVER & WIFE

"I don't say, 'Hello, I'm a Negro.'"

Wilkins. They did much to bring full integration to Government offices.

Top Dixie Student. Though he was chairman of the policymaking N.A.A.C.P. board of directors in 1960, Weaver has never been a picket-line, front-line fighter in the civil rights movement. His role has been, in his words, that of "a liberal rather than a Negro; I feel that black chauvinism is no better than white chauvinism."

Weaver is a sybaritic, wholly citified man who loves Broadway plays, savors his stereophonic collection of Liszt and Chopin piano concertos, relishes Italian food (favorite is shrimp marinara), sips twelve-year-old bourbon when he works at home at night. He dresses in banker-conservative clothing, favors dark suits and dark Homburgs at the office, a plum-colored smoking jacket and black leather slippers at home. When he became HHFA director, Weaver promptly moved into an urban-renewed Washington apartment ("I wanted to put my money where my mouth was"), but within a year put his money into more luxurious accommodations (\$300 a month) on fashionable upper Connecticut Avenue.

Weaver's wife Ella is an auburn-haired, fair-skinned North Carolinian

who has a University of Michigan master's degree and a Northwestern University Ph.D. in speech. She did her undergraduate work at the Carnegie Tech drama department from 1929 to 1932 despite an unwritten policy that no Negroes were allowed. Everyone thought she was white—including the all-white Southern Club of Pittsburgh, which awarded her at the end of her sophomore year a scholarship for being the top Dixie-bred student.

Before Mort Weaver's death, Ella was his steady girl; afterward she began to date Robert, and in 1935 they were married. Ella is still frequently mistaken for a Caucasian and seldom volunteers a correction. "I don't say, 'Hello, I'm a Negro,' just as you wouldn't say, 'Good morning, I'm a Catholic' or whatever you are," she says. The Weavers have no children; an adopted son died three years ago in a game of Russian roulette.

Monstrosity Unassembled. Weaver's professional career has been a shining example to U.S. Negroes. After leaving New Deal Washington in 1944, he worked for the U.N. Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, taught at several colleges, ran a fellowship program for the John Hay Whitney Foundation, was picked in 1955 by New York's Democratic Governor Averell Harriman to be State Rent Commissioner—the first Negro to hold a cabinet post in state history. In December 1960, John Kennedy, whom he had advised on civil rights during the presidential campaign, named Weaver director of HHFA—at that time the highest federal post ever held by a Negro. Said Weaver then, "I want to be the best possible administrator. Incidentally, I'm a Negro."

As HHFA director, Weaver headed a complicated conglomeration of agencies—FHA, the Urban Renewal Administration, the Public Housing Administration, the Federal National Mortgage Association ("Fannie Mae"). Weaver himself labeled it "an administrative monstrosity," but he did little to pull it together. In too many cases, city officials complained, it seemed that the Congress would pass a housing bill, the President would sign it, and then Weaver's agencies would immediately wrap it in red tape. Yet it was one of the Government's biggest financial operations, with a capital outlay of investments, grants, mortgages and housing subsidy contracts totaling close to \$73 billion.

Human Renewal. In the past, HHFA programs had dealt essentially with money-bricks-and-mortar policies. But Weaver, who has said repeatedly, "You cannot have physical renewal without human renewal," attempted from the first to instill a more humanized philosophy. He stimulated better-looking public housing by instigating awards for design. He improved relocation policies by increasing funds available to help small businessmen displaced by urban renewal. He saw to it that the Housing Act of 1961 included grants

for recreational and scenic open areas. And he pushed through in bill controversial Section 221d3, which gives nonprofit corporations cutting (34%) mortgage loans at the Treasury's expense to provide housing displaced families of low or moderate incomes.

Weaver also revived the long-mant idea of federal rent subsidies for the ailing and aged. That proposal narrowly passed the Congress last year, but the eligibility regulations were carelessly written by the HHFA. "hardship" cases with as much as \$2,000 in net assets could have qualified for rent help. Congress refused to appropriate funds for it, and many people thought that Weaver had thereby destroyed his chances of becoming HHFA Secretary. Weaver now airily dismisses it all as "purely a printer's slip."

Strength & Diversity. Weaver's pointment as head of HUD did not bring universal joy to municipal officials, many of whom were hoping that a mayor might get the job. Weaver's academic background and experience in Government housing clearly made him better qualified than any city official. Nevertheless, he has a reputation for being professionally cautious and personally aloof—a man more comfortable with ivory tower theories than with city hall politicians.

As HHFA Director, Weaver followed an essentially inner-city-directed path rather than attempting to deal with the metropolis as an entity. That approach has attracted criticism. Argues Harvard Business School Economist Raymond Vernon: "To talk about rebuilding central cities for re-use by people there now is a good political move—a bad social one. Our Eastern cities were built around 1800. What a remarkable coincidence it would be if the density established for those terms of life happened to be right in 1965!" To such barbs, Weaver retorts frostily: "I'm all for letting people want to live in the suburbs do it. If people want city living, I want to improve our cities and I want them to have city living. This is a country where strength is diversity."

Expanding Empire. The same could be said of HUD. Weaver faces the task of coordinating diffuse and disorganized federal programs ranging from new disposal research (under the Public Health Service) and the location of new inner-city schools (Health, Education & Welfare) to the design and construction of metropolitan freeways (Bureau of Public Roads). He has no charter to annex other agencies' territories, but it will be a matter of deft and exceedingly diplomatic manipulation in finding some semblance of coherence.

The HUD empire is certain to expand. Says Weaver, "There are certain functions which must in time be placed in the department. The problem now is to identify these and encourage Administration to sponsor reorganization plans to bring them about."

big, politically sensitive area that will almost certainly be identified as HUD property is Sargent Shriver's poverty-oriented community action program.

Understandably, Weaver has picked academic experts and Government careerists for several top jobs. His Under Secretary is Robert C. Wood, a brilliant Massachusetts Institute of Technology expert on metropolitan government, who helped draft major task-force reports on cities for the President. Assistant Secretary for Metropolitan Development is Charles M. Haar, 45, a Harvard law professor who headed the President's task force on natural beauty.

Creative Federalism. The final definition of HUD's responsibilities may spring from the President's "demonstration" program for cities offered to Congress in January. It calls for a \$2.3 billion, six-year pilot project aimed at encouraging broad, unified plans that will prod suburban and inner-city governments into the cooperative ventures that they have so assiduously avoided in the past. Though its initial appropriation of \$12 million is scarcely enough to buy 1½ miles of Manhattan subway, the program at last—and at least—recognizes that the metropolitan crisis demands a coordinated, scientific approach to quicken civic consciences and radically improve the total context of city living.

Underpinning this imaginative concept lies Lyndon Johnson's oft-repeated—and more often misunderstood—demand for "creative federalism." Its simple essential theory is that Washington has the power and the money, but that its application can be most wisely prescribed by those closest to the problem—the municipalities themselves. There, ultimately, lies the greatest if not the only hope for the American city.

HEROES

Home Is the Sailor

All the way from Washington, Chester Nimitz had studied the statistics of disaster. None conveyed so urgently the task that faced him as the sight that met the admiral at Pearl Harbor on Christmas Day, 1941. Where three weeks earlier the proudest flagships of the U.S. Navy had swung at anchor, only small boats plied through the oil slick, still bringing ashore the dead crewmen of a dead fleet.

Thirty-seven years earlier, his Annapolis classmate had taken a curiously prophetic hearing on the sailor who was to lead his nation out of the greatest naval disaster in its history. "He is a man," it had said, "of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows." So he proved to be. As new Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet, Nimitz set out first to restore the Navy's shattered nerve—and then to restore the Navy. "I have complete confidence in you men," he briskly assured the ashen-faced staff at Pearl Harbor. "We've taken a terrific wallop, but I have no doubts as

to the ultimate outcome." In less than two years, U.S. shipyards enabled him to begin to fight on even terms. In the meantime, perilously outnumbered, Nimitz played a brilliant game of parry and thrust.

Break in the Chain. Japanese strategy was to 1) destroy the rest of the Pacific fleet that had miraculously been on patrol when the dive bombers struck Pearl Harbor, and 2) build such strong defenses on its newly won island bases that no new U.S. force, no matter how strong, could possibly break through to disturb the inner empire. The island of Midway, 1,136 miles northwest of Pearl Harbor, was to be the final link in this defense chain. At the end of May 1942, some 200 ships, the bulk of the Im-



NIMITZ (RIGHT) WITH MacARTHUR, F.D.R. & ADMIRAL WILLIAM LEAHY (1944)

Of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

perial Navy, converged for an invasion of Midway and a second surprise attack on the battered Pacific fleet.

By then, Nimitz was ready. From a reading of the Japanese "Purple Code," deciphered by Army cryptographers nearly a year before, naval intelligence knew an attack was planned at invasion point "AF." Washington thought that "AF" was Hawaii itself. Nimitz was certain it was Midway. He bolstered the little island with every plane he could spare, ordered nearly every ship in his command to rendezvous just outside what he thought would be the farthest radius of Japanese air patrols. Nimitz urged on his commanders the same policy principle of "calculated risk" that he himself had followed in ordering his ships to Midway. He explained: "You shall interpret this to mean the avoidance of exposure of your force to attack by superior enemy forces without good prospect of inflicting, as a result of such exposure, greater damage on the enemy."

Unmentionable Word. His gamble paid off. In the resulting battle, the enemy lost four irreplaceable carriers and the momentum that had propelled him

from victory to victory. For the Japanese, Midway became an unmentionable word. Nimitz indulged himself in a rare pun: "Perhaps we will be forgiven if we claim that we are about midway to our objective." Though more than three years of hard, bitter fighting remained, that single, three-day battle marked the turning point of the Pacific war, the beginning of the end of Japanese ambitions.

A spare, modest, friendly man, blue-eyed, Texas-born Chester Nimitz never won or sought the public renown that came to the aloof MacArthur or his own subordinate, flamboyant William ("Bull") Halsey. Early in his career Nimitz had run a destroyer aground in Manila Bay, escaping with a reprimand

* The others, all dead: Ernest King, William Leahy and Halsey.

THE WORLD

GHANA

Goodbye to the Awful

The world has known many tyrants, but few were as reckless, as demanding, as pretentious, as noisy and, at the end, as rejected as Kwame Nkrumah. He was the founder of his country and had been the very symbol of black African independence. Yet last week when he was overthrown, scarcely a tear was shed for him in Africa or anywhere else in the world.

The end came while Nkrumah was flying toward Peking on a self-appointed, self-inflated peace mission. Like the Nigerian coup six weeks earlier, it was led by Sandhurst-trained officers who knew precisely what they were doing. At 4:30 a.m. in the predawn darkness of Accra, two brigades of Ghanaian troops quietly took over the airport, the cable office, all government ministries and the government radio station. While early-morning market mammies stared, Jeeploads of soldiers moved into the suburban gardens of government Ministers and tanks deployed around Nkrumah's presidential compound itself.

White Handkerchiefs. There was little resistance. Nkrumah's presidential guard, dug in behind the four concentric walls surrounding the compound, held out for several hours; but by noon, downtown Accra was jammed with jubilant Ghanaians, dancing in the streets, cheering, singing, many of them wearing white handkerchiefs around their heads and white clay on their faces as a token of victory. "Fellow citizens," announced Colonel E. K. Kotoka, one of the coup leaders, in a



ANKRAH

By the sons of Sandhurst.



FREED POLITICAL PRISONERS
Just about everybody lost his enthusiasm.

broadcast over Radio Ghana, "I have come to inform you that the military, with the cooperation of the police, have taken over the government. The myth surrounding Nkrumah has been broken."

It was quite a myth while it lasted. In his 15 years as Ghana's Prime Minister, Founding Father, President, Commander in Chief and Osagyefo (Redeemer), Francis Nwia Kofi Kwame Nkrumah, son of a village goldsmith, had striven with some success to make himself all but synonymous with God. His face appeared on Ghanaian stamps and coins, statues of him littered the country, and his name flashed in neon in Accra. Ghanaian schoolchildren began each day by reciting that "Nkrumah is our Messiah, Nkrumah never dies." Among his official titles were Victorious Leader, the Great Messiah, His Messianic Majesty, the Pacifier, the Awful, and His High Dedication.

Maginot Hilton. Ghana used to be known as the Gold Coast, and independence, in 1957, came with a silver lining. With cocoa exports thriving and the beginnings of a modern industrial plant, the country had \$560 million in foreign currency reserves, boasted one of Africa's highest per capita incomes. Nkrumah squandered it on such expensive status symbols as an international jet airline, which loses almost twice as much money as it earns, and a \$20 million international conference site which includes a bulletproof, bombproof, twelve-story apartment hotel that Accra wags call "the Maginot Hilton."

To promote his image abroad, he opened 61 foreign embassies, his entourage to Peking last week numbered no fewer than 71 persons. He spent wildly and badly on crash

industrial schemes. Since 1962, he launched 47 state enterprises that he invaded almost every sector of the economy. All but three of them are deep in the red, and the Kwame Nkrumah State Works had to close down after 18 months because it had used up all Ghana's scrap iron, its only source of raw material. Government payrolls swelled to an amazing 250,000 people—two-thirds of all salaried workers in Ghana—and corruption was rampant. The wife of one of Nkrumah's Ministers imported a gold-plated bed, and one of his close advisers emptied his private swimming pool to provide storage space for the stream of "gifts" he exacted from local and foreign businessmen.

The \$198 million Volta River Project will eventually turn Ghana into West Africa's major producer of electricity and irrigate 6,000 sq. mi. of farmland. But not for many years will there be customers for all the power it will generate. All in all, Nkrumah's reckless spending has brought Ghana as close to bankruptcy as any nation can get. Foreign currency reserves were wiped out long ago, and the nation's foreign debt now totals a staggering \$1 billion, most of it in short-term loans.

In his obsession for absolute power, Osagyefo banned all opposition, passed a series of laws empowering him to jail all suspected enemies indefinitely and without trial, declared Ghana a one-party state with himself as perpetual President. He also outlawed strikes and clamped rigid government control over the press.

Strong Suspicion. All the while he was proclaiming himself the father of Pan-African nationalism, and grand-

out intricately vague political doctrines about "African socialism." It all sounded splendid enough, and his fellow Africans were impressed at first. Later, when they found his agents bent on overthrowing their regimes, other African leaders lost their enthusiasm for the freedom pioneer. He was strongly suspected of instigating the 1963 assassination of Togo's President Sylvanus Olympio; last year 14 French-speaking states joined together in a formal denunciation of his eternal plotting.

At home, too, he was running into trouble. Shortages of such basic items as soap and matches were felt in every home, and most Ghanaians deeply resented his government's blatant corruption. At least five attempts have been made to assassinate him. Nkrumah's answer was to crack down even further, increase his security guard—and to retreat behind the four walls of his palace. He reportedly took to wearing a bullet-proof vest, nervously kept five bullet-proof Rolls-Royces ready to carry him around Accra, waiting until the last minute to choose the one he would ride in.

By last summer, he suspected everyone of plotting against him. He packed off his Cabinet for three weeks of enforced "self-study" while he attended a Commonwealth conference in London, turned the government over to three hand-picked cronies in his absence. Ever suspicious of his army, he fired its commanders when he heard rumors that they had been "talking against" him, took command of the army himself. Then, three months ago, he announced plans to form a "people's militia," the obvious purpose of which was to neutralize the army if it tried to move against him.

Late News. That, as far as his officers were concerned, was the final blow. Led by Major General Joseph Arthur Ankrah, a tough, pro-British soldier who



"BUT, KWAME!"

had been army chief of staff until Nkrumah fired him, they secretly drew up their plans for Nkrumah's overthrow. Perhaps because Nkrumah himself was absent, it was surprisingly bloodless. Two Cabinet ministers were killed, and 25 soldiers reportedly died in the fighting at the presidential compound, but most of Nkrumah's vast array of plenipotentiaries were hauled off to jail rather than shot. His Egyptian wife and three children were even allowed to fly off to exile in Cairo.

The news came to Nkrumah rather late—after he got off his plane in Peking, but just before he showed up for a gala state banquet. By then, his Red hosts had also got the word, and realized that they were stuck with a President without a country. With cold formality the party went on, but Chinese protocol officers carefully kept Nkrumah separated from the rest of the guests. After that first party, Peking's embarrassed bosses canceled the rest of Osagyefo's program.

With that, Nkrumah disappeared into his suite in Peking's Welcome Guest House and refused to come out. Through his Foreign Minister (and former President of the United Nations General Assembly), Alex Quason-Sackey, who was traveling with him, he announced that he would "soon" return to Ghana to throw the military out, but he was obviously whistling in the dark. "If he does, we'll cut his throat," grinned a soldier on duty at a roadblock near Accra. Offered exile in Guinea by his good friend Sékou Touré, Nkrumah replied with a cryptic cable: WILL VISIT YOU SOON.

Fate of Many. In Accra, the military government wasted no time in getting down to business. A seven-man National Liberation Council headed by General Ankrah was named to head the government. One of its first acts was to open the political prisons in which more than 1,000 of Nkrumah's enemies had been held for months—even years. Suddenly the newspapers and radio stations, which had so slavishly adored Nkrumah, were heaping scorn on their onetime leader. The new regime had its own words of explanation. Said Radio Ghana: "This act has been made necessary by the economic and political situation in the country." Nkrumah had brought Ghana to "the brink of national bankruptcy." What we need is a radical revolution. This will be done almost immediately, and we hope to announce measures for curing our troubles within the next few days. In this type of spirit, the new leaders promised to provide strict separation of powers, reorganize the government and appointed a committee to rewrite the constitution, which later would be submitted to the nation in a referendum.

Meanwhile, Nkrumah was suffering the fate of many a departed demagogue in the past. With hammers, chisels and even wrecking cranes, crowds tore down his statues.

UGANDA

Coup of Convenience

The strange goings-on in Uganda last week presented a variation on Africa's current crop of coups. Uganda's government was overthrown all right, but not by military men. It was Prime Minister Milton Apollo Obote himself who seized full powers, and he did it, so he said, only to prevent another coup which was being planned against him.

Obote has long nursed an ambition to do away with the political opposition and run Uganda on a one-party basis.



PRIME MINISTER OBOTE
The stories were a scream.

under the domination of his fellow Nilotic tribesmen of the north. Trouble is that a split recently began developing even in his own Uganda People's Congress, caused by a group of Bantu Cabinet ministers determined to resist control by the northerners. The split widened last month when the anti-Obote faction supported the charge in Parliament by an opposition party leader that the Prime Minister, two of his ministers, and the deputy army commander had illegally shared a \$325,000 windfall that was captured from Simba rebels by Uganda troopers during the 1964-65 Congo rebellion. At first, Obote agreed to set up a judicial panel to investigate the charge. But before the judges could convene, Obote took matters into his own hands. Ordering the arrest of five of his ministers, Obote had them dragged screaming and kicking from a Cabinet session by members of his personal 500-man police force. Next he suspended the constitution and began broadcasting wild stories about internal intrigues and the threat of invasion by foreign troops.

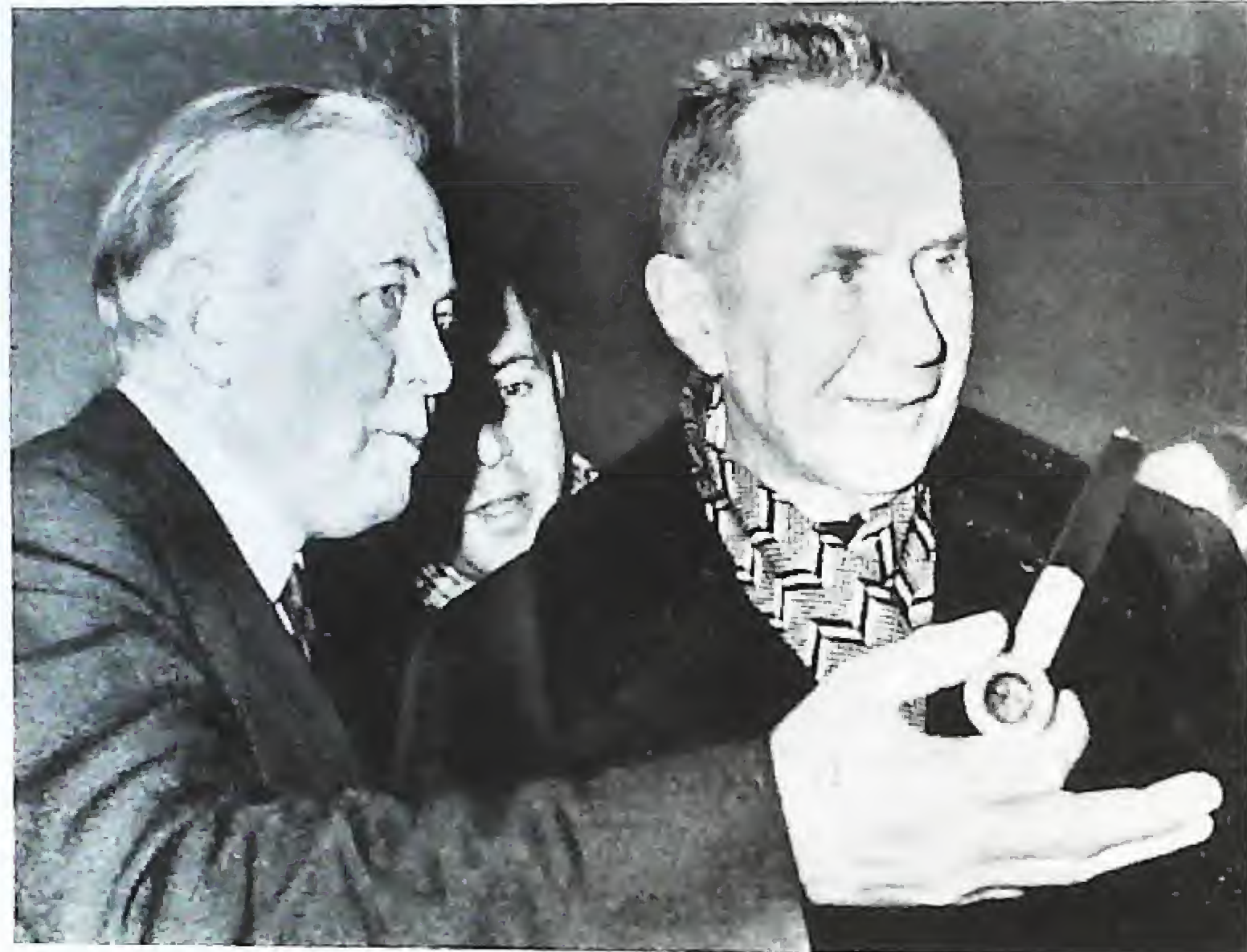
Obote's actions caused deep divisions among Uganda's 8,000,000 people. His political opposition refused to be intimidated. "It is the duty of all Ugandians to protect the constitution and to die

for it, if necessary," cried Kabaka Yekka Party Leader Daudi Ocheng. "Once the constitution is broken, the rule of the jungle takes over." Actually, whether there was to be any dying appeared to be up to the four-battalion army. So far, its loyalty seemed badly split between Obote and the figurehead chief of state, Sir Edward ("Freddy") Mutesa, 42, who is the Kabaka, hereditary ruler of Buganda kingdom, most powerful of Uganda's four regions.

GREAT BRITAIN

Veering Toward a Vote

Britain buzzed with speculation last week over whether Prime Minister Harold Wilson would call a general election in the next few weeks. He had every reason to do so. The pound is strong,



WILSON & KOSYGIN
But when is the right time?

wages are up, and unemployment is at a near-record low. The fortunes of the Tory opposition are down, with polls showing Labor moving farther ahead in popularity. What better time to seek a margin in Commons more comfortable than the present three-seat majority? But to all inquirers, the stolid little Yorkshireman had one answer: "I shall make a statement in the right way at the right time, but at the moment I am not in a position to say what the right way is or the right time."

Talks in Moscow. For all Wilson's caution, the campaign had in effect already begun. A campaign manifesto for Labor was already coming off the presses. The Conservatives sent a version of their own to the printer. Both parties were setting up speaking schedules, booking accommodations and distributing new campaign material. Party whips arranged with radio and TV executives for equal time.

Wilson himself was acting more and more like the Compleat Campaigner. He sought to buttress his position on

foreign affairs by jetting off to Moscow for talks with the Kremlin's duumvirate, Aleksei Kosygin and Leonid Brezhnev. In three days of conferences, he won a Soviet pledge to consider larger purchases in Britain and a promise that Premier Kosygin would soon pay him an official visit. Though Wilson could report no progress toward settling the Viet Nam war, the fact that he sent his disarmament minister to seek out Hanoi's top man in Moscow would help silence Labor's antiwar clique, which accuses him of not doing enough to halt the conflict.

"No Rattling." Into public view last week came one issue that Wilson wanted out of the way well in advance of a national vote. It was his long-awaited White Paper outlining a new "defense posture for the 1970s." While Wilson

was in Moscow, Defense Secretary Denis Healey presented that posture to the House of Commons. Object of the plan was to reduce Britain's "overstretch" by trimming the strength of its armed forces abroad by one-third and cutting expenditures by one-sixth to \$5.6 billion annually—a figure that would then represent about 6% of Britain's gross national product.*

Despite the reductions, promised Healey, there would be "no rattling on our commitments." But it clearly meant a drastic revision in the traditional composition of Britain's three services. Cruellest cut of all went to the Royal Navy, which will lose all of its four carriers, now the nucleus of Britain's sea power. The army will reduce its garrisons in Malta and Cyprus, will withdraw entirely from British Guiana and Aden. The Royal Air Force's V-bombers, which now constitute Britain's nuclear strike force, will gradually be grounded.

* As compared to 9% in the U.S., 4.76% in West Germany and 4.6% in France.

Instead of financing the development of expensive home-grown weapons, Britain will buy much of its gear for the 1970s from the U.S., a decision that strikes a severe blow at Britain's flying aircraft industry (see WORLD BUSINESS). The R.A.F.'s new bomber will be 50 swing-wing General Dynamics F-111A's, which Britain is buying from the U.S. for \$297.5 million. The navy will be outfitted with four U.S. type Polaris submarines, and the air will be regrouped in a few strategically located bases (Singapore, Bahrain, Gibraltar) from which units can be quickly airlifted to trouble spots by a fleet of 48 U.S.-built Herky Birds.

March 31. Ironically, the most stinging attack on the new policy came from the Conservatives but from a Laborite, Christopher Mayhew, who signed in protest as Navy Minister. The \$5.6 billion budget, warned Mayhew, was "too small if we stay east of Suez and too big if we do not." Though he had quit specifically over the canal question, he told the House that his greater fear was that Britain simply could no longer support its worldwide defense responsibilities unless it depended so heavily on U.S. assistance that the British would become "auxiliaries" rather than allies of the Americans.

Despite Mayhew's criticism, the defense policy caused fewer political ripples than the Prime Minister feared. Though many Empire-minded Britons were shocked by the cutbacks, their reaction was more than offset by the millions of British who feel that vigorous hold-down on defense spending is long overdue. Thus Wilson returned to London to find his political house quite in order. The best speculation was that he would call a general election for March 31.

RUSSIA

A Little Realism

Soviet economic plans usually are more like daydreams than serious forecasts of intended achievement. The classic was Nikita Khrushchev's seven-year plan (1959-65), which purported to make Russia a Communist utopia by 1970, complete with the world's highest standard of living and largest industrial production. Moscow's new leaders were more realistic. Last week Premier Aleksei N. Kosygin unveiled a new five-year plan that takes up where Khrushchev's seven-year plan leaves off, leaving the old bombast, the exuberant phony dreams. And gone—for good—was the promise of utopia.

Emphasizing their new "pragmatic truth," the Soviet planners admitted the good life is still a good way off. In 1970 they expect the Soviet per capita income to be up 85% from 1960, impressive, but still only half of Khrushchev's goal. Where Khrushchev forecast an annual electric power capacity of 950 billion kw-h by 1970, the new five-year plan predicts 840 billion



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CONTINENTAL The Proud Bird with the Golden T



kw-h. Over the same period, steel production is supposed to climb to 124 million tons a year (v. Khrushchev's 145 million tons), oil production to 355 million tons a year (v. Khrushchev's 380 million tons), and fertilizer output to 62 million tons annually (v. Khrushchev's 77 million tons). In agriculture, Khrushchev had called for an 8% annual increase in grain production and a total crop of 229 million tons by 1970. The new plan projects a more realistic 4% yearly increase and a 170 million-ton crop by 1970.

As part of their new realism, the Soviet planners also softened the emphasis on heavy industry and called for more consumer goods. By 1970 they hope to double production of television sets, treble the production of refrigerators and quadruple the production of cars. Yet even if Soviet automakers reach the goal—some 800,000 units a year—output would still amount to little more than one-twelfth of the U.S. production in 1965.

Some Western Kremlinologists felt that the revised goals were within reach; others, that they were still a shade too high. Either way, they underscored the tremendous economic problems that Moscow faces. With 45% of the American G.N.P. and a population 20% larger than that of the U.S., Russia must shoulder a heavy arms burden, support costly space research, and at the same time meeting the growing and impatient expectations of 232 million people.

And Don't Come Back

When Soviet Rebel Novelist Valery Tarsis, 59, was permitted to fly to England last month for a lecture engagement, Western observers were frankly surprised. Tarsis had spent six months in a Moscow insane asylum for his outspoken attacks on Soviet officialdom in his first published underground novel, *The Bluebottle*, badgered the author-

ities still further last year with a scathing account of life on the funny farm, called *Ward 7*. All the same, counseled Komsomolskaya Pravda, "Let him go. We know why they [the West] need him. It is to pump all the anti-Soviet fascist vomit out of this mental case and then dump him onto the garbage heap. Let him go."

The authorities let him go, all right. Last week the Supreme Soviet's Presidium announced that it had deprived Tarsis of his citizenship, "for actions discrediting a citizen of the U.S.S.R.," leaving him permanently stranded in Britain. Tarsis had asked for it. He had roundly condemned "Soviet bandit fascism" at a London press conference, followed that blast with an article, obviously written before the edict but published after it, in the Sunday Telegraph reporting that despite savage persecution, "our people's immeasurable love of freedom is growing day by day."

It seemed curious that the Kremlin had allowed him to leave. One theory had it that Tarsis' trip had been meant to distract attention from the trial of Soviet Writers Yuli Daniel and Andrei Sinyavsky (TIME, Feb. 18). According to a more ingenious version, he had promised the KGB (secret police) to publicly condemn Sinyavsky and Daniel when he reached London, then proceeded to do just the opposite. What seemed most likely, however, was that the Soviets had simply hoped that Tarsis would seek asylum of his own accord, thereby sparing them the problem of coping with a certified lunatic who, on occasion, makes altogether too much sense.

FRANCE

Soil, Sky & Sea

"*Alors*," announced Charles de Gaulle at his press conference last week, "We will speak of NATO." That, in itself, was no news; he has been speaking about NATO, not always very kindly, ever since it was founded in 1949. Last week, however, he publicly gave NATO a timetable for getting out of France. De Gaulle told his audience that France would "modify successively the measures currently practiced" before the North Atlantic Treaty expires in 1969. "It means re-establishing a normal situation of sovereignty, so that everything French, including soil, sky, sea and forces, and any foreign element in France will in the future be under French command alone."

Exactly how did *le grand Charles* plan to evict or take command of SHAPE headquarters outside Paris, 14 U.S. Air Force bases, 26,000 U.S. servicemen, and NATO's complex network of pipelines and storage dumps in France? He was not saying. For part of his plan, in the canny tradition of French diplomacy, was to provoke the U.S. into offering some compromise or alternative before the actual bargaining begins.



WRITER TARSIS
A different sort of asylum



DE GAULLE
A canny plan for eviction.

Washington did not rise to the bait. "1969 is quite a long way off," remarked one U.S. diplomat, aware that many things could alter France's attitude between now and then—including the departure of Charles de Gaulle. In any case, plans have been made to cope with outright ouster. Already the day-to-day supply of the U.S. Seventh Army in Germany is based not on French ports but on Antwerp, Rotterdam and Hamburg. And though it would cost at least \$700 million, the U.S. could move most of its facilities in France to the Low Countries and West Germany. To the U.S., it seemed a sizable sum to charge for *amour-propre*. But not to De Gaulle. As an atomic power, he said, France has world responsibilities. "France desires to handle these responsibilities herself. This desire is incompatible with the organization of defense under which she is now subordinated."

ITALY

A Fine Italian Hand

A new 26-member center-left coalition Cabinet put together by Christian Democratic Premier Aldo Moro was sworn in by President Giuseppe Saragat in Rome's Quirinale Palace last week. There was practically no difference between this Cabinet and the last, which fell 33 days before. Nonetheless, Italy applauded, and the Milan stock market surged to a new three-year high. Italians rightly understood that Premier Moro had triumphed over a positively Borgian plot.

The latter-day Cesare was Moro's ambitious ex-Foreign Minister, Amintore Fanfani, who left the Cabinet under fire in December because of his (and his wife's) bumbling attempts to

solve the Viet Nam crisis. Fanfani forced Moro to resign in January by talking some of Moro's (and his) fellow Christian Democrats into voting down a trivial nursery-school bill in the Chamber of Deputies. Fanfani wanted more than to just get back into the Cabinet. He wanted Moro out. So he persuaded the right wing of the Christian Democrats to insist on the inclusion of their leader, ex-Premier Mario Scelba, in any new Cabinet. Why? Because, naturally, as a bitter foe of the left, Scelba was certain to be rejected by Moro's Socialist coalition partners, and thereby force a new deadlock to plague Moro.

Moro is a meek little law professor from the University of Bari, who never drives above 35 m.p.h. and maintains that he would only be caught dead in an airplane. But he possesses a virtue rare in Italy. He is a born listener. He patiently attended while the feuding faction leaders talked themselves out, then shyly pointed out to Scelba's fans that they were being used as Fanfani's tools. With that, the rightists withdrew Scelba's Cabinet candidacy, settled for two new lesser Cabinet posts. Fanfani was not consulted until everything else was set. Then Moro told a minor Senator to call him and offer him the Foreign Ministry. Sourly, Fanfani accepted.

With luck, the new Cabinet will last until the new elections in April 1968. This would make Moro runner-up for the postwar endurance championship among Italian Prime Ministers, after the late Alcide de Gasperi, who resigned in 1953. However, Italian politicians, especially Christian Democrats, dislike strong leaders, and they will be doubly tempted to cut Moro down—just as they did De Gasperi. Observed one Roman: "Aldo Moro is the father of his party right now, but it's risky being Papa if your children have an Oedipus complex."

INDONESIA

The Bung's Bounce

"Here I am, Sukarno, President and Great Leader of the Revolution. I will not retreat one step or even one millimeter!" There he was indeed, full of bombast and braggadocio, munching cake and sipping orangeade—and apparently back on top of the heap. After five months of submission to his anti-Communist generals, Indonesia's President last week demonstrated the reasons behind his reputation as Southeast Asia's most durable politician.

Almost as if his own position had never been in jeopardy, Sukarno blithely fired Defense Minister Abdul Haris Nasution, leader of the anti-Red forces that put down last October's Communist coup. He also installed a new Cabinet, some of whose members—though avowedly non-Communist—were far to the left of the generals. Nasution took the demotion quietly, but it was an ominous silence. Still loyal to him are Army Chief Suharto and the crack Siliwangi Division, elements of which moved into Djakarta last week. "We are ready to move the second Nasution gives the signal," claimed the Siliwangi's commander.

Nasakom Is No More. Sukarno managed his comeback subtly. Outwardly he appeared submissive, while secretly calling in junior officers for sessions ripe with flattery and promises. The seeds of rivalry were quick to sprout. At the same time, he wooed and won Moslem groups long neglected by the government. All the while, the Bung was practicing the traditional Indonesian *musjawarah*, a catharsis by conversation that ultimately leads to consensus. Last week Sukarno felt it had been reached.

Whether or not Nasution's ouster sticks, it will be some time before Sukarno again feels free to court the Chinese-backed *Partai Komunis Indone-*



SUKARNO ANNOUNCING CABINET CHANGES
From seeds to sprouts.

sia as ardently as he did before the October coup. In the first place, P.K.I. ranks have been severely depleted by anti-Communist slaughter, and surviving party members are lying low. Secondly, Sukarno knows that a return to the pro-Communist past would trigger an army coup. Nasution or no Nasution, Indonesia has accepted the decline of Communism to such an extent that even Sukarno's beloved acronym *Nasakom* (a combination of *nationalism*, *religion* and *Communism*, on which his policy is based) has been amended to *Nasasos* (for *socialism*).

Rage in Yellow Shirts. Even at that Sukarno's balance is precarious. Last week mobs of angry anti-Red students stormed through Djakarta, blocking entrances to Merdeka Palace with stolen trucks and forcing Sukarno to send helicopters to pick up his Cabinet ministers for the swearing-in ceremony. Nervous guards fired into one group, killing three students. That brought on a second mob scene, with 100,000 students—led by yellow-shirted members of the Indonesian Student Action Command (KAMI)—lining the five-mile funeral route. Sukarno retaliated by outlawing KAMI, declaring a curfew and forbidding groups of five or more to meet in Djakarta. With that, he retreated behind machine guns to Merdeka Palace to await developments.

With the army sullen and the students enraged, Sukarno's comeback might prove a short one.

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Tunnel Rats

To the Viet Cong, a shovel is as important as a rifle. Steadily increasing pressure from American ground and air power has literally pushed the Reds underground, and in the past few years they have carved out a subterranean Viet Nam that is every bit as complex as the surface one. Every city is ringed

by miles of intricate tunnels; Red redoubts in the countryside are riddled with sniper-manned "spiderholes," command bunkers, storage vaults, and even underground hospitals with electricity and running water.

Like some breed of superbadgers, the Reds dig round the clock. Even hardcore V.C. troopers often dig an hour each morning instead of doing calisthenics, but most of the excavation is done by three-man teams of "volunteers"—usually village boys and girls impressed for the duty—who are expected to dig three yards of tunnel a day. The results are amazing. At Cu Chi, the newly blooded American 25th Infantry Division last month found a three-level tunnel network that snaked to 15 feet below the matted jungle and stretched more than 200 yards.

Viet Cong tunnels are shored with bamboo, take right-angle turns roughly every ten yards to baffle the blast of satchel charges dropped in the mouths of the tunnels. The Viet Cong use rabbits or gophers in open-topped cages to bore breathing holes to the surface. Headquarter complexes also have primitive "early warning" systems for air attack: conical pits five meters deep, from the bottom of which a man can hear planes miles away, as if he were resting in the cup of a giant ear.

Foiling the Fire Ants. At first, American troops simply destroyed the Red tunnel complexes. Then it became evident that intelligence, food, even weapons could be retrieved from them. In



TUNNEL RAT THORNTON
Big ears in a conical pit.

the vast Ho Bo Woods, 35 miles northwest of Saigon, U.S. troops found a 14-mile tunnel complex that contained some 100,000 documents—listing everything from names of Viet Cong terrorists to billet locations of every senior American officer in Saigon. Obviously, all tunnels would have to be explored.

In the 1st Infantry Division, that job falls to a four-man team called "the

Tunnel Rats." Since January, the team has been crawling through miles of mazes in the no man's land north of Saigon, braving booby traps and 100° temperatures. The Rats are an oddly equipped lot: they carry .22-cal. pistols (since .45s would shatter their eardrums at close quarters), wear leather gloves and kneepads, and are connected to the surface by half a mile of wire that runs to a battery-powered headset. Taped to their ankles are smoke grenades, for use when the Tunnel Rats are ready to emerge, and want to avoid a bullet from a startled American's rifle. Another necessity: an aerosol bomb to attack the half-inch "fire ants" that often infest the tunnels.

Notes from Underground. Once explored, the tunnels are ready for demolition. But as Captain Herbert W. Thornton, 40, Alabamian team leader of the Tunnel Rats, says: "There isn't enough dynamite in Viet Nam to blow up all of them." That problem is solved by 10 lbs. of a crystallized riot agent called CS (O-chlorobenzalmalononitrile), developed by the British for mob control. Placed on top of a powder charge, the CS is blasted throughout the tunnel, sticking to walls and floors. When it is disturbed by returning Reds, it gets into the respiratory system and causes nausea and painful burns.

Even without CS, tunnel life is grim for the Viet Cong. A diary captured in a complex north of Saigon last week carried a typical lamentation: "Oh, what hard days! One has to stay in a

THE PURPLE HEART BOOGIE

Every war breeds its balladeers, and Viet Nam is no exception. Xenophon's Greek mercenaries marched "up country" into the Persian empire 2,300 years ago to the rhythm of harshly sung battle hymns; Wellington's light infantry quick-stepped through the Iberian peninsula to the bugles of *Over the Hills and Far Away*. Pershing's doughboys remarked the lack of lingerie in Armentières, while Rommel's Afrika

Korps lusted for *Lili Marlene*. In Viet Nam, the anonymous lyricists sing of "the Air Cav" (the 1st Cavalry Division turned Airmobile) and "pees" (South Vietnamese piasters worth roughly a penny); they abbreviate the helicopter gunships that support them to a curt A.R.A. ("aerial rocket artillery"). "Charlie" is the enemy, Victor Charlie being Viet Cong in the military phonetic alphabet. Top tunes in Viet Nam today:

(To the tune of *I'm Movin' On*)

*I was landin' on a paddy, thought I had it made.
Until a friendly farmer threw a hand grenade—
I'm movin' on, I'm movin' on.
Convoy flyin' through Man Giang Pass.
Play the Purple Heart Boogie on the Air Cav's ass.
I'm movin' on, I'm movin' on.*

(To the tune of *Rock of Ages*)

*Victor Charlie—at Plei Me
Threw a hand grenade at we.
So I caught it, in my palm,
Threw it back, and he was gone.
Victor Charlie, at Plei Me,
Thanks a lot, you s.o.b.*

(To the tune of *The M.T.A.*)

*Let me tell you of a Cong by the name of Charlie
On that tragic and fateful day.
He put ten rounds in his pocket, kissed his wife and family,
And went out to zap the A.R.A.
But did he ever return? No, he never returned,
and his fate is still unlearned.
He may run forever through the trackless jungles.
He's the Cong who never returned.
Charlie handed in his rifle at the An Khe station
And he turned into a refugee.*

*When he got there the boss man told him "one day's labor,"
And he gave him only fifty pee.
Now Charlie's wife went down to the airstrip
One day at quarter past three,
And from the open chopper she pulled Charlie to safety
and they infiltrated Plei Me.
But did he ever return? No, he never returned,
and his fate is still unlearned.
He may run forever through the trackless jungles.
He's the Cong who never returned.*



STUDENT RIOT IN DJAKARTA
Catharsis by conversation to consensus.

tunnel, eat cold rice with salt, drink unboiled water!" That was the last entry. Next day, Tran Bang, the 29-year-old diarist, was killed in an American assault on the once-inviolable underground world of the Viet Cong.

AUSTRALIA

Toward Acceptance of Asians

As Minister of Immigration, Harold Holt established a milestone of sorts in 1952 by ruling that Japanese wives of Australian servicemen could enter Australia in spite of the tight restrictions on Asian immigrants. As Prime Minister, Holt last week ordered a re-examination of Australia's immigration policies with a view to bringing them more in line with the country's emerging awareness that its destiny really rests in Asia. Already the review has produced one result: a prime-ministerial recommendation reducing the 15-year period that non-European immigrants must wait before becoming eligible for citizenship to five years, the same as for European settlers. Holt also hopes to make it easier for Asian executives and technicians who come to Australia on assignments for their companies to bring their wives and families with them. Commented Sydney's Morning Herald: "The minor changes that Holt has mentioned will go some way to undo the immense harm caused by the present rigid white-Australia policy."

Other press comment was equally laudatory.

SYRIA

A Party Affair

In long-turbulent Syria, no one has yet been able to topple the ruling Baath (Renaissance) Party. To be sure, there has been a dizzying chain of uprisings within the governing hierarchy itself, but they always left the top man intact: Strongman Amin Hafez, 43. Last week the party went through its 15th major reshuffle since seizing power in 1963. Only this time, Hafez himself was shuffled right out.

The coup grew out of a split between the party's leftist moderates, led by Hafez, and a powerful, pro-Peking group of officers led by General Salah Jadid. Where Hafez sought closer ties with Egypt, Jadid demanded a complete break. Where Hafez pledged Syria to a nonintervention agreement with other Arab nations, Jadid wanted Syria free to meddle where it might. As for Hafez' Russian-style socialism, Jadid insisted on a far stricter Red Chinese version. Last December their feud exploded into the open when Hafez discovered a Jadid plot to overthrow him. Hafez chased his rival underground, forced pro-Jadid Premier Youssef Zayyen to resign, and replaced him with his own man. Jadid kept consolidating his power, however, and last week he struck back.

Early one morning pro-Jadid troops and armored units rolled up Damascus'



JADID



HAFEZ

Shuffle off to Peking.

fashionable Abu Rummana Street, and began blasting away at Hafez' home and the tough desert troops guarding it. For hours the battle raged—interrupted only by one brief pause when the rebels permitted Hafez' wife and a wounded daughter to escape. Outmanned and outgunned, the defenders were finally whittled down to three men, who came out with hands up and holding a white flag. They were gunned down in their tracks, and a placard hung on the front of the demolished home: "This is the fate of all traitors." According to some reports, Hafez was captured and put under arrest; other reports claimed he was elsewhere during the shooting and managed to escape. Either way, the rebellion soon spread throughout Syria, taking a toll variously estimated at 150 to 300 dead.

An important pro-Hafez army garrison in the north was still holding out at week's end, but nevertheless the rebels went on the air to call themselves "the provisional command of the Baath Party," and termed the coup a party affair to "correct" a situation that "threatened to impose a dictatorial regime on the country." As their chief of state, they named Nouredin Attassi, a Jadid-style leftist and Hafez' onetime second-in-command. As Premier, they appointed—once again—Youssef Zayyen.

EGYPT

Back to the Balcony

In recent months, Gamal Abdel Nasser has been the very model of sweet reasonableness. He has counseled caution in Arab threats of war against Israel, taken steps to end the war in Yemen and toned down his blasts at the U.S. Perhaps the strain of moderation was too great, for last week he was back at his old propaganda stand, happily blasting everyone in sight.

The occasion was Unity Day, the an-

nual observance that oddly celebrates Egypt's short-lived union with Syria. Warming to his subject, Nasser accused Saudi Arabia's King Feisal of financing a plot against him last summer, and of trying to form a conservative, anti-Nasser "Islamic alliance" with Iran's Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlevi. "Their object," Nasser steamed, "is to destroy Arab nationalism and unity." And who are the real architects behind the alliance? "Obviously," Nasser answered, "Washington and London." With that, Nasser all but tore up the six-month-old Egyptian-Saudi truce on Yemen, declaring that he would not withdraw his 70,000 troops, as promised, until an "acceptable" government in Sana'a is agreed upon. "If anyone thinks we have become tired," Nasser vowed, "let me say that we are a struggling nation, a fighting nation, a patient nation. We can stay in Yemen for one, two, three, four or even five years." As for Israel, Nasser threatened a "deterrent war" if the country decides to go ahead with the development of an atomic weapon. In the same hot breath, Nasser also attacked Tunisia's Habib Bourguiba for daring to advocate Arab negotiation with Israel.

What was eating Nasser all of a sudden? Genuine fear of encirclement by the Arab conservatives? Frustration over his expensive troop commitment in Yemen? Some old Middle East hands thought it might be merely a yearning for the good old days when he was constantly embroiled in international intrigue. They suggest that President Johnson may have stirred him up by sending Averell Harriman to Cairo with a virtual invitation to join the Viet Nam peace effort. "Lyndon's gone and dragged Nasser away from the fireplace and onto the balcony again," sighs one American expert. "Once you get him out there, it's a helluva job to get him back to the fireplace again."

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depended on them.*



If you were lucky enough to get Crown Royal for Christmas—let's hope you didn't forget to enjoy it. Sure there's status to Crown Royal. It costs about nine dollars a fifth. It comes cloaked in purple. And it was first made as a gift for the King and Queen of England. But don't be intimidated by the lineage and trappings. Seagram's Crown Royal isn't "keeping" whisky, it's "drinking" whisky. Canadian whisky. The best there is. For some years Crown Royal was hard to find. But as our reserves of eligible whiskies grew, so did the supply. So that today, anyone with a taste for the better pleasures can enjoy it. And enjoy it you should. That's what Crown Royal was made for.



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PEOPLE

"Of course we'll live off his income," insisted the bride-to-be. "He wouldn't think of it any other way." And another thing, Luci Baines Johnson, 18, pointed out in an interview with *McCall's*, those reports that she had to strong-arm Daddy into approving the match were just "hogwash." When she brought her beau, Pat Nugent, whose career plans are still up in the air, down to the ranch last October, the girl explained, "my father came to us and asked, 'What's all this I read in the newspapers?'" And that, said Luci, sticking out her jaw, "is when we sat down and reasoned together."

At first there was some doubt she would make it there at all. But then the stout Boy Scout commissioner and five other loyal subjects on the tiny British West Indian isle of Nevis pleaded that Queen Elizabeth II not ignore them on her month-long Caribbean tour. And so she came. As the royal yacht *Britannia* docked at the jetty, nearly all 13,000 Nevisians were dancing in the streets. Then with endless royal waves, Elizabeth and Prince Philip drove off through the cotton and sugarcane fields to pay a gracious call at the birthplace of one of the Crown's less loyal subjects—Alexander Hamilton.

It was the old mousetrap play. The U.S. Army captain and the Vietnamese airborne battalion, which he served as adviser, fought their way into a Viet Cong camp near Bong Son one night, only to find the place deserted. Then, at midnight, with the ammo running low, Captain Pete Dawkins, 27, had the V.C. red-dogging in on both flanks. After a quick firefight, Army's 1958 All-



CAPTAIN PETE DAWKINS
Out of the mousetrap.

America halfback huddled with his assistant, Lieut. Dick McDaniel, a former Nebraska end, and called for a "quick draw"—an artillery barrage from the nearby 1st Air Cavalry Division. That play scored fine, and afterward, as Dawkins and his unit rested in Saigon, Premier Nguyen Cao Ky awarded him and McDaniel South Viet Nam's second highest decoration, the Gallantry Cross.

After five weeks of arguments, Widow Mary Hemingway had her verdict. She had tried to stop publication of a book by A. E. Hotchner (*TIME*, Feb. 11), a friend and drinking pal of Ernest's during his last years, describing how the prideful lion sometimes fell into black and irrational moods before eventually shooting himself in 1961. In writing these reminiscences, argued "Miss Mary," Hotchner had used Papa's spoken words, which should be considered his property. But New York State Supreme Court Justice Harry Frank ruled that "spontaneous oral conversation with friends" cannot be considered subject to copyright. Random House will publish *Papa Hemingway* in April.

And wasn't it a long, fond wake the widow held? After Irish Playwright Brendan Behan died of "the gargle" two years ago, Beatrice Behan, 40, told *Redbook* in Dublin, "I spent a few months drinking around in the pubs where they knew him." After a while, said Beatrice, "I felt his personality slipping under my skin. I imagined that everyone loved me, and I even sang those dreary I.R.A. songs that Brendan used to sing. But then I realized I was not being natural, so I drink but little now." Still, considering the mourning after, the great gargler's widow conceded: "I love the life of the pubs."

Filed for probate in Manhattan Surrogate's Court, the will of General Motors Magnate Alfred P. Sloan Jr. grandly disposed of \$90 million, with \$60 million pouring into his Sloan Foundation, \$10 million going to his alma mater, M.I.T., \$10 million to the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, and \$10 million to the Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases, both in Manhattan. His brothers and other relatives, said a lawyer for the estate, "were provided for earlier."

As the provost of England's Coventry Cathedral explained after his new and radically beautiful church had risen beside the ruins of the old cathedral bombed out in 1940, "History has given us a chance to experiment, but we're not hanging cymbals and drums." Maybe not then, but some distinctly unconventional sounds were issuing from Coventry last week as Duke Ellington, 66, staged the European premiere of his jazzy *Concert of Sacred Music*,



DUKE ELLINGTON
Back to the cymbals and drums.

swinging out on the steps of the chancel beneath Graham Sutherland's tapestry of *Christ in Glory* (*TIME* cover, Dec. 25, 1964). "There's a story of the man who accompanied his prayers by juggling because that was the thing he could do best," said the Duke. "That's what we're doing—we're playing our kind of music here."

I'll endorse with my name any of the following: clothing, cigarettes, tapes, sound equipment, ROCK 'N' ROLL RECORDS, anything, film and film equipment, Food, Helium, Whips, MONEY—love and kisses Andy Warhol, EL 5-9941.

That's how the ad in the Village Voice ran and, while it wouldn't exactly be like having Mickey Mantle endorse your shaving cream, manufacturers might well consider what Andy's painstaking pop pictures did for Campbell Soups. As yet no helium or whip manufacturers have called up for the artist's endorsement, and what Andy really wants is to lend his name to some nice Manhattan restaurant, which in turn would agree to keep him and his entourage in sandwiches and beer up in his loft. But kindly don't send any of those canvas Oldenburgers.

Most of his impressive art collection looks genuine enough, sprinkled as it is with the signatures of people like Picasso, Matisse and Henry Moore. But you never can tell, testified Collector Nelson Rockefeller, 57, at the New York State attorney general's hearing on art fraud. There was that time in Sumatra in 1930, the Governor went on ruefully, when he picked up a lovely piece of "primitive sculpture," only to have a local innkeeper inform him that the things were mass-produced for the tourist trade. On other occasions, admitted Rockefeller, he's been a "sucker," and "naturally, I feel very silly."

SPORT

POWERBOAT RACING

Madness off Miami

They aren't taking volunteers for the Alamo any more, and it is getting harder to find cannibals to invite to lunch. So what does a man do when he's bored and restless (and maybe a little masochistic) and has \$50,000 or so to spend? He races powerboats.

Offshore powerboat racing is no delicate art like trying to steer a skittery hydroplane around the smooth surface of a protected lake. It is simple, straightforward stuff: slamming headlong through the open ocean in anything from a souped-up outboard to a PT boat—until your ribs rattle and your face is white with salt. It is madness, of course. But as Ohio Millionaire Merrick Lewis, 41, explained on the eve of last week's Sam Griffith Memorial Race from Miami to Bimini and back: "Once in a while, you have to force yourself into doing something that petrifies you. If you don't, pretty soon you turn into a chunk of Jell-O."

Too New for Money. Lewis, alas, was unable to compete in the 172-mile race himself because he had four broken ribs, three cracked ribs and a gash on his skull—mementos of the Houston Channel Derby two weeks before. But he sent out no fewer than eight of his boats, including *Thunderbird*, a 32-ft. aluminum "hot dog" powered by two 500-h.p. United Aircraft gas turbines and piloted by Designer-Driver Jim Wynne. So radical that it was classified as experimental (and therefore ineligible for the winner-take-all \$3,000 prize), *Thunderbird* had been clocked at 65 m.p.h. in practice runs. That was enough to make it the prerace favorite, but there was no shortage of high-velocity competition. Miami Boatbuilder Dick Bertram was at the helm of his diesel-powered *Brave Moppie*, the 1965 world champion. Following in

the example of his father, a champion hydroplane racer, Gar Wood Jr. was driving *Orca*, a needle-nosed, 47-ft. monster that packed 1,200 horses under its deck. British hopes were pinned on *Surfury*, a molded plywood 36-footer with twin supercharged engines that generated 525 h.p. apiece.

The rest of the fleet consisted mostly of standard inboards and outboards that might have come from a showroom window. But Jerry Langer's No. 10 was strictly do-it-yourself. An outboard-engine dealer from Miami Beach, Langer had borrowed a Fiberglas mold, poured himself a hull, tacked two ordinary 90-h.p. motors on the back. Just before the race, he decided that he didn't like the pitch of his propellers, so he took a hammer and pounded away until they looked "about right."

Two Minutes to Swim. On race day, a 20-knot crosswind was kicking up 10-ft. swells in the northward-flowing Gulf Stream, and visibility was down to half a mile. But away they went anyhow, 31 boats roaring out of Biscayne Bay into the heaving Gulf Stream. Within minutes, last year's Griffith winner, Bill Wishnick, was back at the dock: his co-driver Allen Brown had smashed both ankles on the jolting deck of their 28-ft. *Broad Jumper*. About the same time, Gar Wood Jr. bounced *Orca* onto a sand bar off Cape Florida, clambered out, and watched helplessly as his \$150,000 craft split open and sank.

After an hour, most of the boats had given up and turned back to port. The rest wished they had. Owner-Driver John Raulerson and a crewman had to be pulled off his wallowing, 33-ft. *Tin Fish* by the Coast Guard (at week's end the empty boat was still floating somewhere in the Gulf Stream). World Champion Dick Bertram didn't even have time to radio for help. *Brave Moppie* was blasting along at 50 m.p.h. in second place, behind *Thunderbird*, when

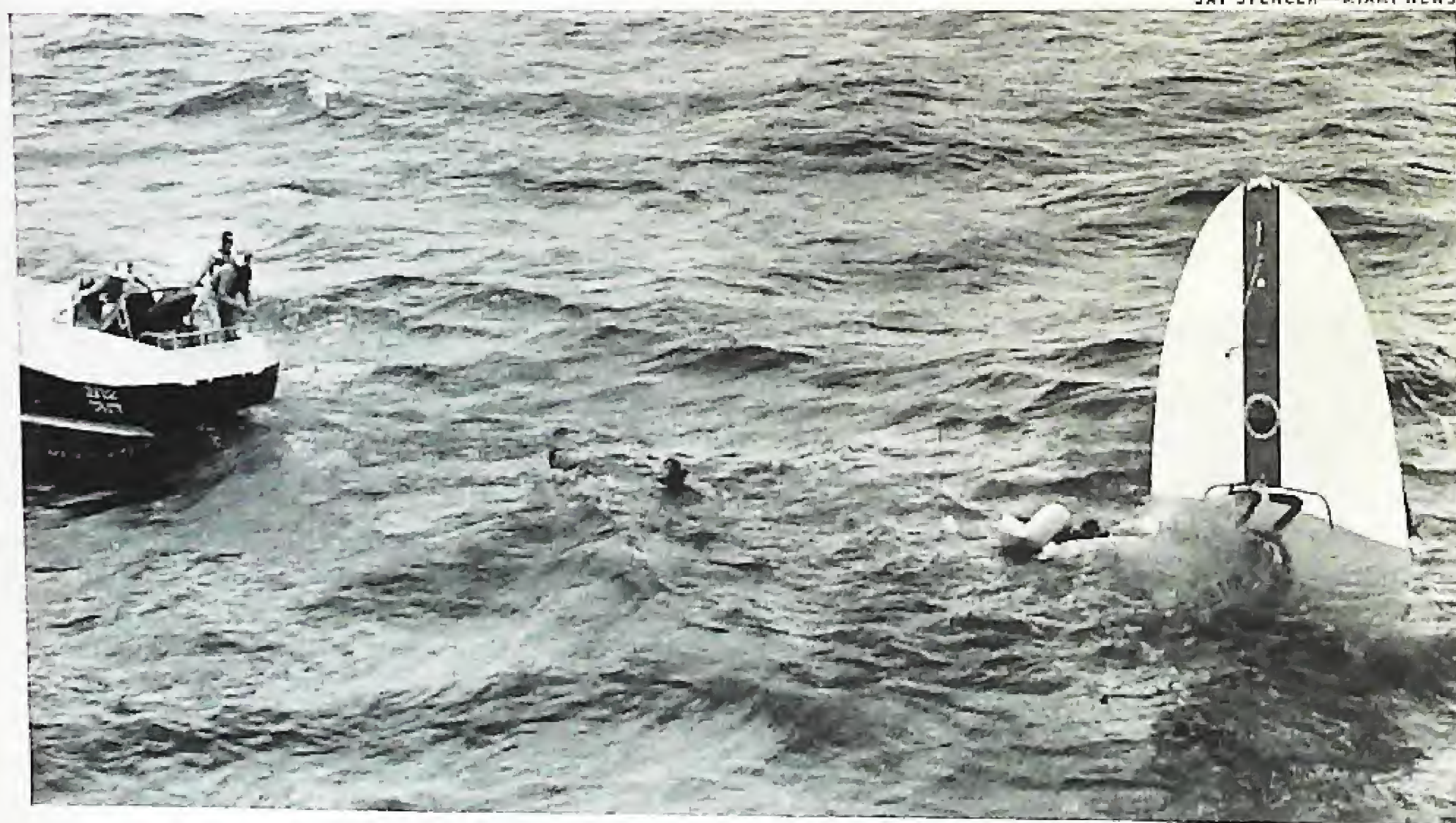
disaster struck. "A red warning suddenly went on, meaning water bilge," Bertram said later. "In two minutes we were swimming." Speed was that one of *Moppie's* 550-h.p. sels had pounded its way clear through her hull—nobody would ever know sure, because she sank like a rock 10 fathoms of water. That gave place to Charles Gardner in *Surfury*, but with true British sportsmanship he hove to, hauled Bertram and his man crew aboard, and abandoned race to ferry them back to Miami.

Only four boats reached Bimini; only two attempted the return. Aboard *Thunderbird*, bearded Wynne was having his problems—engines cut out three times when he tossed the boat clear out of water. Driver Walt Walters was knocked unconscious when a wave broke across the boat—but Wynne grimly kept going. So, incredibly, did Jerry Langer in his little outboard. Finally, 4 hrs. 45 min. after the start, *Thunderbird* chugged back into Biscayne Bay, and Wynne gratefully stepped ashore, uttering: "Now that was a winged Runner-up. Langer, who finished hours behind Wynne, could not disagree more. "Where are the B Aids?" was the first question he asked on arrival in Miami. But Dick Bertram, who had lost \$65,000 worth of boat and very nearly his life, could hardly wait to do it all over again. "If I made it any easier," he said, "I would be ocean racing—and I'd quit."

TENNIS

Quick Trip to Wicomico

Wicomico County, Maryland, is exactly Wimbledon, which may explain why the world's top tennis players are in such a rush to get out of town next week. For the third year in a row, Wicomico Youth and Civic Center is the site of the prestigious National Indoor Championships, and except for Australians, who stayed home to



"SURFURY" COMING TO AID OF SINKING "BRAVE MOPIE"

Only hot dogs and Englishmen go out in the Gulf Stream swells.



WINNER WYNNE

TIME, MARCH 4

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CHAMPION PASARELL
Everyone else got bombed.

Southern Hemisphere sun, tennis' big-name stars all put in an appearance. Dennis Ralston, the U.S.'s top amateur, was on hand, along with Negro Arthur Ashe, back from a triumphal tour of Australia. The foreign contingent included Spain's Manuel Santana, the world's No. 1-ranked player; Mexico's Rafael Osuna, the U.S. singles champion in 1963; and Sweden's Jan Erik Lundquist, who beat Ralston for the indoor title last year.

One after another, the stars breezed in, paid their respects, and left. Ralston double-faulted away his second-round match with Brazilian Left-Hander Tomas Koch. Santana lost in straight sets to a 28-year-old Wall Street lawyer named Gene Scott, and Lundquist duplicated the feat against California's 18-year-old Bobby Lutz. In the quarterfinals, Koch took care of the astonished Osuna, 6-3, 6-4. And then Cliff Drysdale, a South African cigarette salesman who hits backhands with his racket in both hands like a cricket bat, eliminated Ashe in straight sets, 6-3, 8-6. "I surprised myself," admitted Drysdale.

The most surprised player of all must have been Puerto Rico's Charles ("Charlito") Pasarell, 22, who scored 19 aces to beat Koch in the semifinals, found himself matched against Texas' Ron Holmberg in the final. A senior at UCLA (where he played No. 2 singles behind Ashe's No. 1), Pasarell had never reached the finals of a major tournament before. "I've beaten just about everybody in the world," he sighed. "Trouble is, I've lost to just about everybody too."

Erratic, unable to control his big first serve ("The Bomb," he reverently calls it) consistently, Pasarell seemed to be

doing his best to lose to Holmberg, too, who was so obviously overweight that other players nicknamed him "Dallas Fats." "Oh, Charlie, come on now!" groaned Pasarell, as he belted a Holmberg lob clear out of the court. "Stupid!" he snarled, after netting an easy volley. The first set went to 22 games, the second to 18, and the third to 13 before the puffing Holmberg finally cracked. Ratling off five straight points, Pasarell won the match, 12-10, 10-8, 8-6, for his first major tournament victory.

BOBSLEDDING

The Deadly Zig-Zag

There is obviously no such thing as a safe hobsled run, but there are varying degrees of danger. Nobody has ever been killed on Austria's Igls run, and it was a shock around the famed Ronco course at Cortina, Italy, when Germany's Anton Pensberger crashed to his death during last month's world championships. But the Mount Van Hoevenberg run at Lake Placid, N.Y., is another story. With its 16 low-banked curves, abnormally wide straightaways (which leave all the more room for error) and extra-high speeds (up to 90 m.p.h.), it has long enjoyed a sinister reputation as the world's most dangerous course. Since it was built in 1930, scores of sledders have been seriously injured, and three have been killed.

At last week's International Diamond Trophy races, sub-zero temperatures had turned the Mount Van Hoevenberg course so hard and slick that the sleds' runners would not bite into the ice, tended to slip sideways on the turns. Conditions were particularly bad at the 13th and 14th turns—known as the Zig-Zag—where a wooden superstructure was installed to keep the careening sleds from shooting right over the banking. As the four-man competition got under way, a U.S. sled overturned at the Zig-Zag, injuring two of the crew. At that, the wife of the next competitor in line, Lake Placid's own Joe McKillip, begged her husband: "Don't go. Please don't go." McKillip withdrew. His place was taken by Sergio Zardini, 34, an Italian who moved to Canada two years ago. Zardini was the 1963 four-man world champion, and he had won the Diamond Trophy two years in a row. Just a day before, on the same course, he had driven a two-man sled to victory in the North American-National A.A.U. championships.

At the Zig-Zag, Zardini's luck ended. Plummeting into the turn at 80 m.p.h., his sled literally took off, hurling its occupants headfirst into the protective superstructure and spilling them out onto the track. The empty sled rattled on across the finish line while rescuers rushed to its crew. One had a concussion and a broken cheekbone, another was badly bruised, a third was unhurt. Driver Zardini was dead, his head crushed by the wooden safety rail.



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RESEARCH

The Smoking Woman

Throughout the 15-year wrangle over the effects of smoking on health, women smokers have offered a medical conundrum. Although they puff at cigarettes with the same freedom as men, they do not suffer as much lung cancer. Why? The answer, Statistician E. Cuyler Hammond of the American Cancer Society reported last week, is devastatingly simple: for all their freedom, modern women do not smoke as much as men. On the average, they do not start smoking as young, do not inhale as deeply, and have

for which data on smoking and health are meaningful), women who limit themselves to less than half a pack a day outnumber men 3 to 1; those who stop at a pack a day outnumber men 2 to 1. Deep inhaling is half as common among the 35-44 women as among men, and only one-third as common in the 55-64 age bracket.

The sampling of current smokers shows that as recently as the 1930s, only one-third as many girls as boys started smoking before they were 15; this is significant because disease and death rates, notably for lung cancer, are related to duration of smoking. All three factors



MARTHA HOLMES
WALL STREET'S SYLVIA PORTER



HOLLYWOOD'S NATALIE WOOD
A certain biological superiority.



ISRAEL'S GOLDA MEIR

not smoked for as many years. Hammond's statistics also show, however, that the closer women's smoking practices approach men's, the closer are their disease and death rates.

In a detailed comparison of the smoking and health histories of 441,000 men and 563,000 women, Dr. Hammond's crew of epidemiologists followed the medical history of their volunteers since the winter of 1959-60. The first result of their work was the world's most exhaustive survey of the relationship between men's smoking and disease (TIME, Dec. 13, 1963), a study that was a major factor in persuading the U.S. Public Health Service to condemn smoking. By now, the Cancer Society researchers have followed both the men and the women for four years, and have tracked down the cause in 97% of the 43,000 deaths among the subjects. The delay in reporting the data on women reflects the fact that female death rates from virtually all causes are lower than the death rates among males; the Hammond staff had to wait for enough women to die to give them a valid statistical sample.

Three Factors. More men than women smoke cigarettes (47% of men aged 35 and up, as against 27% of women), and the disparity in smoking habits is notably greater in the older age groups. In the 35-44 age group (the youngest

—age of starting, inhalation habits and number of cigarettes smoked—said Dr. Hammond, tend to go together: a boy or a girl who starts smoking before age 15 is more likely to become a heavy smoker and deep inhaler.

Women smokers in the 45-54 age group, Hammond's statistics show, have a death rate 1.31 times higher than that of nonsmokers. And the rate goes up with the number of cigarettes smoked: it is 1.54 times the rate for nonsmokers among women in the one-to-two-packs-a-day range, and 1.96 times as high for those using more than two packs a day. The mortality rates follow practically the same patterns when computed in relation to depth of inhaling and age at which smoking began.

Innate Advantage. Comparison of lung cancers in men and women is complicated by the fact that the disease is not the same in the two sexes—women are more liable to some uncommon forms, which all researchers agree are unrelated to smoking. In the Hammond study, lung cancer caused 1,159 deaths, or 4.5% of the total, among men, but only 210 deaths, or 1.3%, among women. In cases where the cancer type could be determined, two-thirds of the men had the form associated with long-continued smoking; so did half of the women. The researchers concluded that

women who have smoked at any time in their lives run a 2.2 times greater risk of dying from lung cancer than nonsmokers, with a peak at 2.82 times in the 54 age range.

Despite the fact that his statistics show that heavy-smoking women have higher disease and early-death rates, Hammond finds that most of them do not fare as badly as men. Their increased risk of heart-artery disease is most twice as much as nonsmokers'; of lung cancer is only about half as great as the smoking man's increased risk. The truth is, women seem to have an inherent biological superiority and mental capacity over men. The difference in overall number of deaths among Cancer Society volunteers is striking: there were more than half as many deaths among the men, although there were many fewer men in the study. Even enough women smoked heavily enough and long enough to incur the same increased risk of early death as male smokers, says Dr. Hammond, the actual death rates among women would still be lower because of that innate superiority.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

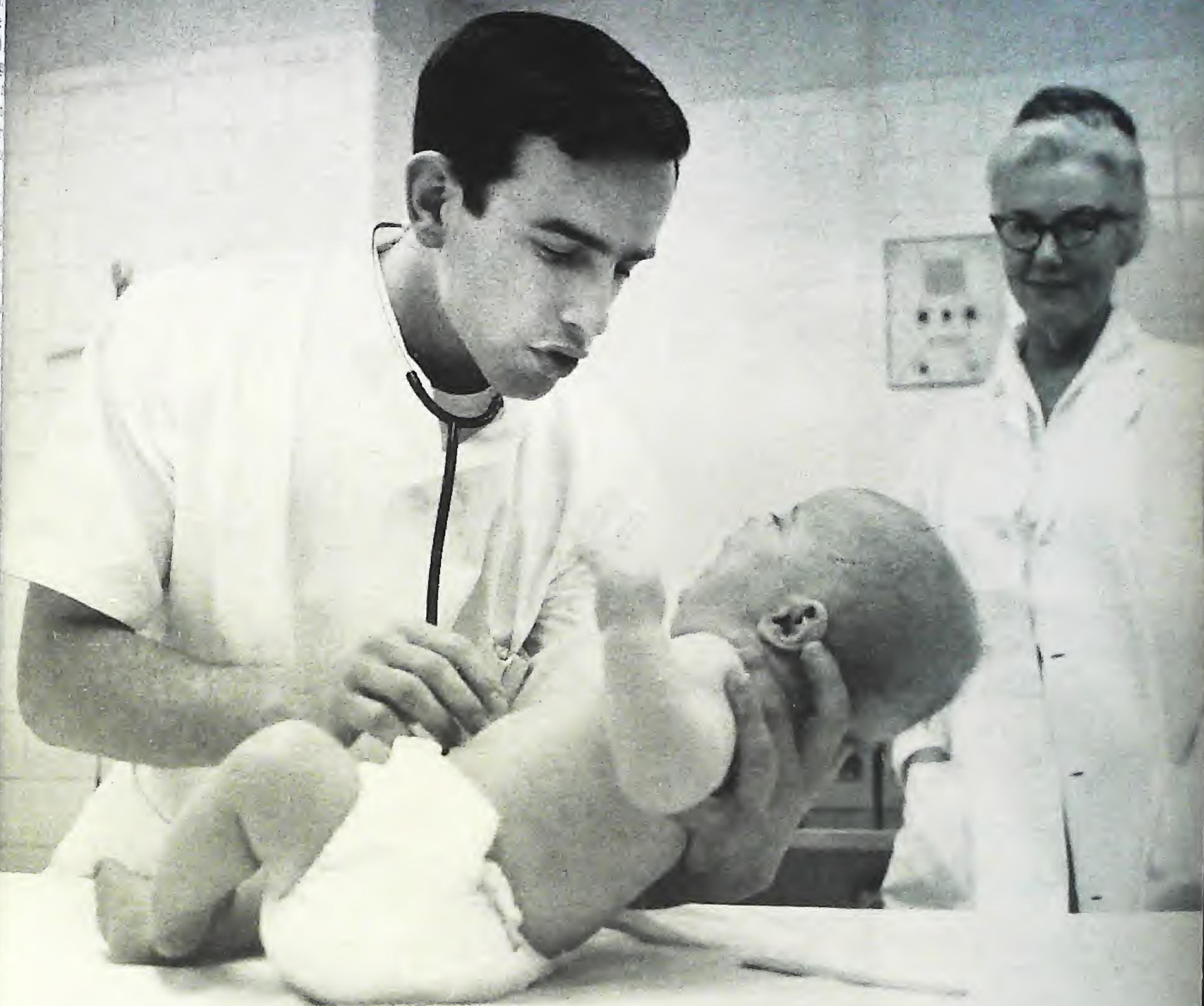
Drifting Flu

When a man's wife called the last week and said he couldn't go to work because he was in bed with the flu, the chances were that she was telling the truth. Across the U.S., the flu season was reaching a peak. In the New York metropolitan area, most of the illness seemed to be of a mild variety caused by still unidentified viruses; New England, Georgia and Florida had sporadic outbreaks caused by Type B influenza virus. California, hardest hit, was in the throes of an epidemic of Asian Type A flu. And Californians were spreading the virus in their Nevada playgrounds, Lake Tahoe, Reno and Las Vegas.

Infants & Oldsters. California's epidemic got rolling in the schools—among youngsters who had not developed immunity because many of them were living more sheltered, preschool lives when the state had its last major flu attack four years ago. In Los Angeles, up to 300,000 children and teachers were out; 90 public and parochial schools gave up. In San Diego, Said County School Superintendent Clinton Conroy Trillingham said, "The epidemic has hit the schools harder than any I can remember in 24 years." Missions to Los Angeles' huge General Hospital ran 25% above average. The police force and fire brigades were decimated.

Orange County was almost as hard hit; then the epidemic spread to Santa Cruz and Santa Clara counties, the Area and Sacramento, until an estimated 4,000,000 Californians were laid up with fever, headache, cough, sore throat and aching muscles. Inevitably, in some cases the flu led to pneumonia, especially among infants or oldsters whose health was poor to begin with. Among the

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



Interpreter needed

Right now, this medical student would hardly imagine pediatrics as his future specialty. He feels as helpless as the sick child before him—the first he has tried to examine. For how do you interpret and answer a cry for help that knows no words?

In a moment, he'll watch amazed as his teacher diagnoses the case by pure observation. In the months ahead, he'll gain some of that skill himself. He'll see the rapid, rewarding response children make to treatment. He'll know the extra joy of restoring health to young lives. And, when the time comes, he'll gladly add years to his long, costly medical training to enter

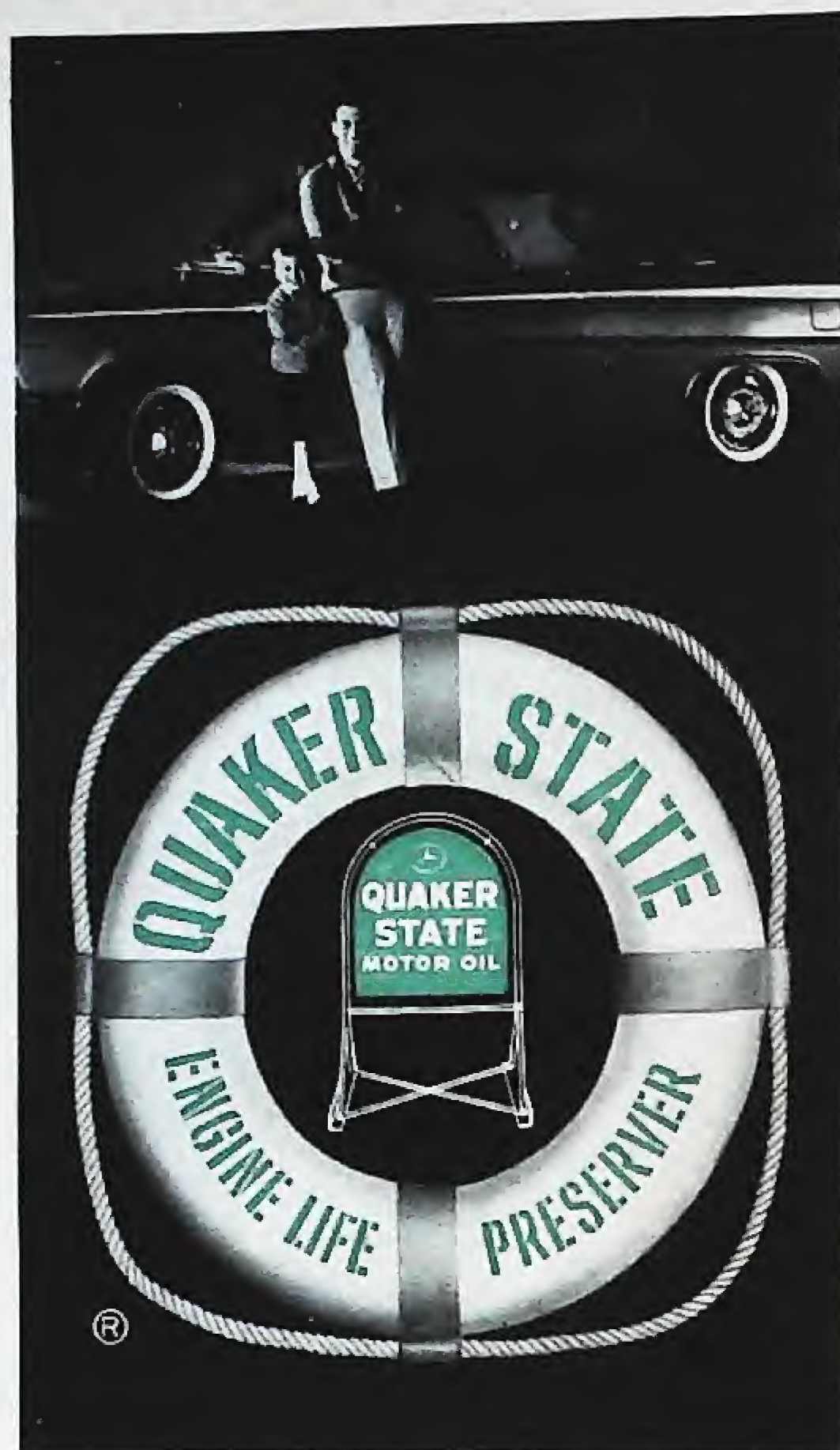
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er victims was Susan Ann Lombardi, 26, the bandleader's niece. There was no way to tell when the California epidemic would pass its peak.

Wild Strains. The U.S. Public Health Service had long ago recommended widespread vaccinations and predicted major outbreaks this year of both Type A influenza, which runs in a three-year cycle, and Type B, which runs in one or four-year cycles. The Communicable Disease Center expected Type A to hit the Eastern states, or brush them off lightly, because they had outbreaks last year. So far, the C.D.C. has been correct. In the East, influenza B has attacked mostly the young and the old, with only a modest increase in respiratory pneumonia. The Asian flu attacks all groups indiscriminately, which explains the epidemic spread in California.

As for vaccines, the C.D.C. now believes that the viruses' antigenic properties "drift," or change slightly, and the current wild strains have drifted away from those used in the vaccine now available. If the change is not great, the vaccine should still offer substantial protection. Next year, the vaccine makers will hurry to catch the

DOCTORS

Cutting Words

A man of true science uses hard words, and those only when other will answer his purpose; while the smatterer in science . . . thinks by mouthing hard words he proves he understands hard things.

—"Dr. Cuticle" in Herman Melville's *White Jacket*.

By Melville's criterion, suggests Lois DeBakey in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, medicine is full of "smatterers in science." Her records, casual conversations and medical reports "are loaded with shop talk incomprehensible to nonphysicians, often confusing even to physicians in other regions." A member of a family of surgeons—one brother, Houston Surgeon Michael DeBakey (TIME cover, May 28), another brother, Ernest, is also a surgeon—Dr. Lois has a Ph.D. in English and is an associate professor in scientific communication at Tulane University, a scholar of language. She advises medical writers to concentrate on cutting out "learned" words and using the substitutes in the following list:

Agrypnia	Insomnia
Cephalalgia	Headache
Cholelithiasis	Gallstones
Dysphagia	Swallowing
Emesis	Vomiting
Hemorrhage	Bleeding
Obese	Fat
Pyrexia	Fever
Respire	Breathe

Carrying her criticism right to the end (not "termination") of life, DeBakey thinks "in extremely tentative expression for dying."

TIME, MARCH 1970



Captain Frank Baque, Jr., 1st Officer, Wesley Chadwick, 2nd Officer, Justin Campbell.

Why do all Eastern flight crews go back to school each year?

For the same reason there is a nursery in every Falcon Lounge.



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THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

How Bert Beat the Bureaucrats

No one believed Inventor Bert N. Adams in 1939 when he came out of his Queens Village, L.I., kitchen with a battery that seemed to revolutionize the original electrical "pile" devised by Alessandro Volta in 1796. Inventor Adams ultimately won a U.S. patent—and then the U.S. Government itself copied and repatented his battery without paying Adams a dime. Last week the Supreme Court not only agreed that Adams' battery met the U.S. patent test of being new, useful and "nonobvious"; by a vote of 7 to 1, the court also made clear that Adams' patent had been infringed during years of plain and fancy Government hornswoggling.

Primary Accident. A lonely tinkerer in the style of the Edison era, Adams has supported his yen for inventing by toiling at a lengthy catalogue of jobs—cowboy, barber, auto mechanic, house painter, merchant seaman, research director for a vacuum cleaner company. His pre-war kitchen triumph was a primary (nonrechargeable) battery that delivered an even level of electricity over long periods of time. Until then familiar primary batteries delivered electricity at a declining rate until they wore out, their charge drained off even when not in use; and they rapidly deteriorated when subjected to extreme temperatures.

Adams' battery consisted of a lightweight container, one electrode made of magnesium and another of cuprous chloride. It could be stored indefinitely and activated by simply pouring in fresh or salt water. While cooking up some cuprous chloride on his wife's stove, Adams accidentally dropped cigarette ashes into the brew—and vastly improved it. Moreover, when his battery was connected to a load, a chemical reaction took place that produced heat. As a result, the battery worked surprisingly well at temperatures as low as -65° F.

Expert Accident. In wartime 1942, Adams decided that his revolutionary battery had all sorts of potential military uses. When he offered it to the Army, though, every available expert rejected his idea as unviable and unworkable. Indeed, no one yet knows exactly why the Adams battery works. But without ever telling the inventor, the Government secretly confirmed his claims and ordered at least 1,000,000 similar batteries. One version is used in meteorological balloons operating at temperatures that would freeze conventional batteries. Another version, activated by salt water, powers signal lights in the survival gear of military aviators.

Adams got his patent in 1943; the Government got its own in 1953, based on the slight improvements of two army scientists. Adams finally got mad, and with the aid of an anonymous benefac-

tor whom he credits with putting up \$200,000 to fight the case, he went into the U.S. Court of Claims in 1960 and charged patent infringement. Fighting back, the Government cited older patents that used all of Adams' basic ingredients; an expert tried to build a battery according to the key (1880) patent, however, and the thing exploded. In the end, the court found that Adams was the first to create a workable, non-obvious battery out of the familiar ingredients. The Court of Claims ruled that the Government had clearly infringed Adams' patent.

Sweet Victory. When the Government appealed to the Supreme Court, Adams' New York lawyer, John Reilly,



INVENTOR ADAMS

Not a dime from the hornswogglers.

impressed the Justices during oral argument by pouring water into an Adams-rigged glass bowl while he went on talking. Electric lights connected to the battery popped on ten minutes later. When Justice Tom C. Clark read the decision last week, he fondly recalled that Lawyer Reilly "demonstrated it right here, right in the courtroom."

For Adams, who is now 66 and lives in Yuma, Ariz., the next step is getting the Government to fork over damages—a complex legal process that may take months or years. No one yet knows how much he will collect; besides, he is ailing and may have little chance to spend it like the tycoon he might have been. Just his court victory over the bureaucrats, though, is mighty sweet to Tinkerer Adams.

Word to the Wise

For five years the Supreme Court has thrown out Southern convictions for nearly every kind of civil rights demonstration. So last week the court's reversal seemed inevitable in the case of Henry Brown and other CORE demonstrators, whose "stand-up" in a Clinton, La., public library resulted in

their conviction for disturbing the peace.

Win the demonstrators did—but in a remarkably close 5 to 4 decision that apparently signaled the Supreme Court's growing disenchantment with ever bolder civil rights demonstrations. Though the Negroes were protesting an unconstitutionally segregated library system, the angriest of four dissenters in *Brown v. Louisiana* was none other than the court's most steadfast liberal, Justice Black, who declared, "It has become automatic for people to be turned loose as long as whatever they do has something to do with race. That is not the way I read the Constitution."

"The crowd moved by noble ideals today can become the mob ruled by hate and passion and greed and violence tomorrow," said Black. "If we ever doubted that, we know it now. The peaceful songs of love can become as stirring and provocative as the *Marseillaise* did in the days when a noble revolution gave way to rule by successive mobs until chaos set in . . . I am deeply troubled with the fear that powerful private groups throughout the nation will read the court's action as I do—that is, as granting them a license to invade the tranquillity and beauty of our libraries whenever they have quarrel with some state policy that may or may not exist. It is an unhappy circumstance, in my judgment, that the group which more than any other has needed a government of equal laws and equal justice, is now encouraged to believe that the best way for it to advance its cause, which is a worthy one, is by taking the law into its own hands." Warned Black: "It should be remembered that if one group can take over libraries for one cause, other groups will assert the right to do it for causes which, while wholly legal, may not be so appealing to this court."

MILITARY LAW

The Right to Welsh

The U.S. Army suffered no qualms when slot machines were installed in the officers' club in Murnau, Germany, and were rigged to keep 70¢ of every \$1 played. Indeed, the club's profits reached a welcome alltime high when Major Robert G. Wallace fed \$7,000 into the one-armed bandits over a period of nine months. There was, however, an offense against military propriety: in the process of buying rolls of quarters from the bar, Wallace passed \$2,000 in rubber checks. A general court-martial sentenced him to dismissal from the service.

By the time Wallace's case got to the U.S. Court of Military Appeals, his sentence had been reduced to forfeiture of \$900 in pay—for him, little more than a month's losses. Even so, the nation's highest military court reversed his conviction.

Whether legal or illegal, ruled Judge Homer Ferguson for the court, gambling is "against public policy, and the courts will not lend their offices to en-



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enforcement of obligations arising therefrom." Though Nevada, for example, both licenses and taxes gambling, "the courts of that state deny any right of recovery on gaming transactions." In the same vein, said Ferguson, "the issuance of a worthless check in a gambling game or as a means of facilitating a gaming transaction cannot be made the basis of a criminal prosecution for allegedly 'dishonorable' conduct."

In bemused disagreement, Chief Judge Robert E. Quinn declared: "It can hardly be argued that all gambling is contrary to public policy." All insurance, he noted, is "socially desirable" betting; all courts sanction even "one-shot" insurance bets "against rain on the day of a big event." And what about church-sponsored bingo games? "Speculation in the stock and grain markets is lawful," continued Quinn. "Betting at pari-mutuel tracks is well established." As a result, argued the judge, "I disagree with the majority's conclusion that playing a slot machine, where not prohibited by law, is contrary to the good morals and public policy of the military community." Quinn would have reversed the conviction on a less cosmic ground: the court-martial failed to prove that Major Wallace's checks were passed as "ordinary commercial instruments, and not as IOUs."

For the majority, Judge Ferguson insisted: "The club gambled on the accused having money in the bank and lost. Having done so, it cannot look to the law as a club to hold over those foolish enough to engage in this type of dissipation."

PUBLIC SAFETY

Misprision: Crime of Omission

When Bus Driver Frank Randazzo spotted a dozen youths beating up a policeman in New York City last summer, he slammed on his brakes, jumped out of the bus to fight the attackers, and suffered assorted facial wounds in the process. Later he spent seven days testifying against two of the youths, who were ultimately convicted of assault. For his trouble, Randazzo had his pay docked \$232. Because the fight was in the street rather than on his bus, ruled the City Transit Authority, the law-defending driver was on his own time each and every minute he spent in court.

Appalled, Queens District Attorney Nat Hentel last week named Randazzo the first winner of an "honor" certificate to be handed out each year by the D.A. "for the exercise of exceptional citizenship responsibility." Unfortunately, though, in what Hentel aptly calls "the cold society," awards seem unlikely to reform those who live by the big-city philosophy. Ignore thy neighbor.

Dead Crime. Is there no law against "civic indifference"? asks Lawyer George Goldberg in the American Bar Association *Journal*. There is indeed, he says. It is called "misprision of felony" (from the Old French *mesprendre*, to mis-



HERO RANDAZZO
Unlikely to reform, or even shame

take). Misprision is a crime of omission—a failure to act. In 1907, the Vermont Supreme Court defined it as criminal neglect either to prevent a felony or to bring the offender to justice after its commission. Misprision differs from "accessory" offenses, as assent or assistance in a felony, because the two are easily confused. However, misprision is almost never prosecuted, and to the few U.S. lawyers even know the term, misprision is usually a dead crime.

The crime is nonetheless far from obsolete in Anglo-American law. In Australia in 1959, for example, the Victoria Supreme Court held the misprision conviction of a man who knew who shot him but refused to tell the police. In England in 1961, the House of Lords upheld the similar conviction of a man who had discovered an arms theft at a U.S. Air Force base but failed to report it. In the U.S., Goldberg, misprision of felony is a perfectly viable common-law charge. Vermont, a statutory offense in Massachusetts and a 176-year-old federal crime under Code, Title 18, Section 43, is punishable by a \$500 fine and three years' imprisonment.

Salutary Influence. If properly revived, argues Goldberg, "misprision of felony would be a very salutary influence in our distressed society. Obviously, it would raise problems. How serious an offense would require disclosure? Would it involve mere suspicion as well as knowledge? Would friends or relatives be obliged to warn one another? Goldberg himself thinks that the offense should be limited to serious crimes, "perhaps only serious crimes against the person." All Americans, he says, "are familiar with the legal duty to report serious traffic accidents to the police. It is about time we consider violent assault on persons as important as automobile crashes."

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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

Middle-Aged Meliorists

"You appear to be publishing a middle-aged magazine for middle-aged readers," scoffed one reader after a look at the advance galleys of a new quarterly, *The Public Interest*. On thinking it over, Editors Daniel Bell, 46, and Irving Kristol, 45, took the crack as a compliment. "Young people tend to be enchanted by glittering generalities," they wrote in their first issue last fall: "older people are inclined to remember rather than to think; and middle-aged people, seasoned by life but still open to the future, do seem to us—in our middle years—to be the best of all political generations."

Concrete Critics. With their second issue, which appeared last week, Bell and Kristol continue their reasoned dialogue with reasonable middle age. Articles range from the obsolescence of U.S. public schools to the trend toward small business in the U.S. economy to the theoretical and practical relationship between men and computerized "thinking" machines. First-rate social critics in their own right, Bell and Kristol have years of experience editing and contributing to such magazines as *Commentary*, *Encounter* and *FORTUNE*. They hope that *The Public Interest* will provide politicians with the latest insights of the intellectual community, while giving intellectuals an understanding of the process of government.

Friends since their undergraduate days at the City College of New York, where they both developed a boundless disdain for ideologies of both the right and left, the two editors emphasize fact and information in their magazine, avoid simplistic political stances. "Too many intellectuals," writes Kristol in the current *Public Interest*, "express decided views on automation, disarmament, urban renewal, and all sorts of other matters on which they are inadequately informed." Adds Bell: "If the function of the intellectual is to criticize, I say to the intellectual: specify—translate ideas into concrete programs."

No Carping. Like most other "little" magazines, *The Public Interest* is not likely to become self-supporting in the near future. But Bell and Kristol, who now rely on backing from Wall Street, and other friends, are pleased by the early response; they estimate a circulation of 5,000 or more at \$1.50 a copy. A professor of sociology at Columbia University, Bell commissions most of the stories, for which the authors are paid a token \$100; Kristol, executive vice president of Basic Books, does most of the editing. Their magazine, they hope, will re-create some of the atmosphere of 19th century England when intellectuals took a passionate interest in their government, and were not satisfied merely to carp contentiously from the sidelines. "We are not

ALFRED STATLER



IRVING KRISTOL

WALTER DARAN



DANIEL BELL

The best of all generations.

interested in the ordinary exposé," says Kristol. "We are incurable meliorists. We think that the people in Washington are doing as good a job as anybody can. They would do an even better one if they were given all the information."

NEWSPAPERS

Dixie Flamethrowers

After learning that Senator Robert F. Kennedy was planning to address the University of Mississippi Law School in mid-March, Columnist Tom Ethridge of the Jackson Clarion-Ledger expounded on Southern hospitality. "It is hoped that Mississippi authorities can guarantee the safety of Senator Kennedy when and if he visits Oxford," Ethridge wrote. "Or is it really possible to guarantee anyone's personal safety here or anywhere else? There are men in our state who might take fantastic risks to get even for the 1962 military occupation of Oxford by federal troops. We do not predict an attempt on R.F.K.'s life, but merely suggest that it could happen with no end of unfortunate repercussions for our state and people."

For the Jackson press to show such solicitude for the health and welfare of a Kennedy was novel indeed. The biggest papers in Mississippi, with a combined circulation of 120,000, the morning Clarion-Ledger and the afternoon Daily News indulge in more Yankee-baiting and race-baiting than any other papers in the South. During the Watts rioting, Ethridge wrote: "What the cops need... are plenty of flamethrowers... Nothing could stop bloodthirsty savages quicker than reducing them to cinders."



TOM HEDERMAN JR.



BOB HEDERMAN JR.

The second coming of Babbitt.

Jested Daily News Editor Jimmy W. on the front page: "Did you hear about the Negro marine who is serving his country well in Viet Nam? He received a telegram on the battlefield which read: 'We regret to inform you that your mother and father were killed in action' in Los Angeles." When a Mississippi anti-poverty program told Ward bade farewell to the "slew-footed" ragtag of human flotsam, they were roaming Mississippi to create and provoke a killing."

Unabashed Boosterism. Many Southern papers now cover local racial news with considerable accuracy and balance. The Jackson papers, which were founded in the 1800s, have not changed their attitude in half a century. Tom Hederman, who publishes both papers and his cousin Tom Hederman, who edits the Clarion-Ledger, are descendants of the powerful Jackson family. Hederman bought the Clarion-Ledger in 1954, took over the Daily News in 1954, and has always quickly crunched any competition. The Hedermans also own Hattiesburg (Miss.) American, a able chunk of local real estate and interest in TV and radio in Jackson. They are quite content with things they are in Mississippi—which does mean they believe everything they read in their own newspapers. On the contrary, they are considered to be reasonably malleable Mississippians who along with segregation because of what the community seems to want them, the newspapers are, above all, highly profitable business ventures.

In addition to championing segregation, the two Jackson papers practice a boosterism that would make a Babbitt blush. The Clarion-Ledger regularly runs a Page One color photo of a local maiden or matron gushing something like "It is patio time again." The Daily News runs a front-page cartoon of a donkey named Hinky who brays on behalf of some local cause. "It's the first night for football in the schools of the state! And all we hope each one'll win its game—that be great."

Too Close to Criticize. Expectations of not being able to get to see Governor Paul Johnson, Los Angeles Times reporter Jack Nelson asked the Clarion-Ledger's political reporter Charles H. why he didn't raise some "hell" with Governor. "Oh, no," replied Nelson. "I've worked so hard for him in the campaign I can't afford to criticize him now. When it comes to past political figures, however, the papers are less lenient. 'Speaking of John Wilkes Booth, the story may have done him wrong,' Tom Ethridge wrote recently. 'Mrs. Lincoln had accused Honest Abe of flirting with a cute actress in the play he was writing. There was an argument. Mary Lincoln drew a .44 derringer from her handbag and fired the fatal shot. John Wilkes Booth happened to pass the presidential box at that moment. Because a true Southern gentleman, he gallantly took the rap for the first lady.'

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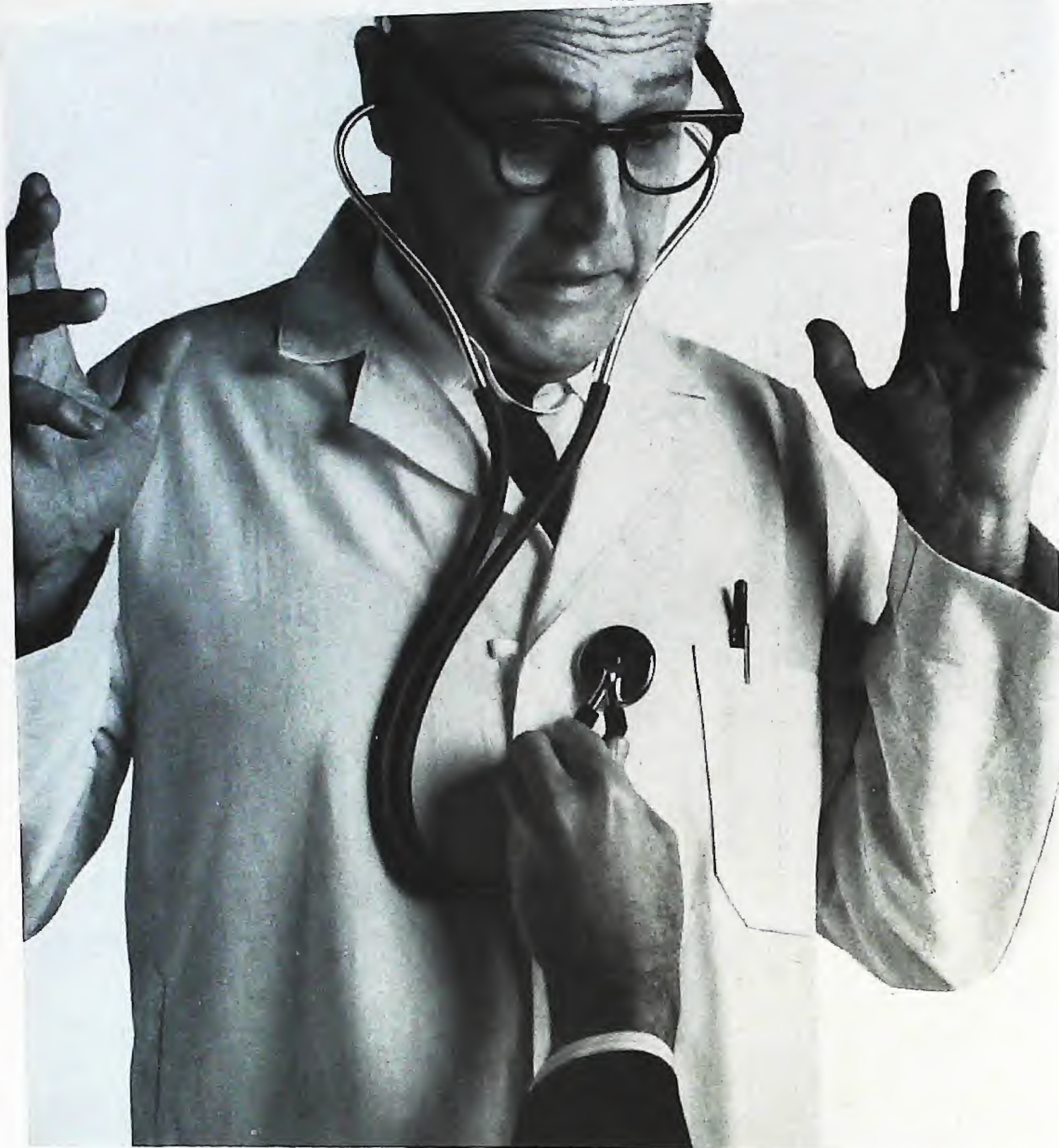
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EDUCATION

EDUCATION ABROAD

They're Not Talking

Erasmus, who studied there from 1517 to 1521, would be hard put to understand all the pulling and hauling that is going on these days at his alma mater, the University of Louvain. In his day, the school's common language was Latin. Now the university is split into French-speaking and Flemish-speaking halves, and the division is so bitter that the two halves are not talking to each other.

The split, reflecting the national linguistic quarrels, goes back to the revolution of 1830, after which the area now called Belgium—half French (Wallonia), half Dutch (Flanders)—was carved into a country. The literate, liberal French-speaking Walloons in the south dominated Louvain and built it into a university of international reputation ranking with Oxford and the top Roman Catholic University in the world. At the recent Vatican Council, the 13-man delegation of theological experts from Louvain was influential enough to spawn such wisecracks as "Vatican II? No, Louvain I."

Oppressed Majority. After World War II, the conservative Flemish farmers in the north began to demand their innings, arguing that they had long been an oppressed majority (5,250,000 to 4,000,000). In 1962, the Flemish succeeded in legislating a line across the country running from just north of Liège across just south of Brussels to a point on the French-Belgian border. The language north of the line (except in Brussels, which is officially bilingual) is officially Flemish; to the south, it is French.

The illustrious University of Louvain, which did not offer so much as a single course in Flemish until 1932, is ten miles inside Flemish "territory." And with all the fervor of those who feel they have been snubbed for centuries, the Flemish have succeeded during the past few years in cutting the school into linguistic divisions just as rigid as the nation's—even to separate budgets for the next academic year.

For the hotter Flemish heads, even this is not enough. A wall near Louvain's medical school is daubed with big red letters: **WALEN BUTTEN** (Walloons Go Home). The extremists are demanding nothing less than moving the French half of Louvain into Wallonia. Flemish-Walloon bitterness has caused occasional riots at the school.

Dividing Baby? Like King Solomon's legendary decision ordering the baby divided between the contending women, this would be no solution at all. The French faction would not think of accepting it without being guaranteed equal facilities—an item estimated to cost a minimum of \$500 million. Even



STUDENTS RIOTING AT LOUVAIN
Unity at the top, division at the bottom.

if this were miraculously arranged, the massive international prestige of Louvain would be maimed. Though both the Flemish- and French-speaking faculties of the university are equally eminent, most of the 2,000 foreign students (out of a total enrollment of 20,000) speak French rather than Flemish.

In his high-ceilinged, red-curtained office, Louvain's Rector Magnificus, The Most Rev. Albert Descamps, plays for time. "There will be no spectacular solution," he said last week. "There will be accommodations, arrangements. I think we will continue with unity at the top and more and more division at the bottom." To Economics Professor Jacques Drèze, a member of a ten-man commission set up by the university two months ago to study the issue, the future of Louvain depends on the political future of Belgium, and he is gloomy on grounds that the aspirations of cultural or racial communities are generally irreversible.

SCHOOLS

The Pittsburgh Philosophy

School integration, as every big-city educator knows, is not just a matter of folding Negro students in with white ones. The whites have got to stick around—and many of them don't. In 25 years, the proportion of Negro children in the public schools has jumped from 9% to 51% in Chicago, from 8% to 47% in New York, from 14% to 54% in Philadelphia, and from 39% to 90% in Washington. In Pittsburgh the Negro school population has more than doubled since World War II—and Pittsburgh is responding with a creative new program designed to raise the standard of education so high that the whites will want to stay and the Negroes will

get the kind of training they need to take an equal place in society.

The experiment is still too new for hard statistics of success or failure. But it is being watched with growing interest in practically every metropolis north of the Mason-Dixon line, and in Washington with such hope that its administrator has the honor of being the only school superintendent on President Johnson's task force on education.

Sydney P. Marland Jr., 51, came to Pittsburgh's 77,000-pupil school system from such relatively vest-pocket operations as Darien, Conn. and Winnetka, Ill. Since September 1963, Marland has demonstrated that this did not diminish his ability to think big. The chief elements of his Pittsburgh plan:

► **TEAM TEACHING.** As in other schools, a group of half a dozen or more teachers work together with a large group of children. "But team teaching is more a spirit than a thing," says Marland. He finds that since teachers can be more creative, teaching in slum areas becomes more interesting and exciting, which boosts student motivation and community involvement. By the end of this academic year, team teaching will be fully operative in 46 of Pittsburgh's 84 elementary schools, involving 30,000 pupils—the largest team-teaching project in the nation.

► **JOB TRAINING—**with a twist. Vocational, technical and junior-executive education is more in demand than ever; yet the grubby old vocational school is dying, and good riddance. "Ambitious parents felt that for their children to identify with vocational courses was to perpetuate the laborer, anti-intellectual concept," Marland notes. Pittsburgh's contribution is job training given in comprehensive high schools, along with a respectable helping of academic



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courses. With the cooperation of local businessmen, the system has thorough, modernized job-training equipment, and the proportion of students taking such courses has risen from 6% in 1963 to 43% now.

► **PREPRIMARY EDUCATION.** Two years before the "Head Start" program was conceived, Pittsburgh was one of a handful of communities experimenting with uplifting preschoolers. Operated largely with Ford Foundation funds, the program now accommodates about 1,300 students, aged three and four, on an eleven-month program basis. Preprimary classes are now run without federal funds, but as federal money becomes available this year, the program



SUPERINTENDENT MARLAND
So whites will want to stay.

will double, using space made available through the purchase of prefabricated classrooms.

► **ADVANCED CLASSES.** The Pittsburgh Scholars Program, now in its second year, has enabled roughly 650 pupils in the eighth and ninth grades to take a high-powered set of college-preparatory courses. A vigorous, five-year program of study, the Scholars Program is utilizing new courses created by university scholars in cooperation with the school system. Marland says that "the program is one way in which we provide students with the means to stretch for excellence by bringing together exceptional students, exceptional teachers and a demanding curriculum."

Superintendent Marland is cautious about making claims for Pittsburgh's dramatic drive for educational excellence. "We can't prove through conventional means that our work is paying off," he says. "We can't prove that Johnny can read better. We can't prove that he behaves better, that he goes to school more, that his attitude is better, that he is reading more library books. We are satisfied we are on the right road, and we will stay on it and continue to invest heavily."

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MUSIC

OPERA

A Sense of Adventure

As a boy in Vienna, Conductor Julius Rudel spent endless hours building miniature theaters and staging puppet operas—*Salome* in a shoe box, *Parsifal* in a packing crate. The training proved to be apt preparation for his job as director of the New York City Opera. For the past eight years, operating on a budget that would pass for carfare at the Metropolitan Opera, he has been nurturing his company in a glorified Manhattan shoe box called City Center. Last week, like slum kids transported to the country, Rudel and his 200-member troupe moved into the spacious luxury of the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center.

In keeping with the pioneering spirit that has become the company's credo, the opening production was the U.S. premiere of Argentine Composer Alberto Ginastera's fiercely modern *Don Rodrigo*. Set in 8th century Spain, the opera chronicles the rise of a headstrong young king and, after he has had the bad taste to violate and jilt the daughter of a comrade in arms, his subsequent fall. The performance, honed by five weeks of 13-hour-a-day rehearsals, was excellent. The starkly stylized sets and costumes complemented the jaggedly atonal score; the acting and singing were superb.

Complex Tapestry. Yet as opera, *Don Rodrigo* was something less than a total success. Ginastera's score, based on a twelve-tone scale and structured after the manner of Alban Berg's groundbreaking 1921 masterwork, *Wozzeck*, struck the ear but not the heart. It was a complex musical tapestry, flecked with startled tones of brass and woodwind and splashed with splashes of percussion. In total, the score failed to

achieve the delineation of character and dramatic thrust that distinguish great opera from good. *Don Rodrigo* was nonetheless an adventure worthy of the underwriting (by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr.), and no company could have done it better than Rudel's.

Indeed, in its 22 years the New York City Opera has established itself as the nation's leading champion of contemporary opera. Of the 116 productions it has staged over the years, 60 have been 20th century works, including 26 U.S. and world premieres. Quite a record for a company that was founded as something of an afterthought. Back in 1942, when the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine was unable to pay the taxes on its Mecca Temple, Fiorello La Guardia foreclosed. The place was an unsalable white elephant, a dome-topped edifice built in 1925 and styled in Turkish-bath rococo. La Guardia finally decided to subsidize an opera company to present quality productions at moderate prices. Hungarian-born Conductor Laszlo Halasz was recruited as director, and in 1944 the New York City Opera made its debut with *Tosca*. It was a shaky start. In *Tosca's* last act, the guns of the firing squad failed to go off and the hapless hero was obliged to keel over in dead silence. Building maintenance was just as makeshift. One rainy night, to dramatize the need for repairs to the roof, Mayor Vincent Impellitteri was given a pair of tickets for seats directly under a dripping leak.

Live Duck. Pioneering began early. In its second year, the company became one of the first to break the color barrier in opera, starring Negro Baritone Robert Todd Duncan in *I Pagliacci*. Mixing "ham-and-eggs repertoire"—*Aida*, *La Bohème*, *Carmen*—with such rarely performed works as *Ermanno*



CONDUCTOR RUDEL
Pioneering with carfare.

Wolf-Ferrari's *The Four Ruffians*, the company gradually developed an audience attuned to new and experimental opera.

In this cause, Julius Rudel has been tireless. A Viennese refugee from Hitler, he fled to the U.S. in 1938, earned a degree in conducting from Manhattan's Mannes College of Music. When the New York City Opera got going, so did Rudel, then 22. He was everything from rehearsal pianist to curtain puller to stand-in for ailing members of the chorus. In 1957, after a clash between the opera board and Erich Leinsdorf (who followed Halasz and Joseph Rosenstock) left the company without a conductor, Rudel was appointed director. The decision was made, says one board member, partly because "Julius was the only man in the place who knew where all the scenery was buried." Just as compelling was a petition from the company's musicians and singers recommending Rudel as Leinsdorf's successor.

In 1957, with the aid of a \$100,000 Ford Foundation grant, Rudel presented a season of no fewer than ten American operas. Three years later, he initiated a program of commissioning U.S. composers. The project has so far produced eight new works, including such well-received productions as Douglas Moore's *The Wings of the Dove* and Robert Ward's *The Crucible*. Using enthusiasm to stretch his financial resources, Rudel is able to mount first-rate productions for one-tenth the cost of more elaborate opera companies. His singers represent the finest of the younger U.S. crop; at least 80 have gone on to sing at the Met.

Despite last week's switch to glittering new quarters, Rudel insists that he is not switching his basic aim "to re-instate a sense of adventure in the public." Opera, he says, must not reek of the museum.



SOPRANO CRADER BATHING IN "DON RODRIGO"
Dripping on the mayor.

TIME, MARCH 4, 1966

MODERN LIVING

RECREATION

Doing the Desert Drag

With temperatures as high as 110° and endless undulating stretches of parched sand, Southern California's deserts have been no man's land. By day, the only tracks were made by rabbits and horned lizards seeking shade; by night, the only noise was the sound of coyotes howling. Now the dunes reverberate with the sound of engines revving and backfiring. These are the echoes of the desert dragster, practitioner of the West's newest, and hottest, fad—desert drag and dune racing.

During the past five years, some 15,000 backyard mechanics have bolted souped-up engines onto skeleton aluminum frames, stuck on a couple of tractor seats and suspended the entire Rube Goldberg contraptions on bloated airplane tires—sometimes two up front and four in back. Organized into a parcel of clubs, the enthusiasts range from young mothers to 70-year-old businessmen, from hard-nosed competitors to misty-eyed naturalists. They all have one thing in common—a child's impatience for the next rally or picnic.

Bucking Buggies. Last week the rallying point was at the huge Glamis dunes, known affectionately as the "American Sahara." There to compete were 200 dragsters with bright heraldic flags tied onto the top of flexible 20-ft. antennas (to warn dragsters coming up the other side of the dune). For the first competitive event, they lined up a few hundred feet from the base of an enormous 45°, 300-ft. dune; then each buggy in turn spewed out buckets of sand as it charged upward, bucking furiously. After each heat, the starting gates were moved closer and closer to the top of



DUNE BUGGY CHARGING UPHILL
Affectionately digging the scenery.

76

the dune, until only one driver reached the top.

Next came the "drag." Flooring their buggies from a standstill, the drivers made their huge tires bite into the sand like shoveling Seabees, then roared down the 1/8-mile course at speeds that approached 100 m.p.h. Blue ribbon for the top class in both events went to Herman Booy, a 29-year-old rose-bush grower from San Jacinto, who won by going to great lengths. Instead of the usual 96-in. chassis, he struck a new—and better—balance by lengthening it an extra 30 in.

Just to See. For many of the new breed of desert rats, the races were just an excuse to enjoy the scenery. After the sun had disappeared along with canned dinners and roasted marshmallows, the sightseeing variety hopped back in their buggies, played follow-the-leader across the moonlit dunes until 4 a.m. Said one enthusiast: "It is simply beautiful out there. In the moonlight, the sand looks as white as snow." If the sport exhilarates Californians, it absolutely floors foreigners. Wrote a senior Japanese naval officer after seeing the Las Vegas Strip, the Grand Canyon and Disneyland: "The U.S. is fine, but the dune buggies were fantastic—the highlight of our trip."

ENTERTAINMENT

Happenings Are Happening

In the beginning, there was the word. The beginning was 1959, and the word was *happening*. Drawing on the antics of Dadaism and surrealism, Manhattan Artist Allan Kaprow decided to stage a series of highly unorthodox, one-shot performances for a handful of friends in Greenwich Village. Read the invita-



DALE IN M... IN SAN FRANCISCO
Pimp... the Pepsi generation.

tion: "Think of a buying spree at Macy's; how to grow geraniums in New York. Do not look for paintings, sculpture, the dance or music."

There were paintings, sculpture and music—of a sort. At the happy hour, Kaprow and his colleagues, the "actors" splashed paint on a played electronic John Cage and danced like puppets with leaden limbs. They climbed up cardboard mountains of oranges and clothes on stage. To get the audience into the act, they gave out newspapers to tear up, even gave hands up female spectators' legs. A group called the Interplayers has decided to play happenings to the hilt. One night, they ran a lawnmower down the aisles and accidentally set fire to the seats. On another, the audience was sent to a nearby art gallery, where they found leftover Christmas trees and a large mound of peanuts. After putting paper bags over their heads, "to ensure the fertility of Georgia's famous gooseberries," everyone ended up madly shell-peaching each other with peanuts.

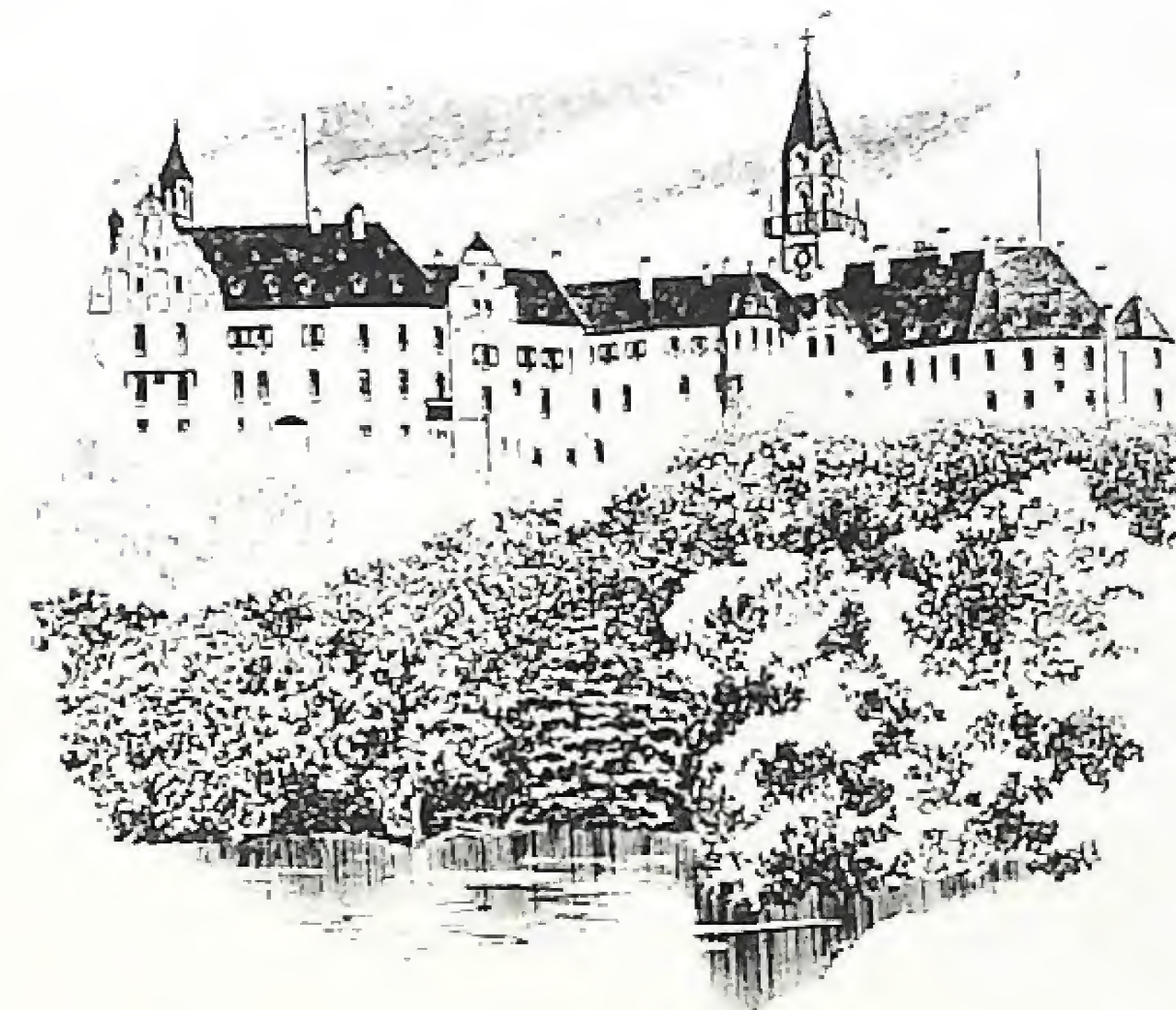
Main Course: Sex. Inevitably, each other with penitents. Novelty wore off, and jaded V-monstrates how far happenings have began to drift away. But the wndered—and how badly they have too catchy to let go, and hapen off—than Salvador Dali's, hell have since been steadily spreaded a week in Manhattan. It was billed as town and out from New York "Super-Gelatinous Melting, Silly-Putty newest novelty in party giving happening," and staged at the new Phil-raising Society matrons talk glarmionic Hall in Lincoln Center. But the happenings over cocktails, acterst Dali could do was to cavort on-have never seen one are beginnige inside a huge plastic bubble as he stage them. Whereas the first happinted its transparent surface with a were planned down to the last iller, here with a giant cross, there and step (one Kaprow scrip th a black angel. To inspire him, "Walks to within 3 ft. of person rah Lawrence girls danced ponder-opposite, stops here for seven secdsly, a blind, spear-carrying beggar the latter-day copies are undismed Moondog was brought in to sur-free-for-all. Sex, once a pmanly the scene, a singer sang soundlessly is now a main course. to a dead mike.

In San Francisco, some 1,000 people jammed the Longshoremen's Auditorium for a three-day happening or "trip." Slides of pop and top 40 flashed on and off the walls and onstage a woman in a negligee was bombarded with raw eggs, a dark Negro beat the drums, an acrobat on the trampoline Without stopping music exploded in the air drums blurred reason. Most spectators in the fun. One wore a toga made of an American flag, another sported a reading: "You're in the Pops" and I, I'm a pimply freak. A girl

TIME MARCH

RE. MARCH 4, 1966

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7

ART

ARCHITECTURE

Stabilizing the Ruins

"What's out there?"

"A lot of ruins."

"What's in the stadium?"

"Ramps, inside and out, and nearly everybody who ever came through has got his name up there."

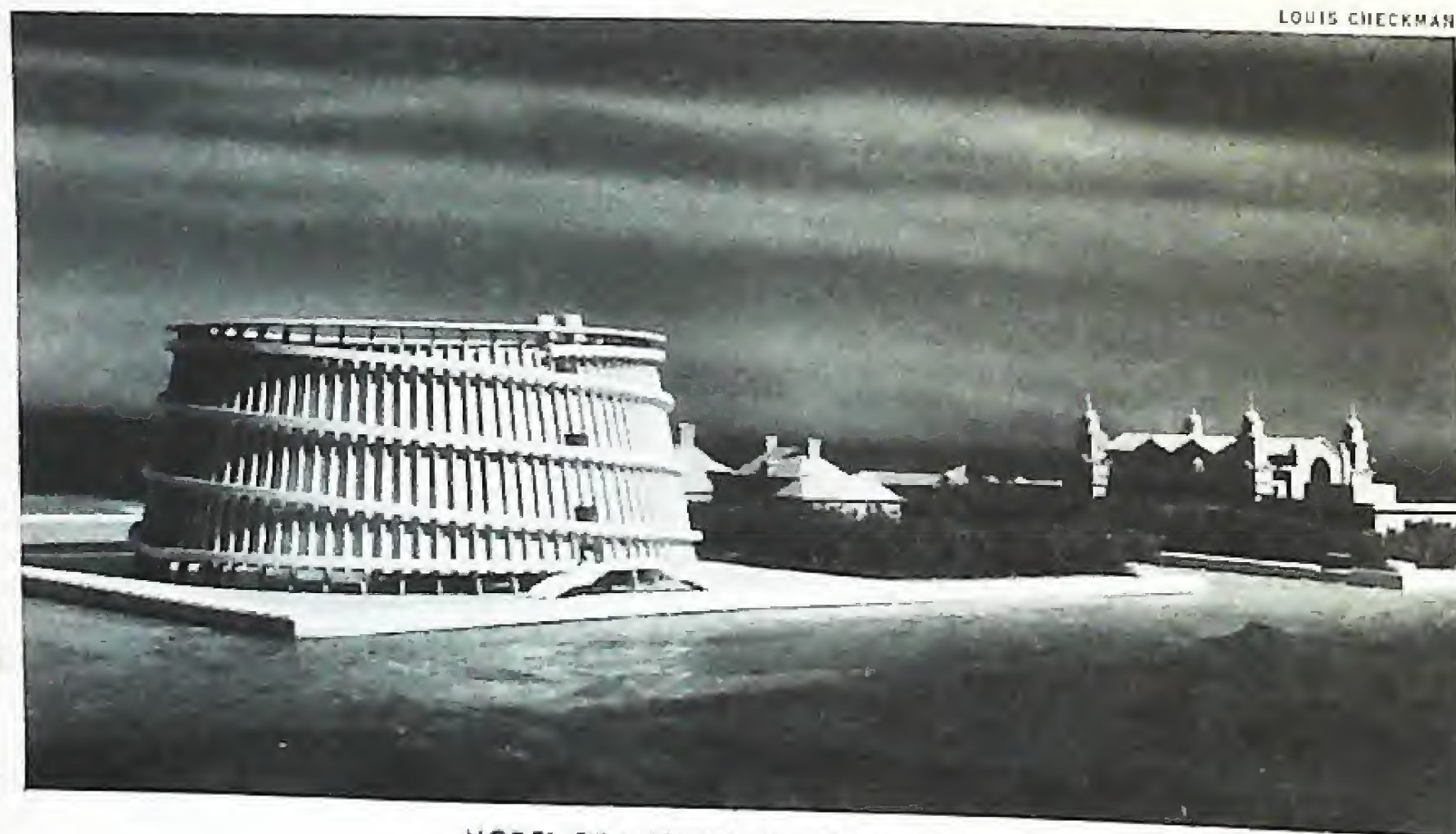
"Can you find them?"

"Sure, if you look hard enough, and if you're lucky."

When Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall unveiled plans for the new Ellis Island national shrine last week, he set in motion the wheels that in some eight to ten years, with the help of about \$12 million, will make some such conversation possible. The overgrown, 27.5-acre island in New York's harbor through which passed more than 16 million immigrants between 1892 and 1954 is about to be redone, partially as a collection of romantic ruins, in part as a great reinforced concrete memorial facing on its own open, grassy plaza.

Architect for the project is Manhattan's Philip Johnson, 59, whose taste in the past has run more toward elegant modern museums. In the case of Ellis Island, Johnson decided, the existing turn-of-the-century architecture was scarcely worth preserving, but the nostalgia certainly was. His solution is to take the two major structures, the immigrant station and hospital, turn them into romantic, vine-covered ruins. Pedestrian walkways will wind through the gutted buildings. "The point," he explained, "is to let the spectator himself re-create the feeling of those hard times."

To memorialize the immigrants, he proposes a massive, vertically ribbed cone, with ramps inside and out, to be called the "Wall of the 16 Million." On it will be placed plaques listing as many immigrants' names as can be found in the ships' old passenger lists.



MODEL OF ELLIS ISLAND NATIONAL SHRINE
Room for 16 million names.

Ellis Island is 1,700 ft. across the water from the Statue of Liberty. Johnson, who wanted to call attention to the island without insulting the lady, has designed the monument to rise 130 ft., bulking large enough to be visible from around the harbor, but still about 20 ft. lower than Liberty's pedestal.

In time Ellis Island will be further enriched. Johnson foresees more recreational facilities, a fortress-shaped restaurant, a pyramidal viewing platform. But the first task, Johnson explains, is to "stabilize the ruins, preserve the nostalgia." Secretary Udall, for one, was delighted. Said he: "Here we see what art and architecture and history can do when we bring them all together."

SCULPTURE

The Motion Is Haphazard, The Situation Unpredictable

He does use paint. Any other resemblance in the recent works of Enrique Castro-Cid to traditional art-making is a backward stretch of the imagination. His palette also includes electromagnets, electric eyes, air compressors, motion-picture projectors; his gift is in knowing how to combine them deftly into an esthetic commentary (see opposite page). Says he: "I put all the components together to make a situation that is not predictable."

Bouncing Balls. Since his student days in his native Chile, Castro-Cid's art has thrived on unpredictable influences. While he lived in tropical Central America he painted in hot Fauve colors: "Nature made me get out of myself," he says, "it opened my pores." In Mexico City, he wandered into the anthropological museum. "Suddenly I had pre-Columbian memories that, of course, were impossible for me to have." A series of Fauve paintings of Quetzalcoatl, the brightly plumed serpent god, was the result.

From anthropology, Castro-Cid moved



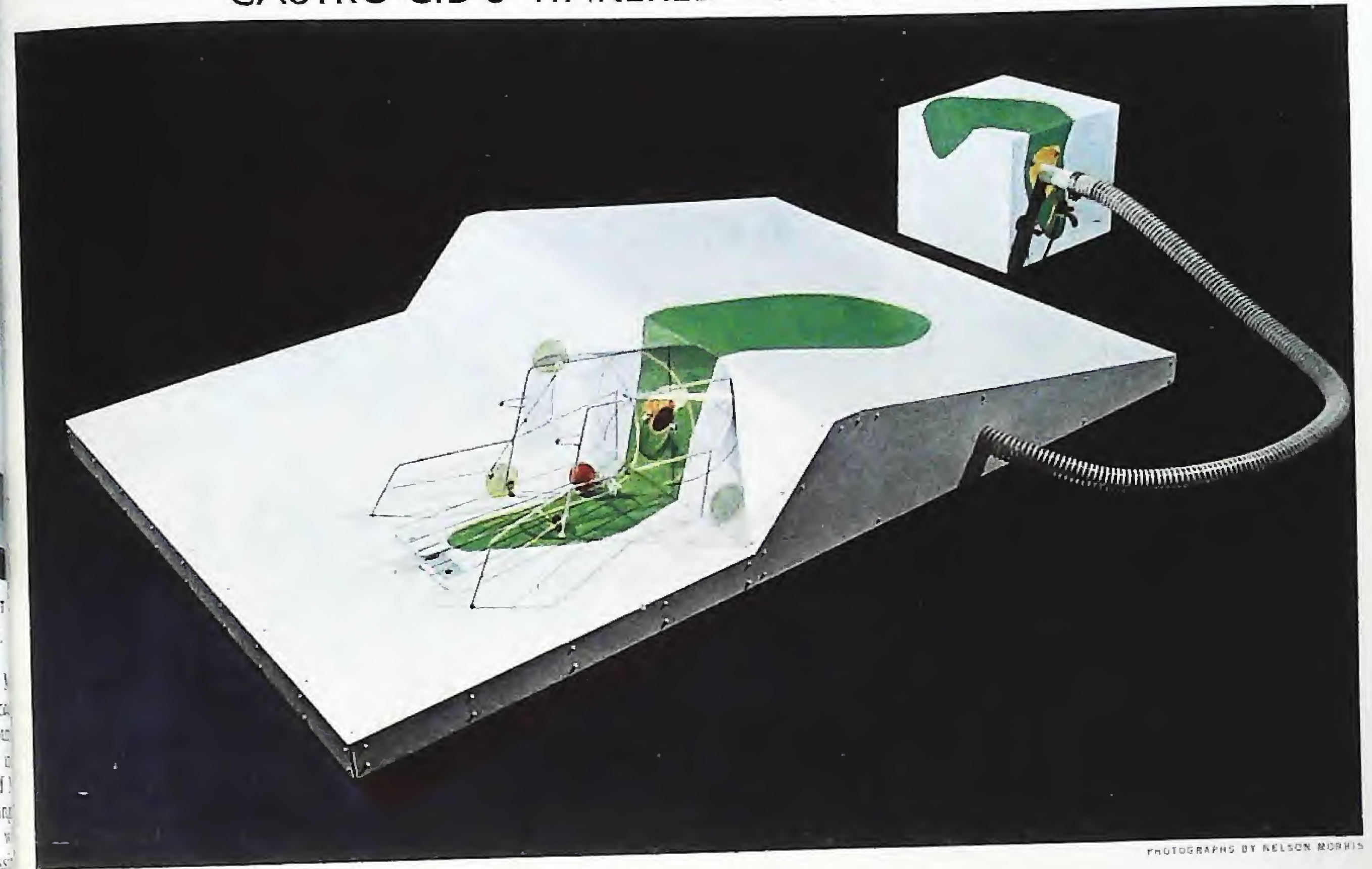
CASTRO-CID, WIFE & ROBOT
Jukebox full of Beatles.

on to anatomy. Arriving in Manhattan with his wife, *Harper's Bazaar* Model Sylvia, he spent hours in the musty display cases of Manhattan's American Museum of Natural History. Says he: "My paintings to be surrealist abstractions with a hint of skeletal joints expressed in terms of growth." To add to them, he made toylike, motorized robots. They jostled like a 21st-century Punch and Judy show, chasing balls with spinning hoops in an electronic version of Alexander Calder's 1926 "Circus."

His latest works, currently at Manhattan's Richard Feigen Gallery, are the clanking humdrum of much art. Magically, when a colored ball bounces into the variation, an 8-mm. film is projected into an airborne ball, playfully torturing and distorting the image of human figures. Another work presents the appearance of a woman inside a shaped screen by means of rear projection.

Role of Chance. His robots turned into cybernetic escapades behind their Plexiglas façades, the sculptures are as immediate and as a jukebox full of Beatles. His figures are "superfluous, relating specific function. They are instruments for me to express something." The answer seems to be the world appears to be controlled by chance. Says he: "I assume that society has sensed this unpredictability. Look at the number of insurance companies." In the future, he hopes his messages across more direct, making his audience an active participant in his art. He plans to use more glass movies, to script mechanical happenings. "The idea is not to make him feel free in a world of machines."

CASTRO-CID'S TINKERED TOYS FOR ADULTS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NELSON MORRIS

MOCKING the regimentation of the mechanical age, the 28-year-old Chilean sculptor's motorized automatons perform playfully random games. *On and Off* (above), which starts and stops in regular time sequences, lets scoops spun by air blower play tag with orange pingpong ball rocking on wire cradle. *Set No. 1* (below) is a kind of aerial roulette: the golden ball floats on blast of air from sunken turntable while spinning antenna seeks to bat it down. In *Sensitive Sphere* (right), the electric eye in white box responds to viewer's presence, starts blower that sets multicolor plastic ball merrily bobbling. Plexiglas cage reflects both bouncing sphere and painted pedestal.



RICHARD FEIGEN GALLERY, NEW YORK



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SCIENCE

SPACE

Trial & Triumph

On Launch Complex 34 of Cape Kennedy stood Saturn 1B, the mightiest rocket the U.S.—and most likely the world—has ever known. The 224-ft.-tall bird, with a fantastic initial thrust of 1,600,000 lbs. to hurl its 650-ton bulk into space, was ready for its first crucial test. Atop Saturn's nose sat the payload: the 33,800-lb. Apollo three-man command capsule and service module that will transport U.S. astronauts to the moon and back. If the U.S. is to achieve its goal by 1969, now was the time to start ironing out the bugs.

The flight plan called for a suborbital 5,500-mile flight downrange to Ascension Island in the South Atlantic. As it turned out, practically all the bugs were on the ground. The shot was delayed for 75 hours, while the kind of weather that Florida does not advertise locked the cape in clouds and rain. When the skies finally cleared, low pressure readings from a small nitrogen sphere that operates fuel valves delayed the lift-off for 3½ hours; at one point, NASA control in Houston decided to scrub the mission, but technicians on the pad convinced Launch Director Kuri Debus that the pressure—though low—was sufficient to complete the mission. The rest was something for rocketeers to cheer about and a new eye-ful for the millions who watched on television.

Roar & a Crackle. Its eight booster engines spitting a 150-ft. tail of flame, Saturn 1B burned for 2 min., 26 sec., at which point it was 35 miles up and moving at 5,400 m.p.h. Next came the tricky second stage, a single 225,000-lb.-thrust engine powered by an exotic combination of liquid oxygen (lox) and liquid hydrogen (LH₂). While lox boils off at a difficult -290° F., LH₂ boils at -423° F., thus requires extreme pressurization to keep cool. Moreover, in weightless space, LH₂, like mercury, tends to gather into a ball or spin off into tiny globs, simply to feed the fuel from tank to engines, the second stage was equipped with three fast-burning rockets that exerted enough G force to start the LH₂ flowing. All went smoothly, and after 7½ minutes of burn, Saturn was 170 miles up.

Critical to this and all future missions was the supersophisticated 3-ft.-high IBM instrument unit, packed with 3,900 lbs. of computers, monitors and guidance equipment so carefully contrived that the entire system was triply redundant. If one set of circuits disagreed with the other two, the system would take an instantaneous vote, with the majority ruling. In a series of programmed commands halfway through the 40-minute flight, the unit ordered itself and the second-stage engine to jettison.

Now the test turned to Apollo coasting through space at 15,000 m.p.h. Inside the 24-ft. spacecraft and its service



SATURN 1B AIRBORNE
The bugs were on the ground.

module was virtually everything that will go to the moon—except the three astronauts, their couches and the Lunar Excursion Module (LEM), for which ballast had been substituted. At an altitude of 310 miles, a programmer—filling in for the astronaut pilot—ordered the Apollo's own 22,900-lb.-thrust engine to head the craft back to earth, increase its speed, then separate the module just before re-entry.

Seared But Intact. Though the Apollo's engine achieved 10% less power than expected, the capsule still blazed into the atmosphere at nearly 19,000 m.p.h. and a temperature of 4,000°, fastest and hottest yet for any returning spacecraft. To protect the capsule, a new cone-shaped heat shield completely enveloped Apollo instead of guarding only the blunt end. It came through as expected, seared but intact. And three huge parachutes gently dropped Apollo into the Atlantic about 40 miles from its target ship, the U.S.S. *Boxer*.

NASA has scheduled at least six additional Saturn 1B tests over the next year, including two or more manned missions to orbit the earth. By then Saturn V, the actual moon rocket towering 364 ft. and with 7,500,000 lbs. of initial thrust, will be ready for its first flight. After last week's triumph, NASA's Dr. George Mueller was saying that "a major step toward the moon" had been made. More enthusiastic officials were even talking about landing an American on the moon in early 1968, a full year ahead of schedule.

What's Up

With Veterok & Ugolyok

The announcement from the Soviet Union was characteristically terse. Two dogs had been blasted into orbit aboard the spaceship Cosmos 110 "to conduct biological tests." Beyond that the Russians said practically nothing. The intended length of the trip, the breed and sex of the dogs, the size and weight of the spacecraft, whether the experiment was concerned directly with travel to the moon or with lengthy earth orbit, whether an attempt would be made to bring the dogs back—all such matters remained a secret. Clearly the Russians were putting on the dogs to steal headlines from the Saturn 1B launch, but beyond that Western experts were barely able to guess what was up with Veterok (Breeze) and Ugolyok (Little Lump of Coal). But they made an effort.

Moon Dogs? The "biological tests," it was assumed, were to check the effects of radiation on living tissue, one of the most plaguing problems of space travel. Because Cosmos 110, at its apogee, was taking its passengers higher (562 miles) into space than any man has ever been, Veterok and Ugolyok were passing regularly through the Van Allen radiation belt. U.S. experts who noted that the low perigee (116 miles) matched the perigee of earlier manned Russian shots decided that this could mean that an attempt would be made to recover the dogs after a trip that might last as long as a month.

One interesting, if currently unsolvable, mystery about the flight was its angle of inclination from the equator. Unlike the 65° slant invariably followed in cosmonaut flights, Cosmos 110 had a 51.9° inclination that did not take it nearly so far north and south. This might have been an attempt to avoid the hazards of an emergency landing in remote snowbound areas. The 51° angle, however, was also close to the angle that Russian moon shots have followed while in earth orbit, lending weight to the premise that Veterok and Ugolyok may be the immediate predecessors of the moon dogs the Russians have said they intend to send into lunar orbit ahead of man.

Since Pavlov. For all their guesses, Western experts knew from past experience that for any precise answers they would have to wait until the Russians were ready to release reliable data. Until then, no one could be sure that the angle of inclination, to say nothing of the perigee and apogee, represented more than a launch mistake or a guidance error. In fact, no one was even sure why Veterok and Ugolyok had been chosen for the voyage. Though dogs are perfectly satisfactory subjects, U.S. scientists plan this fall to orbit a biosatellite loaded with wasps and fruit flies, which react far more quickly and sensitively to radiation. Perhaps the reason for the choice of dogs was simply that ever since Pavlov the Russians have used dogs for everything.

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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

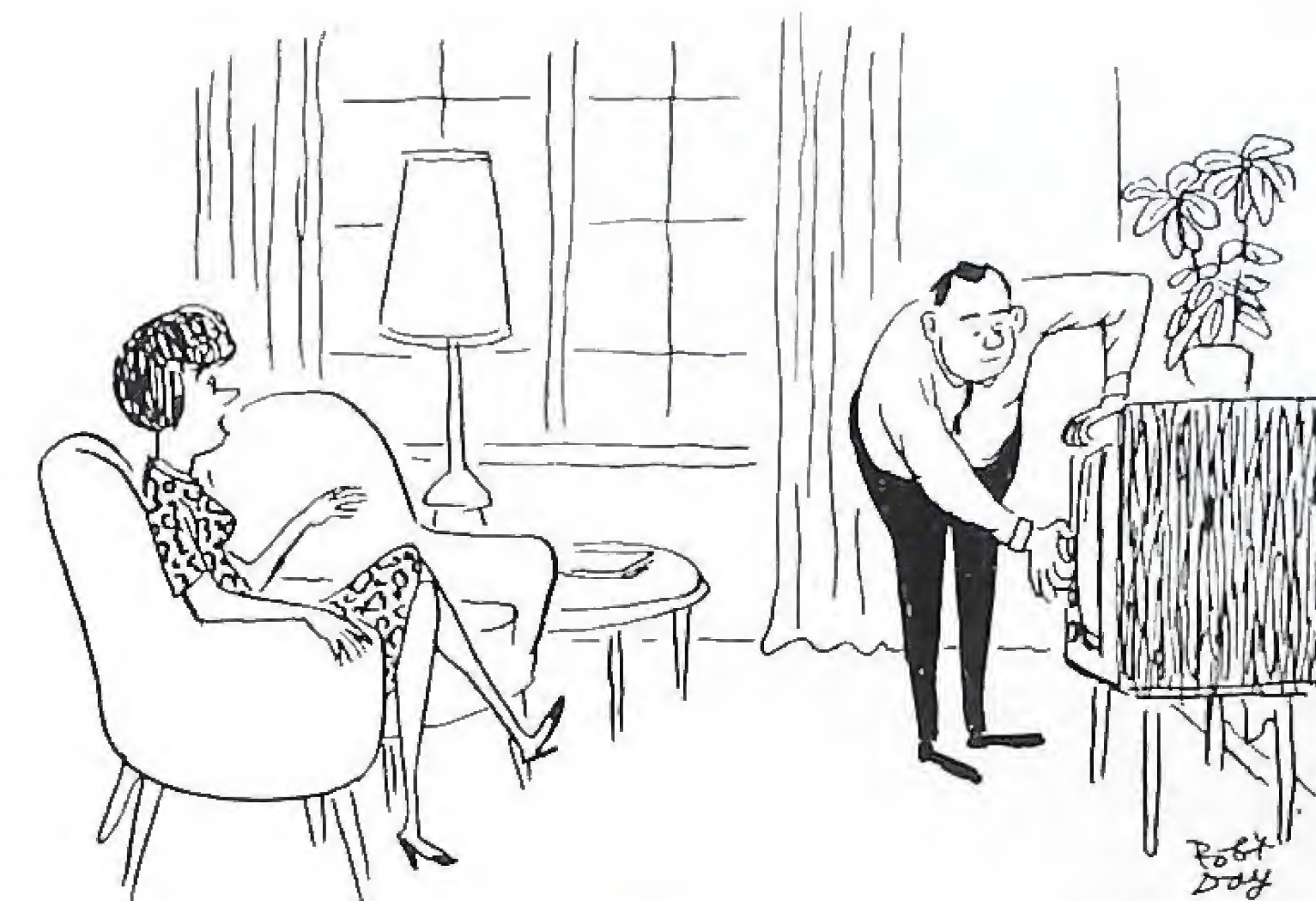
The Hue of All Flesh

TV's latest cry is hue, so much so that 10% of U.S. households that have television now have color. Half of those sets were bought last year, and at the present sales rate, the percentage of TV homes with color will approach 25% by next spring, two-thirds by 1970. The only catch is that despite the \$1.5 billion they splurged on color in 1965, and despite vast improvements in tuning control, purchasers have discovered that good reception is something that mere money still cannot buy—it takes practice and patience.

Purple Ghosts. The basic problem, generally ignored, is that an unantenned color set can get no better picture than an unantenned black-and-white. The fellow grown accustomed to the foibles of his old machine is in for a shock when the "snow" of yesteryear becomes varicolored "confetti," and the old "ghosts" start haunting in green and purple halos. If either form of interference clouded the old black-and-white picture, it will all but eclipse the new color image.

Only after these problems are corrected (sometimes at the price of a special "color-rated" antenna) can the viewer hope to find happiness with his color-control knobs. The **INTENSITY** knob (labeled **COLOR** on some sets) determines the quantity of color, the richness of the palette, so to speak; its adjustment is a matter of personal taste. It is the other knob, the **TINT** or **HUE**, that is crucial—it determines the tone. The trick is to check it out on flesh color. If **TINT** is turned too far in one direction, people on the screen are complexioned a passionate purple; too far the other way, and they turn a gaseous green. When flesh tints are finally adjusted, the viewer will find that other colors are as well. Even the networks calibrate their cameras by zeroing in on so-called "color girls," who stand in with their flesh for 20 minutes before shooting starts.

True-Blue Batman. Major trouble in color consistency is that there is no uniform standard used by all production studios on all cameras, so that there are as many transmission-tone variations as there are color girls. Often, as Huntley and Brinkley report, the audience just gets Chet tinted correctly (healthy sun-tan, hazel-brown eyes) when the producer cuts to David, who comes in as a lurid lavender. By the time Brinkley's attuned (pale pink skin, blue eyes), here is a switch to a remote Frank McGee looking sickly green at Cape Kennedy. Similarly, every break for a commercial or shift to another channel could require a readjustment. Given the errant ways of all flesh, a listener who



"WELL, THAT WAS BETTER OF BRINKLEY, BUT NOW HUNTLEY'S FLESH TONE IS OFF."

wants realistic color can hardly afford to take his hands off the controls.

For the purist who demands nothing less than perfection, a good test pattern with which to start the morning is Barbara Walters, comely regular on the *Today* show. Her skin should be olive, her anchor desk light mahogany. The set is still performing 17 hours later if Johnny Carson signs off sunburned behind a light green desk. For fans who tune in late on thin-skinned shows, color Lassie strawberry blond and Batman's tights puce, his cape true blue.

SINGERS

The Girls from Motown

One midsummer eve in a Negro-ghetto backyard in Detroit, Diana Ross, then 14, Mary Wilson, 14, and Florence Ballard, 15, made their first professional appearance. They sang *Your Cheating Heart*, and afterward they passed the hat. The take: "Darn near \$3," says Diana's mother. Last week at Manhattan's Copacabana, home range of the big names (Sinatra, Dean Martin), where the big beat is seldom heard,

the same rock-'n'-roll trio was doing turn-away business. Diana, Mary and Florence now call themselves the Supremes, and the take is \$5,000 a performance.

And their Copa runneth over. The Supremes were nationwide headliners last week on the Ed Sullivan TV show and this week will be on the Sammy Davis Jr. show. Their latest record, *My World Is Empty Without You*, rose to No. 5 on the *Billboard* "Hot 100," with plenty of thrust in reserve. If it keeps climbing, it could become the Supremes' seventh release in a row to make No. 1. "You know," burbled Diana, now 21, "we used to get excited about the Apollo [a Harlem vaudeville house]. We never even thought about the Copa. The first night I sang there, I just started laughing and couldn't stop. It must have been because I was so happy."

Hiphazard Impresario. Diana, Mary and Florence were all neighbors in Detroit's dreary Brewster Housing Project. "We were eatin'," recalls Mrs. Ross, "and that's pretty good. In the project you got along according to how many



SUPREMES FLORENCE, MARY & DIANA IN MANHATTAN
Their Copa runneth over.

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children you had. There was twelve Florence's family, there was three Mary's, and there was six in ours. Mary was the best off, Florence worst, and we were in the middle. Introduced to each other by a neighborhood promoter, the girls were singing at neighborhood hops, and basement parties. "I used to be whipped every night for going to the parties," recalls Diana, "but I also went. We sang because we loved to sing. We wanted to work, to do a show. We didn't care if we were paid." Adds Mary: "We usually didn't."

In 1960 they made their first big recording contract with Berry Gordy, the hip-hop impresario of Detroit's Motown Record Co. "They see us like just three skinny teen-agers," he remembers. "I told them to go back to school." Back they went. In her junior year Diana wangled a job with Gordy as an assistant to his secretary. "I didn't know anything about being a secretary," says Diana, "but I used to sing every time he opened the inner door." She was fired within a few weeks, but did manage to land some recording jobs in a background chorus. One day after she they dropped in to tell Gordy he owed them some back pay. The ensuing conversation led to the audition and contract that was to make Berry Gordy's U.S.'s largest producer of 45-rpm records last year.

No Strains. The sound of the pre-mies is a blend of gospel and Detroit Symphony strings and We Run blues, which even the girls describe. "Maybe the Motown sound, just love and warmth," says Mary. "Like a family, we all work together, fight and kiss all day long. You know someone you haven't seen in a long time and you've got to hug and kiss."

The trio's childhood friend surprisingly, shows no suspicion of stardom despite a furious schedule that has kept them last year with 25 TV shows, appearances in Europe, and one-nighters in places like Yale, San Francisco's Cow Palace, and Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall. All three are still single. Though Diana as lead singer, carries the heaviest load, they divide their earnings evenly. Last year's take of \$250,000 each may hit \$400,000 this year. They moved their families into three new duplexes on the same street in Detroit's northwest Buena Vista district. Their homes are luxuryless, just comfortable, and reflect the girls' modest, unawed view of their riches. "You know, my father doesn't want me to get into this music business," muses Diana. "When I left, he said, 'You don't make it, don't come back around here asking for help.' I'm not right now, Dad."

* For "motor town."

† As well as their appearance on the rock-n-roll cover (May 21).

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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

For a White-Collar Union

Auto workers have the U.A.W. Teachers have growing unions. Papal encyclicals have strongly defended the right of men to form voluntary associations and protect special interests. Why, then, should there not be an American Federation of Priests for those low-paid, hard-working servants of the Roman Catholic Church? Last week the Rev. William DuBay of Los Angeles set about trying to form a union among the nation's 59,000 priests to seek better wages and working conditions.

Freedom & Discipline. Father DuBay is the angry young curate who gained a measure of national notoriety in 1964 by publicly demanding that the Pope remove Los Angeles' James Francis Cardinal McIntyre from office, charging McIntyre with failure to support civil rights for Negroes. After that, DuBay fetched up as chaplain to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, a job that gave him plenty of time to brood about the inequities of the priestly life. His ten-point program of grievances that need to be corrected includes an end to arbitrary transfers, a tenure policy that would give priests the right to a hearing before they could be suspended, and a professional salary that would end priests' dependence on Mass and baptism offerings.

DuBay insists that he is not challenging the right of bishops to rule, but merely seeking to restore a lost balance in the church between discipline and freedom. "The union is one way that the church can apply its social teachings to itself," he says. The proposal does point up the fact that the parish priest is underprivileged in rights and rewards. Bound by the vow of obedience, he is absolutely subject to the commands of his bishop, has no canonical means of protesting a tyrannical order, and seldom gets more than \$150 a month plus food and lodging.

Elected Bishops. A union of priests is not the only change he would like to see in the church. Scheduled for publication this week is a book of his, called *The Human Church* (Doubleday, \$4.50), in which DuBay puts forward a program of reform that makes the ideas of Luther seem positively papalist by comparison. Among other proposals, DuBay suggests that bishops be elected for limited terms, that their statements must represent a consensus of the faithful, and that the parochial school system should be abandoned in favor of informal programs to teach Catholics the principles of Christian action. DuBay argues that the church should voluntarily abandon its tax exemptions and let individual congregations create their own liturgies and creeds.

DuBay's union is not likely to get very far. Even sympathetic priests would be reluctant to put their necks



ORGANIZER DUBAY
Teacher, teach thyself.

on the line by joining up. Moreover, DuBay's Federation of Priests will get no help from the A.F.L.-C.I.O., whose president, Catholic Layman George Meany, scoffed that trade unions are intended to help "those who work for wages and not independent contractors." Autocratic Cardinal McIntyre indicated his displeasure by transferring DuBay from St. John's to a Santa Monica parish as curate, at a \$50-a-month cut in salary. With that, DuBay warned that if the cardinal tries to block the union, he will sue His Eminence for violating laws that protect labor organizers. Cardinal McIntyre then suspended him altogether.

THEOLOGY

The Ecumenical Way of Learning

It is a Christian paradox that Protestants and Roman Catholics, separated in worship, are coming together quite naturally at the level where doctrine and theology are studied. Manhattan's Protestant Union Theological Seminary and Jesuit-run Fordham University are about to take the next ecumenical step forward by creating what may grow into a common graduate program in theology. Beginning in September, the two institutions will share libraries and accept each other's credits for graduate degrees; each school, moreover, will list in its catalogue five courses available at the other institution. As a start toward an exchange of professors, Jesuit Robert Johann will lecture on Catholic moral theology at Union in the fall semester; the following semester, Union's Tom Driver will teach a course at Fordham on the theology of Paul Tillich.

These two schools are hardly pioneers. St. Albert's College in Oakland, Calif., a Dominican seminary, joined with six Protestant divinity schools in

the Bay Area to create the Great Theological Union (TIME, Nov. 1964). Last year three seminaries—Dubuque, Iowa (one Presbyterian, one Lutheran, one Catholic), joined with the University of Iowa school of religion to form a similar organization, the Association of Theological Fac-

ulties for Catholics. A number of historically Protestant divinity schools have concluded that their faculties are incomplete without the presence of at least one Roman Catholic. Yale welcomed Jesuit John Courtney Murray as a visiting professor of philosophy in 1951-52; last semester had a Roman Catholic teaching at its divinity school, Carmelite Father Roland Murphy, Old Testament expert from Catholic University. Harvard's divinity school had a chair of Catholic studies in 1958; currently, the professorship is held by Jesuit Sociologist Joseph A. Komonchak. Jesuit Biblical Scholar John Kenzie* is on the staff of the University of Chicago divinity school. Last year the divinity school of Vanderbilt University created its own chair of Catholic studies.

Conversely, the Rev. Walter Brueggemann of Missouri's Eden Theological Seminary, a United Church of Christ minister, teaches Old Testament to men and laywomen studying theology at a man Catholic Webster College near St. Louis, and an Episcopal priest, the Donald Winslow, is teaching church history at Weston College, a Jesuit seminary near Boston. On the student level, seminaries are frequently nondenominational in fact, if not yet in name. Harvard's divinity school currently has 14 Catholic students, while Union has 17—including 11 priests and a nun. Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati has 28 Protestants and three Jesuits in its doctoral program.

From Heresy to Insight. As a result of the ecumenical interchange, the seminaries have turned from indoctrination to information, treating the ideas of men from different faiths not as heresies to be refuted but as insights to be appreciated. Union's Driver, for example, expects to face the same kind of pro-and-con debate about Tillich's theology at Fordham that he currently faces at Union.

Many scholars, moreover, think ecumenical experimentation has not gone far enough. Dr. Lynn Leavenworth, dean of theological education for the American Baptists, last November proposed a consolidation of Protestant—even Catholic—seminary resources. "It makes no sense," he said, "to have a Methodist, Methodist, Episcopal and Presbyterian seminaries. I am looking for the day when seminary graduates will no longer be headed for the church's work."

* Who last January became the first Protestant to serve as president of the Protestant Society of Biblical Literature, one of the nation's most prestigious associations of biblical scholars.

Research Submersibles: A report from General Dynamics

New breed of vessel:

A hundred and thirty feet down in the Aegean Sea, a Byzantine galley had hidden its secrets for almost fifteen centuries. Then in 1964, University of Pennsylvania Museum archeologists mounted paired cameras on a new research submarine, Asherah, and learned more from the three-dimensional photographs obtained in one "flight" over the wreck than had been possible from weeks of scuba diving.

This was the first of dozens of undersea jobs already done by Asherah. The Asherah is the 339th—and at 17 feet long, the smallest—submarine built by General Dynamics. For comparison, the Holland, the very first submarine we delivered to the Navy in 1900, was 54 feet long. Over the years, we have built the prototypes of most classes of United States Navy submarines, including its nuclear-powered undersea ships.

But the true manned research submarines are really a new breed of boat. Less than a score now exist.

Depth and mobility:

Unlike bathyscaphes, designed to drop to great depths but remain relatively immobile for passive observation, the new research submarines must have depth capability, the ability to perform useful work, and the mobility to survey extended areas at a reasonable speed.

Asherah is one of the first true research submarines. It can dive to 600 feet (World War II subs rarely dived much below 300 feet), stay submerged for ten hours, cruise at three to four knots, move in all directions. An im-



The Asherah beneath the Aegean Sea.

proved sister ship, Star II, is made of the same HY-80 steel that goes into nuclear submarines; it has depth capability to 1,200 feet.

A larger boat we call Star III (see cutaway drawing below) is built of even tougher HY-100 steel. It has a cruising depth of 2,000 feet, and is equipped with an external mechanical arm that has interchangeable "hands"—a clamshell grip, a wire cutter, and a "three-finger" which can pick up a pencil or a 200-pound weight, or manipulate a valve.

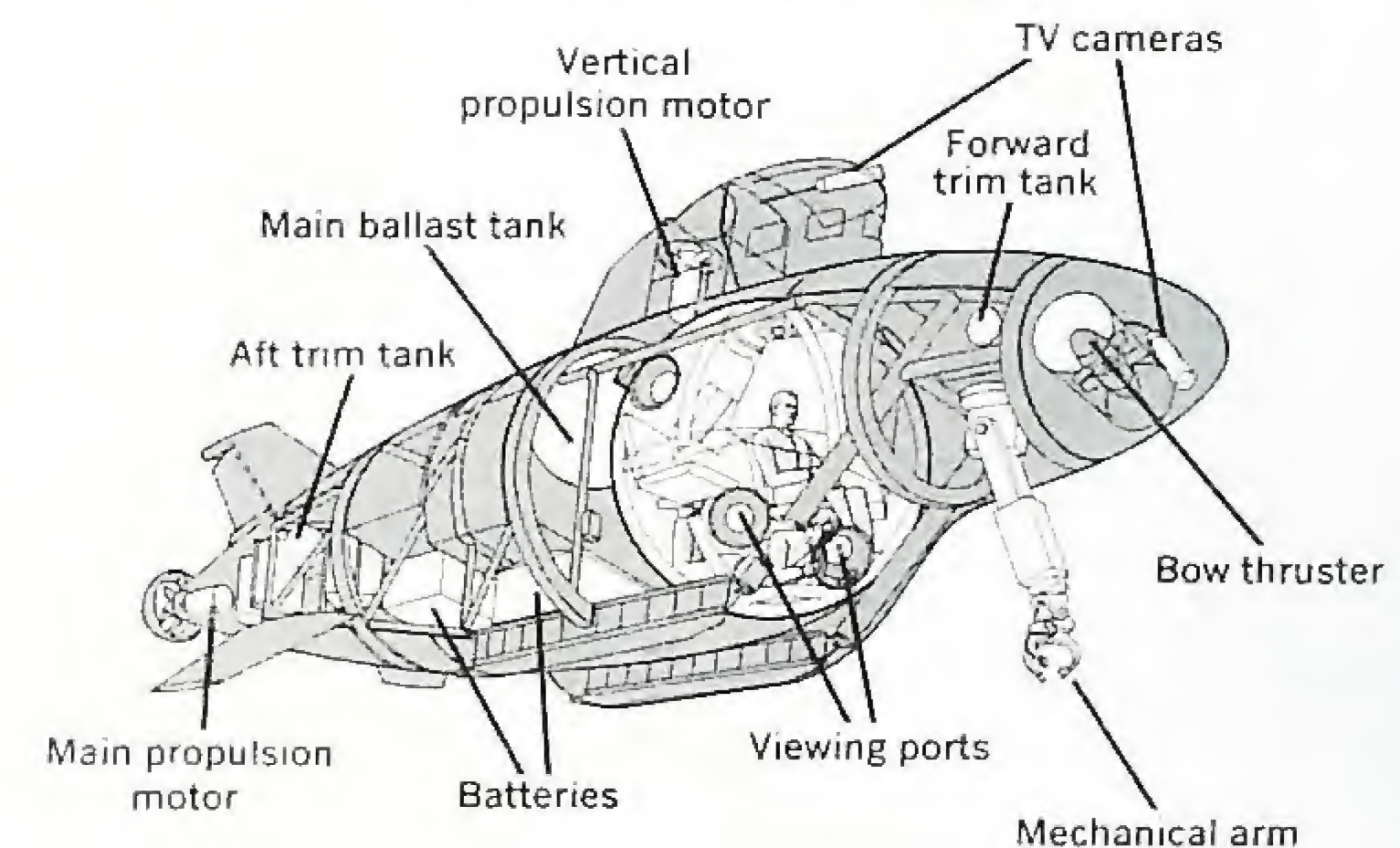
rushed by air for a rescue operation.

But subs with many special characteristics will be needed for exploring—and for exploiting—the sea.

Some vessels will have to withstand pressures up to 10,000 pounds per square inch, to allow them to penetrate into mid-ocean abysses four miles deep. Work subs for, say, mining will have to be stable enough in a buoyant environment not to be whipped about in reaction to the force of their own tools.

We have already done a study for the

CUTAWAY OF STAR III



The Aluminaut, the largest research sub so far, was built by General Dynamics for Reynolds International to prove, among other things, the feasibility of aluminum as a hull metal. The 51-foot Aluminaut is designed to operate at depths up to 15,000 feet, under pressures up to more than 7,000 pounds per square inch. Aluminaut, in early sea trials, has cruised as deep as 6,250 feet, and remained submerged for over 30 continuous hours. A World War II military submarine rarely remained submerged for more than 24 hours.

Problems and needs:

These early research subs still have many limitations of speed, range and submerged endurance. They require back-up by a mother ship and have to be carried or towed to a job location.

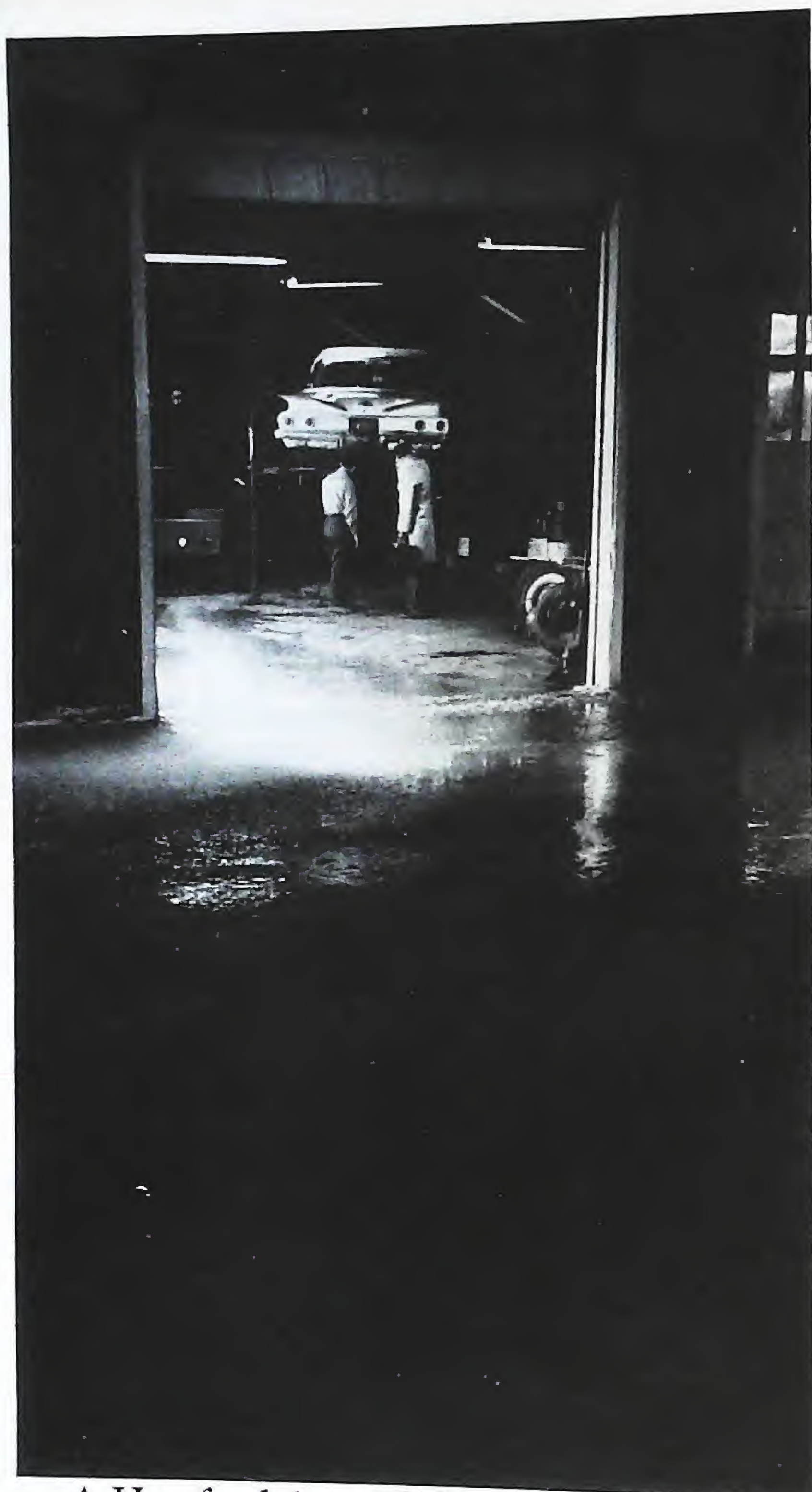
This last "limitation" can sometimes be an advantage. Asherah and Star II, for example, are small enough to be

Bureau of Fisheries showing feasibility of a submarine to track oceanic fish. It would be 160 feet long, carry 31 persons at speeds up to 20 knots, and could cruise submerged for up to 90 days.

Right now, we don't think there will ever be one single all-purpose type of research-work submarine. Just as land vehicles range from motor scooters to 20-ton earthmovers, so will most manned submersibles be designed and built for special purposes.

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THE THEATER

Penwiper Papers

Slapstick Tragedy. Tennessee Williams can sift the soul's gold from any man dross. Unhappily, this double bill of one-acters, which closed after several performances, is almost pure dross.

The Mutilated brings on a pair of New Orleans floozies who have had falling-out. One is a dead-broke woman (Kate Reid) who has been barred from her room in the Silver Dollar Hotel. The other (Margaret Leighton) has suffered a "mutilation"—one of her breasts has been removed. Reid has already carved this sad fact on the wall outside Leighton's apartment. Bawdily, brutally proud of her own breast, she has herself, of course, been carved up by life. Kate Reid gives a strident



CALDWELL, REID & LEIGHTON
Stabs with a rubber dagger.

able performance, but is too self-assured for an alcoholic, and this through the play out of emotional kilter. Leighton is poignant as only Leighton can; her sky-blue eyes hold rain. But Williams plays his mood music of loneliness by rote.

A grotesque phantasm of brotherly mutilations follows. *The Gnading* is a deaf ex-diva (Leighton) who loses one eye and then the other to the cooing birds of the Florida Keys, where she battles for throwaway fish from coming sloops. A cocooned bird around on stage looking rather like a giant pelican with a Ph.D., and a Indian in a red, white and blue war-whoops things up. The locale is "the Big Dormitory," and on the floor of this flophouse rock two maimed smoking harpies, a slatterned woman (Kate Reid), who runs the place, and a local society editor (Zoe Caldwell) who seems to have escaped from a barrel. Miss Caldwell is an impressive new acting presence on Broadway. The play is a rubber-dagger stab at the theater of the absurd that lacks tones of lunacy or Pinter's menace. It seems to have come less from Williams' pen than from his penwiper.



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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

What the President Could Do

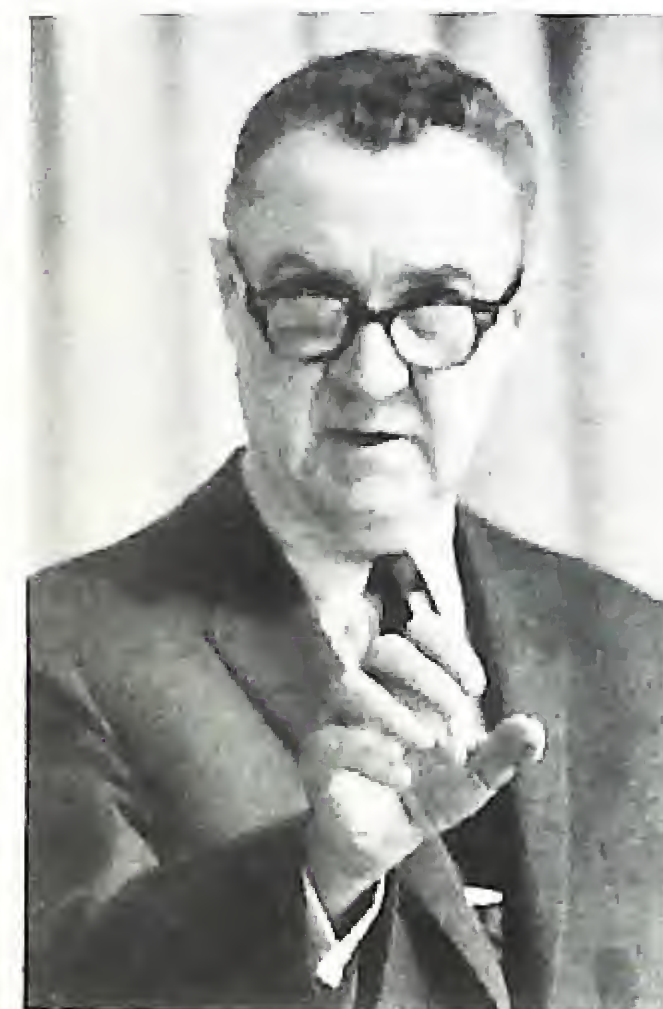
If inflation is not here already, it is just around the corner, and President Johnson had better take tougher steps to stop it soon. That, after months of debate, was the clear consensus expressed last week by both liberal and conservative economists. The Life Insurance Association of America warned that inflationary pressures are boiling up; so did the American Bankers Association and the National Association of Manufacturers. Most significant, former members of the President's Council of Economic Advisers—men who are Democrats and Republicans, experimenters and classicists, Keynesians and

sale prices climbed at an alarming annual rate of 6%. The Government's chief price expert, Commissioner Arthur Ross of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, expects prices to rise more markedly in 1966 than in 1965, when the wholesale index went up 3.4% and the consumer index 2.2%. The biggest increases will be in bills for medical care, recreation and repair services; the price of houses will rise more sharply than in recent years.

To beat further price hikes, businessmen are increasing their inventories at a pace unequaled since the Korean War: \$10.1 billion a year. During January, bank credit expanded at 20% a year, double the already high rate of the past five years. Skilled labor has

comer's increase in the discount rate, surprisingly called on bankers to hold back loans for excessive inventory buying or plant expansion. Still another rise in the discount rate is by no means out of the question.

When Johnson failed to reappoint conservative C. Canby Balderston to the seven-man board, there was some thought that he might recast the Federal Reserve to swing it toward looser credit. Last week, however, the President appointed Assistant Commerce Secretary Andrew F. Brimmer, the board's first Negro member, who seems unlikely to change its apparent inclination toward restriction. Brimmer, 39, a Harvard Ph.D., is a onetime economist at the New York Federal Reserve



SAULNIER



BURNS & HELLER



KEYSERLING

When floor sweepers get \$3 an hour, it's time to cool it, man.

non-Keynesians—agreed impressively at a Washington symposium that the President should do more than he has so far to fight inflation.

Walter Heller, who worked for Lyndon Johnson as well as John Kennedy and now teaches economics at the University of Minnesota, said that recent price increases and inventory buying have become so "disquieting" that the Government should start figuring out right now just which taxes to raise if pressures increase. Raymond J. Saulnier, who served under Dwight Eisenhower, said that the time had come to "cool off the economy a bit"; he called for a cut in Government spending, followed, if necessary, by a tax increase. Arthur Burns, who also served Ike, proposed much the same remedies as Saulnier. Even Leon Keyserling, Harry Truman's far-out economist, wanted higher taxes—though not to reduce inflation but to guarantee that federal welfare spending would continue to rise despite the demands of Viet Nam.

Hurrying to Buy. Inflation is an international malaise (see WORLD BUSINESS) and symptoms of it are appearing all over the U.S. In January whole-

become so scarce that Inland Steel is trying to fill 600 job vacancies, is recruiting as far away as 400 miles from its East Chicago base. Detroit automakers are hiring unemployed Appalachia mountaineers to sweep floors—at \$3 an hour. For its part, the Government has poured on more inflationary fuel: the national income accounts budget, which measures how much money the Government adds to or drains from the economy, has shifted from a \$4 billion surplus to a \$2 billion deficit since last summer.

Further Tightening. Lyndon Johnson continues to hold to his wait-and-see policy, is understandably hesitant to repeat the mistakes of 1957 and 1959, when the Government moved so vigorously against inflation that it helped produce recession. The President insisted last week that he would shift policies quickly, "if the need should arise." Assuming that inflation continues, what steps is he most likely to take?

First, he will probably rely on the Federal Reserve Board to further tighten the money supply. Last week Board Member Sherman Maisel, a Johnson appointee who had voted against last De-

Bank and is known as cautious and moderate in money matters.

If monetary policy alone does not do the anti-inflationary job, the Government will move on the tax front. Economist Heller proposes a temporary suspension of the 7% tax credit for new investment; that apparently would be a quick way of relieving the capital-spending boom without offending too many people. Treasury Secretary Fowler, however, would prefer a general increase in corporate and personal taxes if necessary. Said Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen last week: "The Administration is talking in terms of another 5% income tax increase and an added 2% corporate tax later this year."

WALL STREET

Overreacting

This week the U.S. enters what promises to be its sixth straight year of economic expansion, and almost everything is rising—except the stock market. It has been falling since early February, and last week Wall Street's bull was still reluctant. The Dow-Jones industrial average dropped 25 points in three

days, touched a 1966 low of 950.66, then rallied fitfully at week's end to close at 953—scarcely higher than last October. Measured by the important price-earnings ratio, stocks are lower than they were at the low point of the 1962 break. They are now selling at an average 16.3 times expected 1966 earnings, compared to a 17-to-1 ratio in the bleak summer of '62.

Prices are low because worries are high, and investors are reacting—probably overreacting—to the economic implications of the Viet Nam war. They are afraid of higher taxes and more controls on the economy, perplexed by the squeeze on credit and pressure on profit margins. In this emotional atmosphere, such basic and broadly held stocks as oil, drug, retailing, chemical and utility issues generally weakened last week; many popular highfliers in electronics, color television and office machines held fairly firm. But as prices fell, so did trading volume on the New York Stock Exchange—a technical indication that prices may soon rebound.

Some of the stock market's troubles stem from a worsening shortage of investment money. Salomon Bros. & Hutzler, a leading bond-trading house, predicted that commercial banks will have \$3 billion less to put into long-term credit this year than last. With a swiftness that startled even investment men, the money shortage has driven interest rates on some new bond issues to 45-year peaks, prompting investors to sell stocks in order to buy bonds. Last week \$40 million of Long Island Lighting Co. bonds went on sale with a 5.13% interest return, one of the highest yields ever placed on a corporate issue of its type. The Federal National Mortgage Association had to pay a record 5.38% to sell \$250 million of 14-month debentures. Despite an extraordinarily high 5½% interest, Washington's Export-Import Bank was able to sell only half of a new \$700 million issue of participation certificates in existing loans. That embarrassing failure damaged President Johnson's plans to sell off \$4.7 billion of U.S. paper assets to cut next year's budget deficit—the size of which is already worsening the worries about inflation.

TAXES

The Drunken Pyramid

While Washington debates a federal tax increase, the inescapable fact is that some taxes are already on the rise. State and local taxes are growing by 9% a year, or almost twice as fast as the national income. On a per capita basis that counts infants and indigents, the tax bill averages out to \$916—\$53 more than last year—and \$303 of it is siphoned off by states, counties, cities and towns.

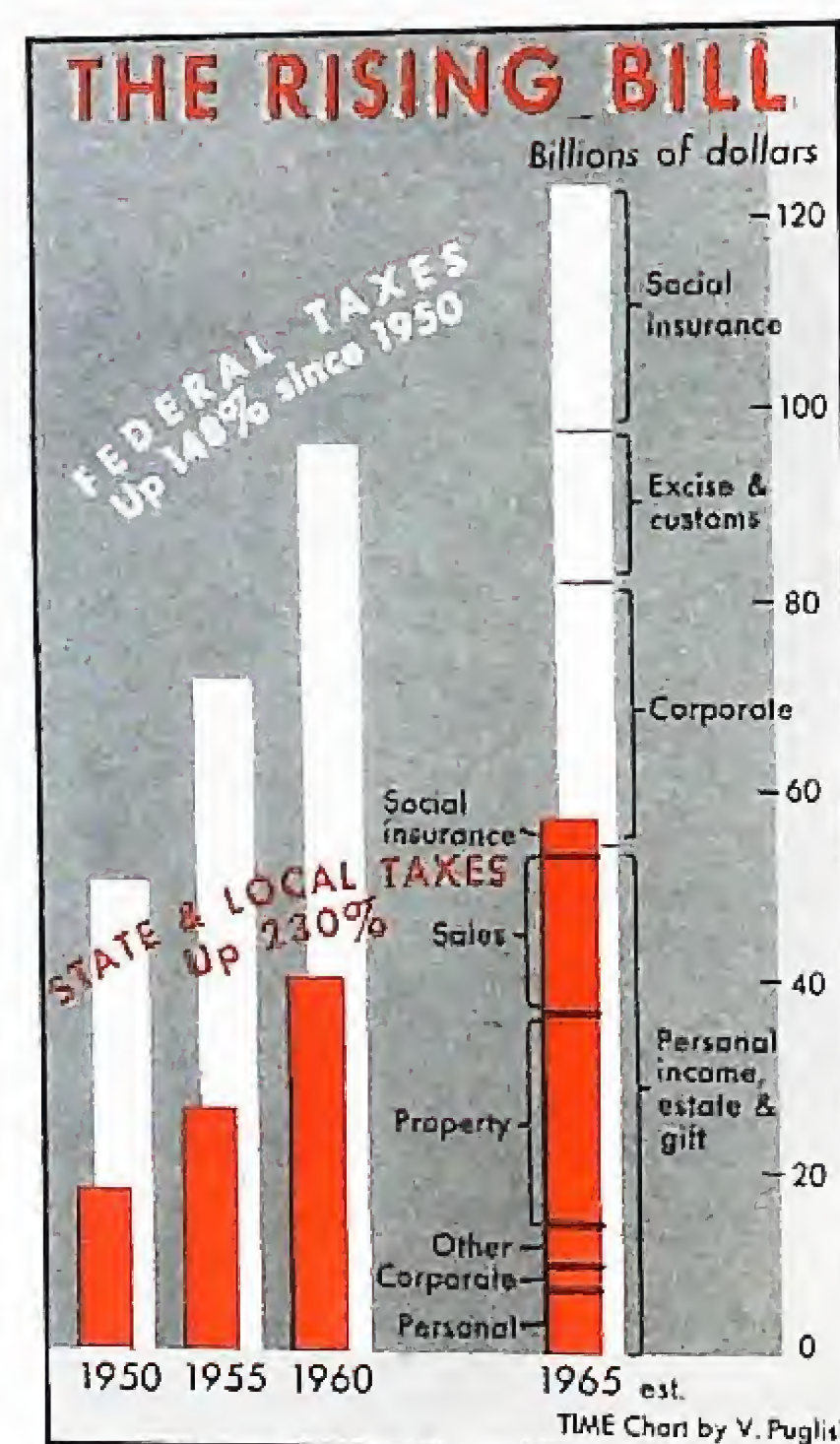
Hardly a week goes by without further increases. Last week alone:

► New York City Mayor John Lindsay's aides outlined a proposal for a graduated city income tax that could

come to about 50% as much as the state income tax. If adopted, the measure would mean that a man who earns a taxable net income of \$15,000 in New York City would have to pay \$417.50 to the city in addition to \$835 to the state and \$3,010 to the Federal Government—even if he lives in New Jersey or Connecticut.

► Chicago School Board Member James W. Clement proposed a 1% city income tax to provide \$115 million, mostly for education. (Ten cities now have income taxes, including Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Cincinnati.)

► Massachusetts Governor John A. Volpe, after six defeats, pushed through a 3% sales tax to raise \$203 million



to cover a budget deficit and improve education.

► Virginia prepared to enforce a 2% sales tax approved earlier.

► New Jersey Governor Richard J. Hughes prodded legislators to approve a new income tax to raise at least \$180 million, lift that wealthy state above its current low rank (48th) in allotments for schools, roads and welfare.

Stand-bys & Sewers. The tax-and-spend spree has been touched off by population growth and urbanization (see THE NATION), and the rising demand for services. Of the \$75 billion spent in a year by states and localities, about 17% went for roads, 10% for welfare, 41% for schools. One-third of the money came from bond issues and federal grants, the rest from taxes. Of the 47 state legislatures in session last year, 32 approved tax increases.

States and localities are concocting all sorts of ways to raise money. In addition to those old stand-bys—taxes on whisky, cigarettes and gasoline—they are slapping taxes onto restaurant

meals, hotel rooms, commercial company, utility bills, stock transfers on the use of sewers. Last week, before a House Judiciary subcommittee that is trying to write guidelines for such taxes, Caloric Vice President Werner N. Dan complained: "Today the overlay state, county, city and school-d tax structure reminds me of a pyramid built by drunken Egyptians."

More from Less. One suggested to realign the design would be for and suburbs to combine their spending and tax collecting, for the sake of efficiency and economy. States could raise more revenue with less per capita they abandoned most nuisance taxes in favor of income taxes, which go along with the economy, and they could lower sales taxes by reducing the number of exempted goods, such as food and drugs. Economists reckon that such changes the states last year could have increased their sales- and income tax revenues by \$5 billion. Of course the states and localities could also cut away some nonessential spending, but more and more things seem essential these days.

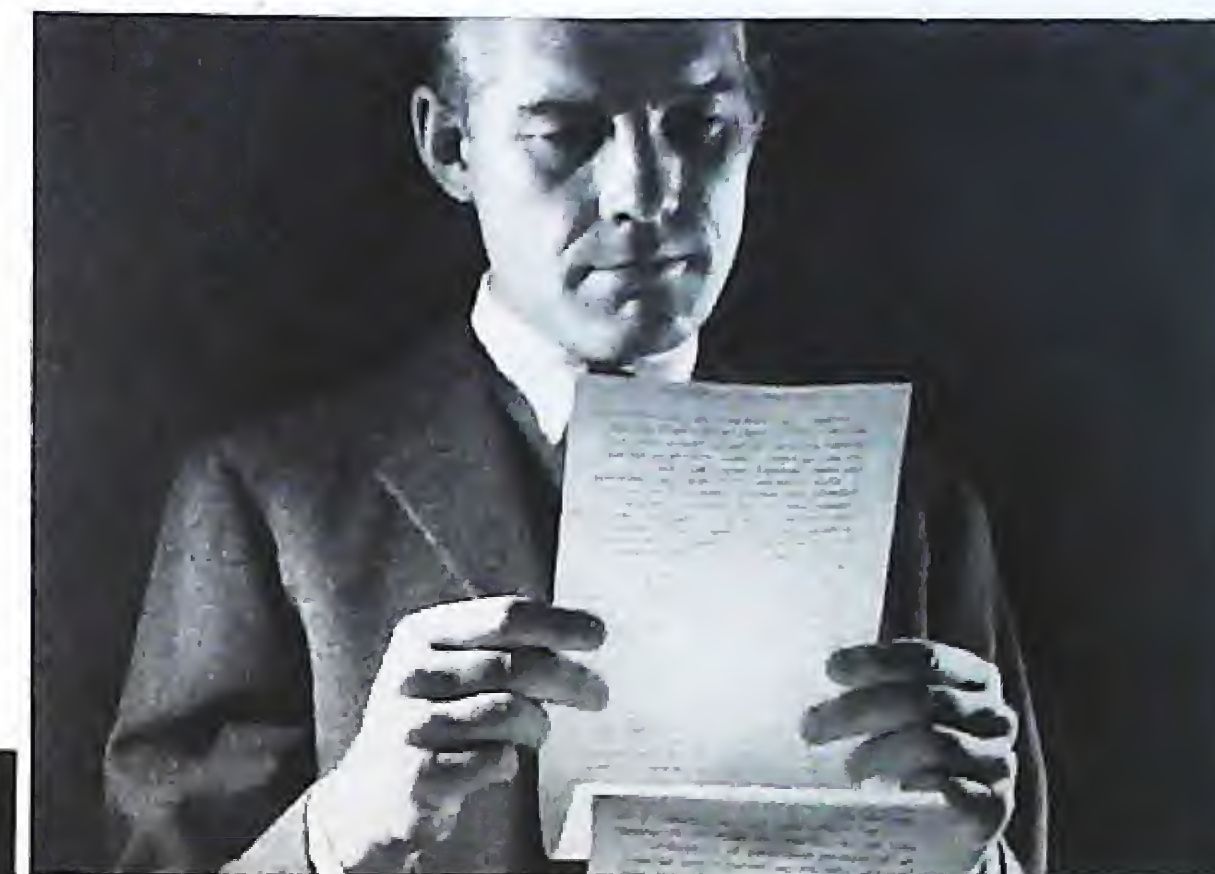
CORPORATIONS

Mighty Miniatures

Experts are likely to say that a company suffers from the aftereffects of bad decisions at the top and that one of its divisions can barely make a meet. They have been saying this for years about the Fairchild Camera Instrument Corp.—and they may be right. Yet last year Fairchild's sales rose by a greater percentage than others on the New York Stock Exchange, spurring from \$272.5 million to \$316.25 million.

Last week, going against the market down-trend, Fairchild lifted to a time high of \$210, an extraordinary 10 times annual earnings. This week the company will announce its 1965 earnings, and brokers expect to hear sales last year grew 33%, to \$185 million, and profits after taxes rose 300%, to about \$8,000,000.

Fairchild Camera is a misnamed company whose eleven divisions concentrate on electronics and also turn out a variety of products from heavy multicoated cables to printing equipment. An excitement is over one division, Semiconductor branch. It put Fairchild on the ground floor in miniature transistor, which are more compact than the original germanium variety; last year Fairchild had 10% of the booming U.S. market for semiconductors. Fairchild's prize division accounts for one-third of the company's sales for integrated circuits, which are sized components that do the work of many transistors, and a series of them hooked together could reduce the size of a TV set to the size of a cookie. The company has greatly increased demand since 1964 by shrinking the average price of integrated



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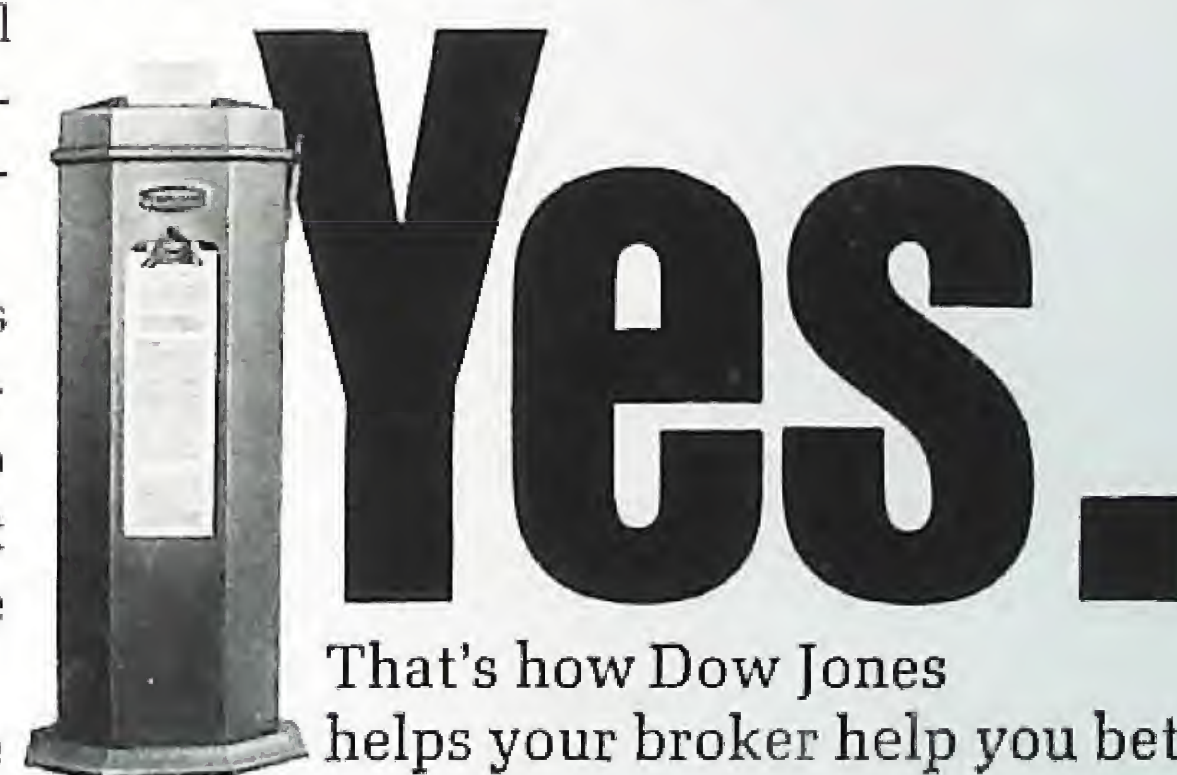
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TIME MARCH 4, 1966

TIME, MARCH 4



JAMES HARRIS

FAIRCHILD'S CARTER

The golden eggs are in one basket.

from \$35 to \$7. Improved technology, cheaper materials, and a new plant in low-wage Hong Kong all helped to bring the reduction.

Riches to Riches. Fairchild Camera was started as an aerial survey firm by an inspired tinkerer, Sherman M. Fairchild, now 69. His rise from riches to riches is an enduring business legend (TIME cover, July 25, 1960). Fairchild's father was the first chairman of International Business Machines and made him by inheritance the largest single stockholder in IBM (167,000 shares now worth \$85.5 million). Besides refining his taste for good living and pretty girls, Fairchild tended his investments wisely, personally developed the first plane with an enclosed cabin (the FC-1), manufactured the C-119 Flying Boxcar, and built superb but too costly hi-fi equipment. Like many inventors, Fairchild was a better creator than administrator.

Management is now in the hands of Chairman and Chief Executive Officer John Carter, 45, a rough 250-pounder who proclaimed shortly after taking over: "I know how to handle a sick company." Carter was lured from a Corning Glass vice-presidency nine years ago with a stock option offer of 23,800 shares (he now owns 52,250 shares worth almost \$11 million). Sherman Fairchild withdrew discreetly to the board, has been more concerned with his chairmanship of the completely separate Fairchild Hiller aerospace firm, which recently bought Republic Aviation.

Gamble That Paid. Carter has diversified all through electronics, and has concentrated on the civilian market instead of defense business because he does not like the Pentagon's renegotiation of contracts. The best thing that happened to Carter was the arrival in 1957 of eight bright young scientists from the Shockley Semiconductor Laboratory, led by Dr. Robert Noyce, who walked in the door with the idea of making transistors



ROBERT NOYCE

SCIENTIST NOYCE*

of silicon. Fairchild gambled \$7,000,000 on the idea and won. Noyce, now 38, is head of the Semiconductor Division, which contributes more than 50% of Fairchild's sales and probably 98% of its profits.

Some of the other divisions are not making money, and though Chairman Carter talks expansively about their future, Fairchild's fortunes will depend for quite a while on the one big division. As technology advances, Fairchild's executives figure they will be able to price their integrated circuits low enough so that they will come into common use for TV sets, telephones, even autos and washing machines.

PROMOTION

Big Marketing Man on Campus

Can you make money by selling things that are usually available free? Yes, you can. At any rate, James J. Harris, a former salesman for a photoengraving firm, is doing it.

Harris concentrates on the college market, which is not only vast—5,570,000 students spend \$4 billion annually beyond tuition, board and textbooks—but also articulate and highly susceptible to experiment. As such, it is a prime target for the fiercely competitive package-goods manufacturers, who consider the campus the place to establish brand loyalty. By acting as a middleman bringing salesmen and students together, Harris has built a million-dollar business. He gathers samples of toiletries and tobacco products that manufacturers usually give away free, boxes them into "Campus-Pacs," and distributes them through college stores. His Guest Pac Corp. recently sold its 10 millionth box and, with the obvious inspiration of a public-relations man, celebrated by giving a \$250 scholarship to the M.I.T. coed, Laura Miller, 19, who got it.

* With enlarged diagram of integrated circuit

One to a Customer. Harris receives a fee from both sides of the operation. Manufacturers pay him 3¢ to 5¢ for each of the samples that they give him to distribute. The campus stores charge 15¢ for a package of samples, or \$3, then charge their customers 29¢ for it. The eight or more items in the men's pack currently include Old Spice cologne, Gillette blades and Alka-Seltzer. The women's pack has, among other items, Pond's cream makeup remover, Colgate's Lustre-Creme toothpaste, and Grove Laboratories' No. 1 deodorant. Large campuses, bargain-happy students have grabbed up as many as one-to-a-customer packs a day.

Harris, 61, got into the business by chance. Curious in 1950 about the samples a friend received in the mail, Harris wrote to 100 companies for free samples. He got back a box including a twelve-can carton of instant noodle soup, a box of headache powder, Harris' own toiletries pack, sold the idea to a convenience store for guests. He even signed up 4,000 hotels, sold banks looking for new accounts, others to airlines (which gave packs to grounded passengers). Guest Pac Corp. also sells packs to the Salvation Army and the Red Cross for disaster-area use and for distribution to Viet Nam wounded in Army hospitals.

The New Class. The company's fastest growth is on campus. College stores now do a \$260 million annual business. They use Campus-Pacs as traffic builders. To receive a supply, college stores advertise the packs in campus newspapers, also stock regular sizes of samples. After the packs are introduced, surveys inevitably show a rise in student preferences for the sampled products. Harris' potential clientele will continue to grow, reach 7,000,000 students by 1970. And every year there is a new freshman class that can be expected to use the products in the pack.



HARRIS & COED PRIZEWINNER
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TIME MARCH 1961

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WORLD BUSINESS

PRICES

Inflation Everywhere

Inflation is becoming a worldwide epidemic, producing political fevers as well as economic bruises. Practically no country is immune, regardless of its wealth, size, politics or state of development. Almost everywhere inflation is worse than in the U.S.

In Belgium, where prices rose 4% in the past twelve months, the government fell three weeks ago because it proposed emergency taxes to keep prices in check. Austria next week will hold a national election, with inflation as the central issue: prices advanced 5% last year, and Socialists are mad because the conservative People's Party favors a temporary tax increase. In a rare show of opposition in Portugal, the dictatorial

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QUEUEING UP IN BRAZIL

Tailored to taste in the hormigueros.

government of Antonio Salazar was openly criticized in newspapers last week because living costs are climbing: potato prices are up from 6¢ a sack to 12¢ in a year, and other food tags are rising.

Inflation in most countries has the same causes as in the U.S.: extensive demand, full employment and near-capacity production. Britain's unemployment level is at a near-record low of 1.2% since last March; wages have risen 9% and prices 5%. In West Germany, where wages increased 8.9% last year and the cost of living grew by 4.2%, Bundesbank President Karl Blessing warned last week that the economy has become dangerously unbalanced and that "the present tempo of cost and price increases cannot continue if we are to stay competitive in world markets." Israel is riddled with inflation because of heavy consumer buying and government spending, including wage boosts for government employees.

In some instances, sharp price rises stem from special local situations. In

India, inflation is the ugly result of the food shortage; most people spend 75% of their meager incomes trying to get enough to eat. Viet Nam's prices have shot up 58% in a year because of the war and the influx of free-spending G.I.s. Peru's government is spending prodigiously on a national development program, with the result that prices went up 18% last year, are expected to rise 25% this year. Brazil's government, battling one of the world's worst inflationary problems, hopes gamely to reduce the rise in living costs from last year's 45% to 25% in 1966.

If there is a single thread that runs through most of these situations, it is simply that human demands are rising exuberantly and straining the available supply of materials and machines to make the goods.

LATIN AMERICA

Sears's Profitable Alianza

U.S.-based businessmen who carp about constantly working under the gun ought to get a look at Fred Eaton. On the roof above his modern office in Caracas, Venezuela, booted militiamen with submachine guns patrol 24 hours a day. They are watching for Communist terrorists who, in a perverse kind of compliment, have focused on Eaton's company as a prime example of *Yanqui* capitalism. It is Sears, Roebuck of Venezuela, and all of its 13 stores have been the targets of bombs or burning. Though nothing has happened lately, Eaton's workers each night before closing have to examine every drawer, dress pocket and cranny in the store for possible homemade incendiaries. Nevertheless, Sears is prospering in Venezuela and throughout Latin America.

On a continent where revolt, expropriation and inflation are common, Sears since 1960 has lifted sales from

\$103 million to \$150 million. In the decade—despite the nationalization of six stores by Castro's Cuba—Sears tripled its number of stores to 19 in nine countries from Costa Rica to Brazil (plus seven in Puerto Rico). Next week its top Latin American executives will meet in Mexico City, site of its biggest operation, to discuss further expansion. Next year the company will open two stores in Spain—its first European venture—and transfer some of its Latin American chiefs there.

A Stake in Stock. Like any wily trader, Sears staffs its stores with natives: 99.3% of its employees are Americans, including almost all managers. The company offers a stake in stock ownership as well as job. In Venezuela, for example, employees through profit sharing have accumulated a 17% stake in the local store. Because Latin American countries have prohibitive import barriers, Sears buys 80% of its merchandise from 9,000 native manufacturers, who produce such goods as refrigerators, sewing machines and blue jeans. A local purchasing program amounting to a private Alliance for Progress has made a lot of suppliers rich and the company become an integral part of each country.

When a new Sears store opens, curious crowds form thick lines. Lured by such innovations as price one-stop shopping, money-back guarantees, credit buying, parking spaces, prompt deliveries, customers turned Sears's air-conditioned American bazaars into human guinea pigs, or anthills. What shoppers primarily come for, however, are goods, which are tailored to American tastes. Clothing styles are more to Europe than the U.S. Toys and paint departments, which are stays in the U.S., scarcely exist in America, where cheap labor prevents any do-it-yourself bid.

Sears expects to grow further in America, in the next five years to open 50 new branches in 10 states alone. Smaller local retailers have choices. They can complain about competition, and languish. Or they can prosper by adopting Sears' moderate prices and modern methods. They have done just that.

BRITAIN

Changing Altitude

The fate of Britain's handicraft industry involves not only jobs and \$400 million in exports, but also the pride of a nation. The world's first commercial jet, who built the heroic Spitfire, seem to feel the decline of the craft industry more strongly than the



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their Empire. The ominous signs have been obvious for a long time—the bad luck of the Comet, the financial losses of the Britannia, and now the lack of a market for the long-range, rear-engined VC 10. Though popular with passengers, the VC 10 is costlier to operate than the competitive Boeing 707 and Douglas DC-8, and Britain has failed so far to sell a single one of them outside the Commonwealth.

Britain long ago gave up the idea of any serious role in missilery and space, and last year the Labor government canceled three military aircraft programs. Last week the government beat a still more painful retreat. In the biggest post-war Royal Air Force order, Britain announced it would buy 400 military planes over the next four years—but 250 will be Lockheed, McDonnell and General Dynamics aircraft (see THE WORLD). The British will build parts for some of them.

It is tempting to write off Britain's aircraft industry as dying, but that probably would be a mistake. In their strategy for survival, the British are gliding into a new, temporarily lower altitude—and hope to climb from there, in co-operation with the Continent.

Alliance with France. For now, they plan to save money by buying advanced military aircraft from the U.S., whose huge production lines permit lower pricing. The 50 swing-wing F-111A fighter-bombers that Britain will buy from General Dynamics at \$5,950,000 each are at least \$1,000,000 cheaper than anything Britain's much smaller industry could build.

For the longer term, Britain will ally itself with Continental countries, notably France, to build a European aerospace industry that might do battle against the Americans. The chief hope is the Anglo-French Mach 2.2 Concorde, which is likely to be the world's first supersonic airliner. It is slated to go into service in 1971 or 1972, at least two years ahead of the U.S. supersonic liner. Production of an Anglo-French prototype is on schedule, though development costs have risen from \$500 million to more than \$1 billion. Beyond that, there has been talk about jointly built military craft, and the British, French and Germans have agreed to make a subsonic, short-range "airbus" that would carry more than 200 passengers and go into service in 1972.

Merger Drive. Europeans are not likely to see a Siddeley-Messerschmitt or a Rolls-Fiat company for some time, but, mergers within the British aviation industry itself are in the offing. The government hopes to induce a merger between the two big airframe manufacturers, British Aircraft Corp. and Hawker Siddeley, and perhaps even to try to unite the two proud jet engine builders, Rolls-Royce and Bristol Siddeley. The combined companies presumably would be able to lift productivity, which is only one-third as high as in the U.S. aerospace industry, and two-thirds as

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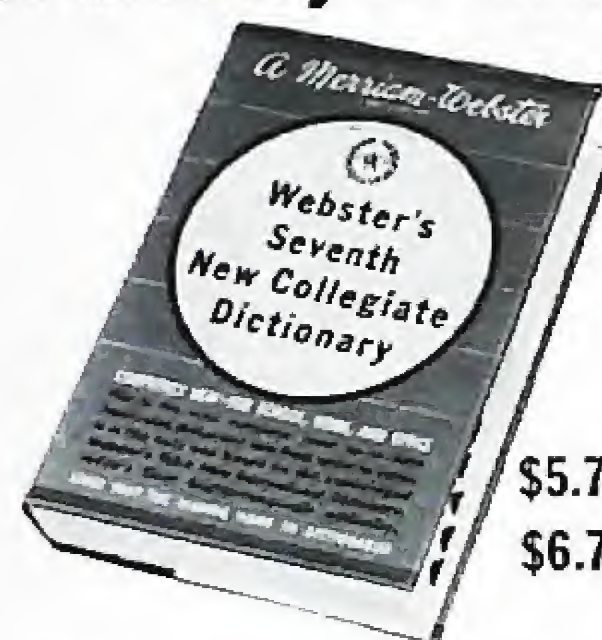
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ITALY

Romeo's Sweet Giulia

Deep down, even the most blasé toast driver occasionally imagines self a Juan Fangio or Jimmy C. shifting down for the Curva Granda Monza or roaring onto the Mille Straight at Le Mans. Few automobiles play on this fancy so successfully as Milan's Alfa Romeo. An ad for sporty Giulia GT model, for instance, shows a father strapping on a crash helmet while his wife and child prepare to climb in. "The family car that races," proclaims the ad. Thanks to fast cars and fanciful advertising



ALFA'S NEW \$2,270 MODEL
For the family Fangio.

Romeo is pulling ahead in the auto market. The company, while a distant second to mass-producing Ford last year turned out 60,262 cars, an increase over 1964. Sales were up to \$200 million.

Wind Design. To enlarge its market, Alfa Romeo last month began producing a light Giulia 1300 Ti (for Torino Internazionale). Priced in Italy at \$2,270, the four-passenger car is quite the cheapest Alfa Romeo ever. Several years, the company has produced a plainer, less well-padded Giulia on the market at \$2,080. The new TI model, with a more powerful engine and stylish interior, is calculated to appeal to customers who want economy and speed at a moderate price.

This latest Giulia joins a line of other models, many of which are described by one poetic commentator: "The Wind Designed Them." The wind-blown look, the engine can leave most other cars far behind. The expensive 2600 SZ model (\$6,695) speeds up to 131 mph.

* One Alfa Romeo that failed to do the car in which Benito Mussolini and his partisans in 1945.

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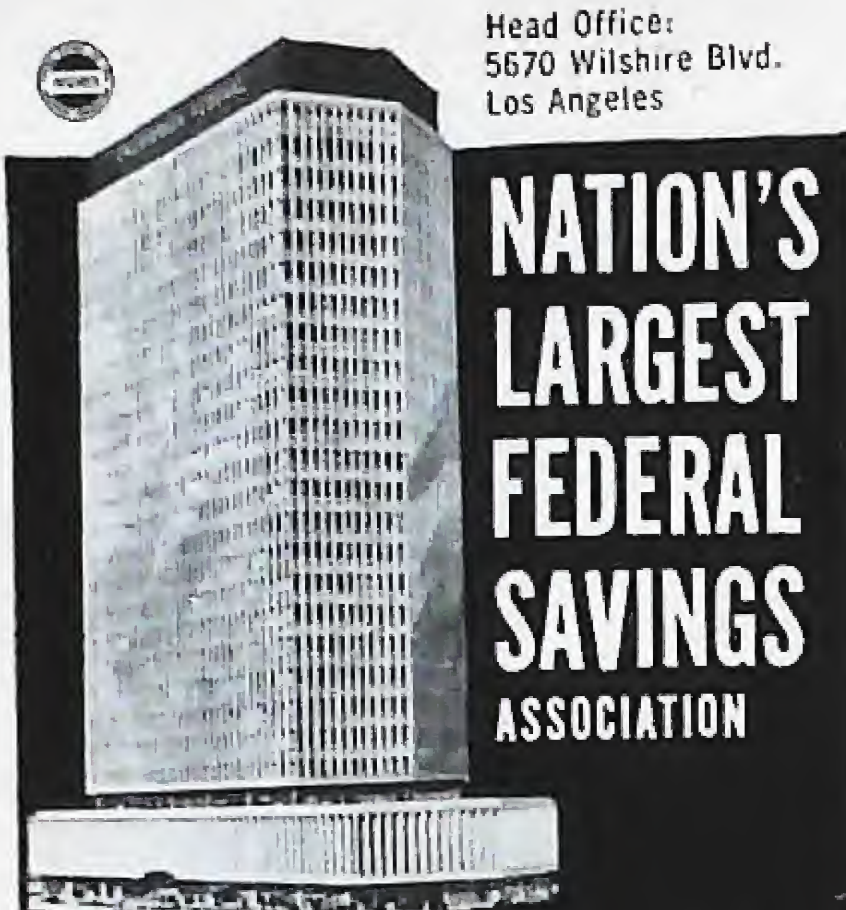
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other Alfa-Romeos easily top 100 m.p.h.; the somewhat sedate Giulias are modestly rated at "over 96 m.p.h."

Alfa-Romeo's performance delights the Italian government, which owns 90% of the company's 45 million shares through Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale, the government holding company which also controls the jets of Alitalia, the luxury ships of the Italian Line and the nation's telephone and radio-TV networks. After suffering from indifferent sales early in the 1960s Alfa-Romeo has been revived largely by President Giuseppe Luraghi, 60. A one-time IRI executive, Luraghi was put in the driver's seat to balance speed and wind designing with cost accounting, marketing and long-range planning. Like many of his competitors in the U.S. and Europe, he sees world auto-

MILESTONES

Born. To John Wayne, 58, who last month finished *Eldorado*, his 166th movie, and Pilar Palette Wayne, 37, his third wife; their third child, second daughter; in Encino, Calif.

Married. Edson Arantes do Nascimento, 25, better known as Pelé, Brazil's—and probably the world's—best soccer player; and Rosemary Cholbi, 20, a Santos dockworker's daughter; in Santos, Brazil.

Married. Brian Donlevy, 63, now playing the mad scientist in Hollywood's *The Curse of the Fly*; and Lillian Arch Lugosi, 54, ex-wife of the late Bela (Dracula) Lugosi; he for the third time, she for the second; in Indio, Calif.

Died. Charles Von Fremd, 40, CBS newscaster, who reported on Washington from 1953 to 1957 when he shifted his beat to space, covering nearly every mission from the first Navaho rocket firings to last December's Gemini space rendezvous; apparently of a heart attack; in Bethesda, Md.

Died. Victor Weisz, 52, Britain's acerbic political cartoonist "Vicky," an aggressive socialist who over 25 years leveled his pen at everyone on his right from John Foster Dulles, whom he showed brandishing H-bombs, to Tory Harold Macmillan, whom he drew as the winged "Supermac," and Charles de Gaulle, whom he captioned with the famed inverted quotation, "*Après le déluge—moi!*"; of as yet undetermined causes; in London.

Died. James D. Norris, 59, sports promoter and onetime Mr. Big of boxing; following a heart attack; in Chicago. The son of a Chicago millionaire, Norris won notoriety in the late 1940s and '50s as the boss of the International Boxing Club, through which he and Hoodlum Frankie Carbo held a mo-

making as a pyramid, with expensive Rolls-Royces and Ferraris at the top and U.S. and European mass-produced cars at the bottom. In between the a growing and superbly profitable specialty market for flashy family cars like Ford's Thunderbird, Buick's Wildcat and Jaguar—and his own Alfa-Romeo.

Bigger Overseas. Luraghi also expects that the future of European autoing depends on exports. Alfa-Romeo last year exported 23% of its cars, sent only 1,500 to the U.S. To meet those totals, the company has invested \$90 million to build a modern factory at Arese, just outside Milan. Luraghi expects to double output in seven years by turning out cars that appeal to the everyday driver whose Fangio-inspired are stirred by a six-speed manual shift and easy acceleration to 100 m.p.h.

nopoly on virtually all major fights until 1959, when the U.S. Supreme Court broke their hold. Norris faded from view, quietly operating his vast real estate and cattle empire plus the Spring Hill Farm stables, Chicago Black Hawks hockey team, stadiums in Chicago and St. Louis.

Died. Victor Kravchenko, 61, a time Soviet defector, an army captain who sought asylum while on duty as a supply officer in Washington in 1946, briefly held the limelight with his best-selling *I Chose Freedom* (1946) and changed his name to "Peter Malin" because "I am an American" and continued his writings, though he lived in constant fear of Red reprisal. He owned a .38-cal. pistol in his Manhattan apartment, where friends had been depressed over the Vietnam war "and other things."

Died. Boris Nicolaevsky, 78, a renowned Kremlinologist, a Russian Social Democrat who in 1940, after years of exile in Europe following expulsion by the Bolsheviks, arrived in the U.S. to write more than a dozen books on Soviet life, such as *United Russia* (1947), for which he was Co-Author David J. Dallin was denounced in the U.N. as "agents of the East" by the late Andrei Vishinskiy, a heart attack; in Menlo Park, Calif.

Died. The Rev. Bernard Branson, 79, chaplain of the House of Representatives since 1950, who inscribed his duties thus: "At the beginning of each day's session, I look out over the House and then I pray for the country of a stroke; in Washington."

Died. Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, 80, who led history's largest armada to victory in the Pacific during World War II, died of pneumonia; on Yerba Buena Island, San Francisco Bay (see TIME, Nov. 15, 1965).



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Jimmy Durante is National Chairman of the 1966 Easter Seal Fund Appeal.

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CINEMA

The Spies Who Came into the Fold

Movie moguls have long sought the perfect pop-art hero, the infallible magnetic moneymaker with equal pull for kids under twelve and adolescents up to and beyond retirement age. Tarzan, a perennial favorite, still takes to the trees occasionally to fight for right, but with obsolete weapons. The Wild West gun-fighter endures, though an hombre who traditionally hates kissin' and gets his kicks by digging spurs into horseflesh seems equally ill-adapted to the times. The exquisitely contemporary hero is girl-happy, gadget-minded James Bond, whose legend has already tempted a host of imitators to bland larceny. Now five new spy spoofs reverently ape Bond, with more a-making to catch the rich financial fallout from *Goldfinger* and *Thunderball*.

Naked Naiads. The biggest, noisiest and naughtiest contender in the new spystakes is *The Silencers*, with Crooner Dean Martin playing Matt Helm, a secret agent for ICE (Intelligence Counter Espionage). Its plot pits Helm against the mastermind of one of those atomic conspiracies, headquartered in what appears to be a sunken carrier under the desert near Alamogordo. But the real contest is between nudity and gadgetry. The striptease fun, with Cyd Charisse as team captain, begins during the opening credits, then gets right down to business in Martin's circular bed, which turns, travels, tilts, finally plunges him naked into a swimming pool with a naiad identified as Lovey Kravet. While the camera plays anatomical peekaboo, they are dried on two cylindrical Freudian symbols, then dressed and breakfasted by machine.

Innuendo roars through *Silencers*, with nothing omitted save scrawling



CROWLEY & VAUGHN IN "TRAP" Ellery Queen for a day.

feelthy pictures on the screen. Now and then, Martin sleepily warbles a song parody, his way of adding sauce to all the gleeful violence, drunken driving and self-conscious smut. Chief compensation over the long haul is Stella Stevens' zany, refreshing performance as a tourist who flees a conducted bus tour and plunges into escapades with the resolute air of a girl making every minute of her vacation count.

Keeping Clean. Intelligence men's intrigues wash cleaner in *To Trap a Spy* and *The Spy with My Face*. Originally designed for home use, these television retreads are expanded versions of two episodes from MGM's *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* series (the seams still show). In *Face*, Napoleon Solo (Robert Vaughn) seduces Thrush Agent Senta Berger somewhat more explicitly than he could before, when he had to take time out for commercials. In *Trap*, Luciana Paluzzi adds sex appeal until gunfire spoils her game, but the story really concerns an ordinary housewife (Patricia Crowley) who helps Solo foil an assassination plot. A kind of Ellery Queen for a Day, she goes home with an armful of presents, having scored a clear win for small-screen morality.

The man least likely to threaten Bond's supremacy is *That Man in Istanbul*, with Horst Buchholz battling a one-armed villain atop a minaret and performing other improbable feats to rescue a kidnapped scientist. A masquerade in a Turkish bath, long visits with FBI Sexpot Sylva Koscina and a tour of the city cannot save *Istanbul*. Delivering insouciant asides to the audience brings out the unseasoned ham in Horst.

Another elusive scientist is the excuse given for *The 2nd Best Secret Agent in the Whole Wide World*, the most flagrantly imitative spoof of the lot. Its second-best agent is played with studied respect by one Tom Adams, who vaguely resembles Sean Connery. The



CYD CHARISSE IN "SILENCERS" Captain of the anatomical team.

The Case of the Elastic Umbrella

by
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President

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Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Under Chief Justice Marshall, the U. S. Supreme Court developed a rule permitting its membersto "tipple" only on rainy days.

During a prolonged spate of sunny Washington weather, however, the ruling was interpreted to include all the territory under the court's jurisdiction. With so many legal minds at work, it was logical to assume that at any given moment somewhere in the continental U. S. or its outlying possessions, somebody was carrying an umbrella!

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film sputters with genuine excitement in the scramble for Regrav, a process for reversing the law of gravity. But the laws of levity begin to go topsy-turvy as well in *Agent's* craven homage to its prototype. Curling like Adams' sheets, one pussycat purr meets someone like you in Florida. Call himself James . . . James Somewhere. If the bogus Bonds abhor originality, they should at least show enough professional savvy to cover their tracks.

Mechanical Sin. The least that a spate of spies signifies, it would seem, is that ventures into venery, sadism, furious action have set an eye-raising new standard for family entertainment. Kids adore the lethal toy collection. Dads happily ogle a potent he-man, king of a computer wonderland in which every foe is swiftly vanquished, every voluptuous ren bedded. And women seem susceptible to the fantasy of being cariously mauled by a master of the perhaps after flooring him with a wrist chop. Slapdash, comic-strip plots more violent than suspenseful, are into a joke that viewers are invited to share while soaking up the sin and splendor of strange locales, gawking new feats of technology. The sin is mechanical—a series of clashes between the hostile male and deadly female sensuality suggesting some futuristic brand of electric sex.

The bizarre, decadent world of superspy naturally inspires a certain amount of earnest speculation. A Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, denounces *Bondomania* as a dangerous mixture of violence, vanity, sadism and sex," though permits Dr. Joseph Fletcher, author of *Situation Ethics* (TIME, Jan. 21) sees "healthy fantasizing and myth-making." Dr. Harold Lief of Tulane's Department of Psychiatry thinks *Bond's* boy philosophy may reflect social changing values and the shape of things to come—"another manifestation of the trend toward greater female assertiveness, the separation of love and sex."

Though the surreal James Bond would probably stand up and repel such criticism, he might agree with pundits who reason that, in an increasingly ridden age, it is more fun to laugh. Spectre, Thrush, and Zowib, that ponder the threats posed by Mao-tung. The Bondsmen seem fit to lead a crew to inflict any permanent harm on young or old, male or female. In art, the spy spoofs have little value; they lack even true satirical purpose, what Critic G. K. Chesterton in *A Fence of Nonsense* called "a kind of exuberant capering round a discovered truth." A craze occurs when an acquired taste unaccountably becomes an addiction. Without ever believing it, audiences find the spoofers easy to swallow. But mock espionage may be hard put to survive a throng of serious undercover men who seem to be in need of vocational guidance.



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TIME, MARCH 4, 1966

BOOKS

The Second Longest Day

AUSTERLITZ by Claude Manceron 318 pages. Norton. \$5.95.

In August 1805, eight months after he had unceremoniously crowned himself Emperor of the French, Napoleon was up to his coronet in complications. His invasion of England, announced 18 months earlier, had bogged down on the beaches near Boulogne. His fleet floundered useless, bottled up by the British at Ferrol. His treasury lay empty, and all across Europe his prestige was ebbing. On Aug. 13, Talleyrand brought word that Austria and Russia were hastening to mount a massive attack on France.

Napoleon made his decision and went to work. In six blazing, uninterrupted hours that left his secretary's hand a stiffened lump, he dictated to the last detail the plan of a campaign that took 150,000 men from the Channel to the Danube in what many historians consider the greatest military march of modern times. Though this book is burdened by a poor English translation, French Novelist-Historian Claude Manceron succeeds in providing a meticulously documented account of the 1805 campaign. And his hour-by-hour reconstruction of Austerlitz, Napoleon's most brilliant military success, presents a compelling, page-by-page study as well of the man who was an incomparable military genius.

Wrung Necks. Napoleon was a maniac for detail, and one of the first of the Organization Men. He demanded and got a running record of every regiment, including a summary of its encounters, its numerical strength, the roll of its injured and sick and the number of its annual recruitment. He commanded an elaborate network of spies who informed him minutely of the strength and movements of his adversaries. He centralized authority absolutely in himself, and his precise, ingeniously correlated orders of march gained a maneuverability for his army that was far in excess of that enjoyed by any other contemporary fighting force. For the Austerlitz campaign, he invented and applied a set of rules involving foraging, billeting, and shifting from order of march to order of battle that exemplified his methods almost perfectly.

One of his methods was "to wring the neck of each of his adversaries separately." Before the Russians could join their allies in Austria, Napoleon rushed across Germany to meet the Austrians alone at Ulm and attacked from the rear. Ulm fell, and Austria surrendered 60,000 soldiers, the main body of its

army, to Napoleon. At this point, the Russians lumbered up. Napoleon chased them down the Danube, captured Vienna and carted off 100,000 muskets, 2,000 artillery pieces and a virtually inexhaustible supply of ammunition, while the Russians and a few thousand leftover Austrians escaped northward to Olmütz to wait for reinforcements.

Shattered Wings. Like an angry eagle whose prey has eluded his first pounce, Napoleon instantly set out to lure the enemy back into striking range. Literally trailing a broken right wing, he drew up his army near Austerlitz. Thanks to the deceptive disposition of his forces,



FRANCIS & NAPOLEON AT AUSTERLITZ
First of the Organization Men.

the Allies imagined that they outnumbered him two to one. They hurled the full force of their armies against the vulnerable French right. Napoleon smashed back violently at the unguarded Allied flank, shattered its center, broke through, circled both halves for the kill. He made his only major tactical mistake when he diverted troops to fight the bitterly resisting Allied left and allowed most of the Allied right to escape.

The results of the campaign were all that Napoleon could have wanted. He had shaped the Grand Army into an incomparable machine for conquest. He had established his imperial prestige unquestionably before the world. He had crippled the ambitions of the fatuous Czar Alexander. He had reduced the haughty Holy Roman Emperor Francis II to the role of a satrap of France. And he had unknowingly avenged himself on his old English enemy, William Pitt, who literally died after he got the news of Austerlitz.

The Wicked "Mister Six"
MARQUIS DE SADE, SELECTED
edited by Gilbert Lély. 188
tober House. \$8.50

The jailers in the big prison of the Marquis de Sade called him *Monsieur Six*. No one, neither the French nor the Republican revolutionaries nor Napoleon himself, knew to do with the Marquis de Sade but to lock him up. And no one knew what to make of him.

Perhaps the warders were right. Mister Six. No one, neither the French nor the Republican revolutionaries nor Napoleon himself, knew to do with the Marquis de Sade but to lock him up. And no one knew what to make of him.

Dyspeptic Glutton. He was a cause he liked to whip girls. So even a prostitute's pay is not enough for this sort of thing—De Sade's apparatus could be pretty damn and there were complaints about the death penalty. His rank was from the gallows but not from. His trouble seems to have been a stupendous sexual glut. At the same time a sexual dyspepsia much was not enough. His pain, and pain was his pleasure, confined him to the not uncommon pleasures of his imagination. In 20 years he wrote his blue masterpiece *The Bedroom Philosophers*, *Days of Sodom*, *Justine*, and *La* which he gave literary form to he hoped, philosophic states of aberrations.

He also wrote letters, most to his wife, his mother-in-law, his mistress, his valet. Unlike his fictive letters, these painful letters are not designed to give pleasure. Most of them are dling pleas to be let out of the usual prisoner's complaint of food or the class of person he is pelled to associate with. Some, ny, some unconsciously so, one in which he suggests that girls as cellmates would relieve the urge to write books.

Somewhere Over the Rhine a new collection was discovered by Gilbert Lély, a French scholar, the château of the Marquis de Sade, a direct descendant. It is impolite to call Lély a scholar, certainly is a Sadean, and a doctor that. Lély hopes that the help readers to "enjoy" De Sade's erotic paradise without guilt and Havelock Ellis's triumph of human idealism. Fair enough from these speculations. Lély insists that one letter compared only to "the music of the spheres" are somehow inviolable correspondence foreboding treachery, Arthur Rimbaud's

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TIME, MARCH 4, 1966

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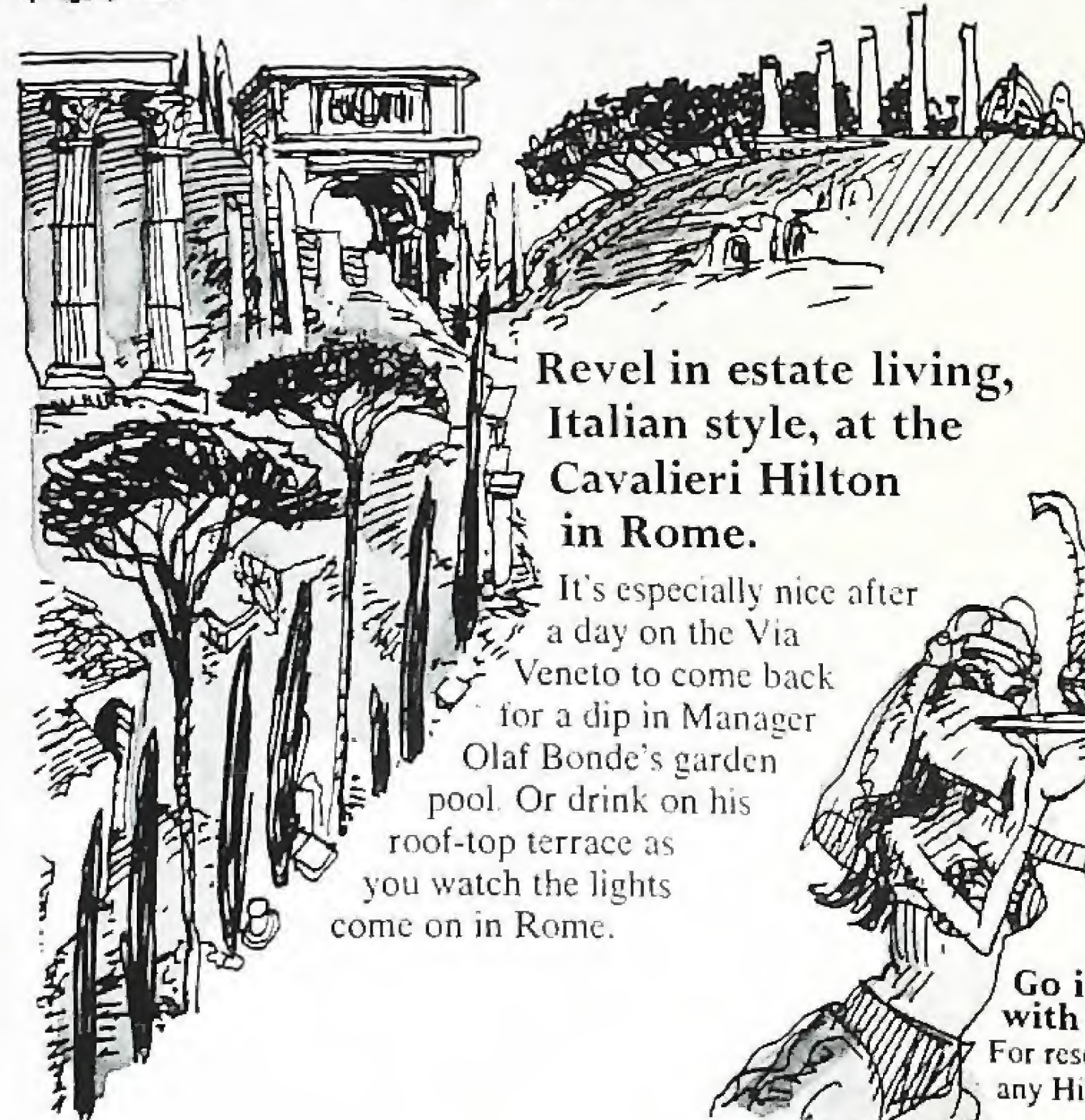
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Manager Ewe Hin Lim has a taste for Oriental opulence. And not only in his menus. Look at the view he'll give you—snow-capped mountains and the whole of Tehran.



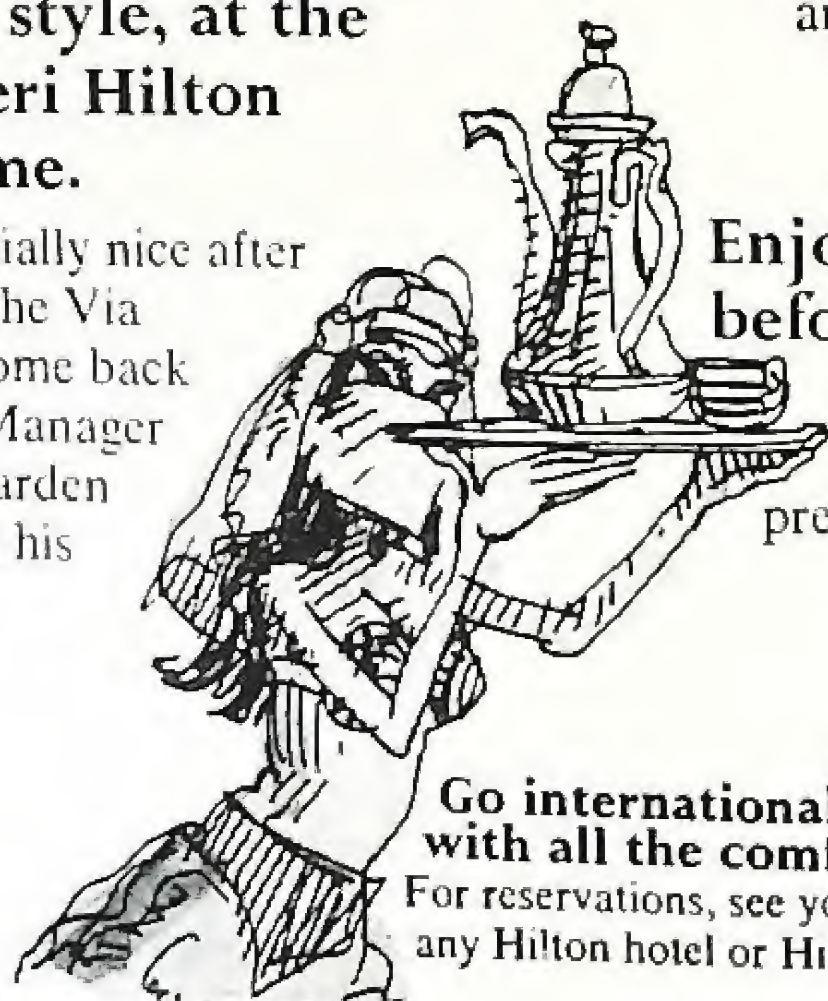
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Enjoy coffee as you never before at the Istanbul Hilton.

You'll have to admit Manager George Desbaillets' waitresses are pretty spectacular. But no more so than the view of the Bosphorus you have from the magnificent roof-top rotisserie restaurant.

Jarry. Finally, De Sade can now be considered "an admissible genius like Shakespeare, Pascal or Nietzsche."

All this is literary poppycock. It may be true that De Sade is a fascinating figure; Edmund Wilson and Simone de Beauvoir have written studies on him, and the London-Broadway hit *Marat/Sade*, as well as a new paperback edition of his writings, testifies to renewed public interest. But it is also true that he is the compulsive addict of every conceivable extremity within the technical possibilities of the human sexual apparatus. What he could not do he dreamed, and what he dreamed, he wrote. His letters can be analyzed in seven deeply felt but wonderfully inconsistent categories: 1) he didn't do it (he had been accused of kidnaping young girls, and there was a suspicion



THE MARQUIS DE SADE
Too much was not enough.

of murder); 2) the victim was only a whore; 3) others do as bad—like judges and cardinals; 4) he couldn't help it (forgetting that if that were so, his mother-in-law couldn't help wanting him locked up); 5) it was all a conspiracy (again by his mother-in-law, who wanted his estates); 6) he was a special case, and, finally and sadly, 7) he wasn't doing it any more; he had, as it were, left off beating his wife. This does not exactly reveal a great mind at work or the "just and sensitive spirit" that he regarded himself.

Whiplash. Still, De Sade's letters are interesting not only for his status as a metaphysical monster but for his human inconsistencies. Sometimes he addressed his wife as "my lolote," "celestial pussy-cat," "joy of Mahomet" and "whiplash of my nerves"; at other times he complained that she had visited him in immodest clothes, told her he would rather see her in a whorehouse than with her mother, and lectured her sternly about his superior philosophical systems ("Mine," he wrote, "are based on

reason, and yours are merely the fruit of stupidity"). He was more jovial with his valet Carteron: "Ah; you ancient pumpkin cooked in bugs' juice, third horn of the devil's head, codface drawn out like the two ears of an oyster, slipper of a procuress." It was hardly an appropriate tone to take with one's valet, but Carteron was no ordinary valet; he was a member of the orgy.

In one letter from prison, De Sade wrote, "Imaginative about morality in a way more disorderly than the world has ever known, atheist to the point of fanaticism, in fact, that is what I am like, and once again, kill me or take me as I am, for I shall not change." Rejection of God seems to have exhausted his powers of skepticism. In his lonely circular cell he became a devout numerologist, and solemnly counted the words or lines in letters he received as a basis for abstruse and totally nutty calculations that would provide, he believed, the exact date of his release. His number never came up. He died of a pulmonary congestion in the asylum at Charenton.

Beyond Unreality

THE NOWHERE CITY by Alison Lurie. 276 pages. Coward-McCann. \$4.50.

Los Angeles is a fiction whose accepted public image carries the impact of heightened reality, like Disneyland or a dream. Even the displaced outlanders who now make Los Angeles their home accept as fact such ephemeral entities as Venice West, rats in palm trees, eternal sunshine, Hollywood and Vine, schools of pink Cadillacs, and tawny, ubiquitous beauties in spike heels and white sharkskin Jax slacks.

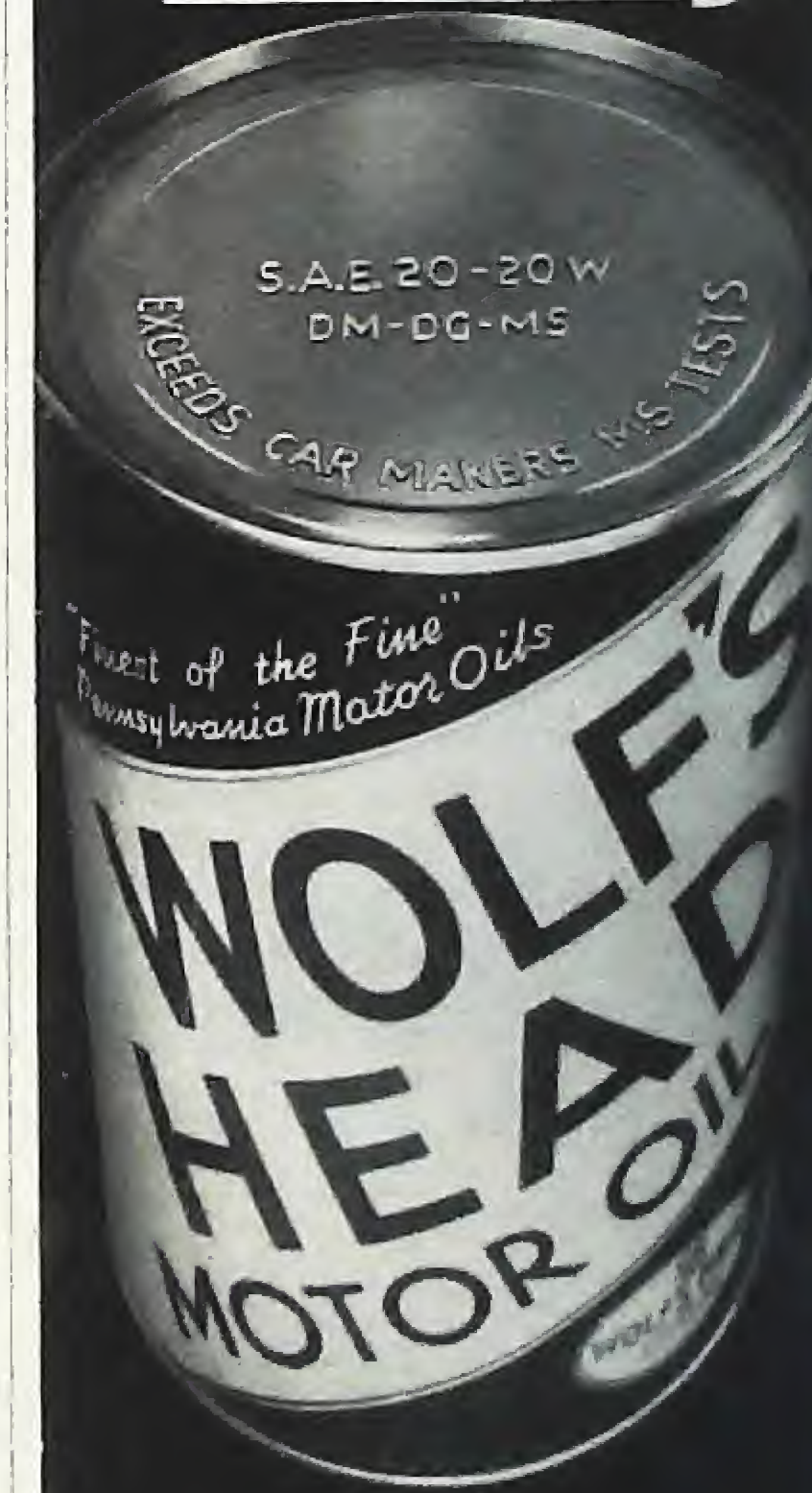
Despite a great body of belief, and much effort, no novelist has ever fully succeeded in making Los Angeles seem real. Alison Lurie, the author of this novel about Los Angeles, does not succeed in bringing it off either. But she fails so charmingly that the reader at least can understand why all those migrants went West.

Comical Fun. In *Love and Friendship*, her first novel, Miss Lurie, the wife of a Cornell University professor, vamped with considerable effect on the shopworn theme of infidelity. She treated sex not as something to leer about, sneer about or pontificate about, but as innocent and slightly comical fun. This attitude is readymade for Los Angeles, where the sun is said to remove inhibitions even faster than it reduces skin pallor. But Miss Lurie is less concerned with proving for the umpteenth time that Los Angeles is phony than she is in the possibility that phoniness is just another form of reality.

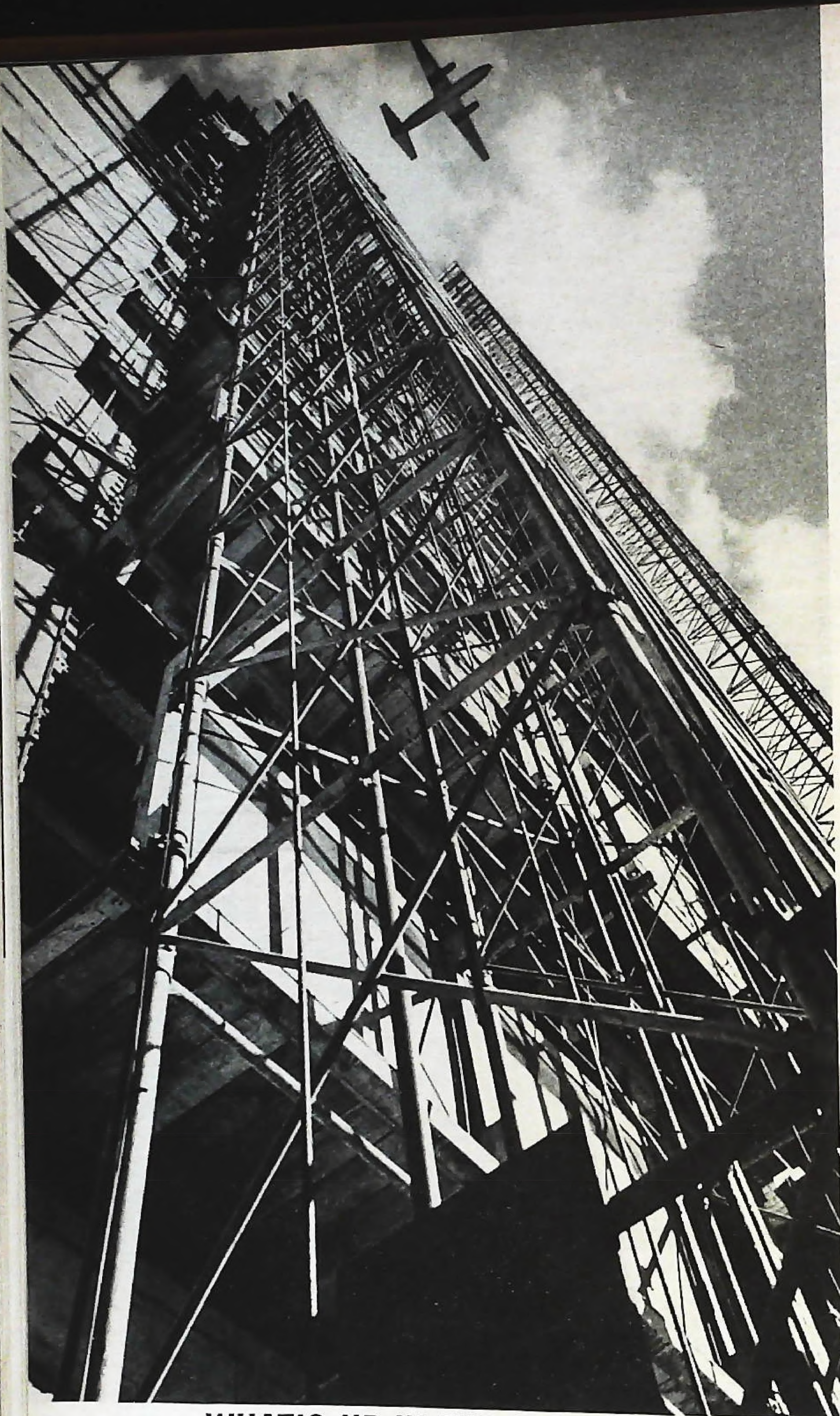
All the characters in *The Nowhere City* are so improbable that they could have been spawned by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Dr. Isidore Einsam is introduced as a veritable caricature, who with his spade beard and Mittel-European manner looks like "an

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ALISON LURIE
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advertisement for a psychiatrist gives dictation in the nude and rule about his Westwood apartment any woman who ventures the expect, willy-nilly, to be relieved virtue.

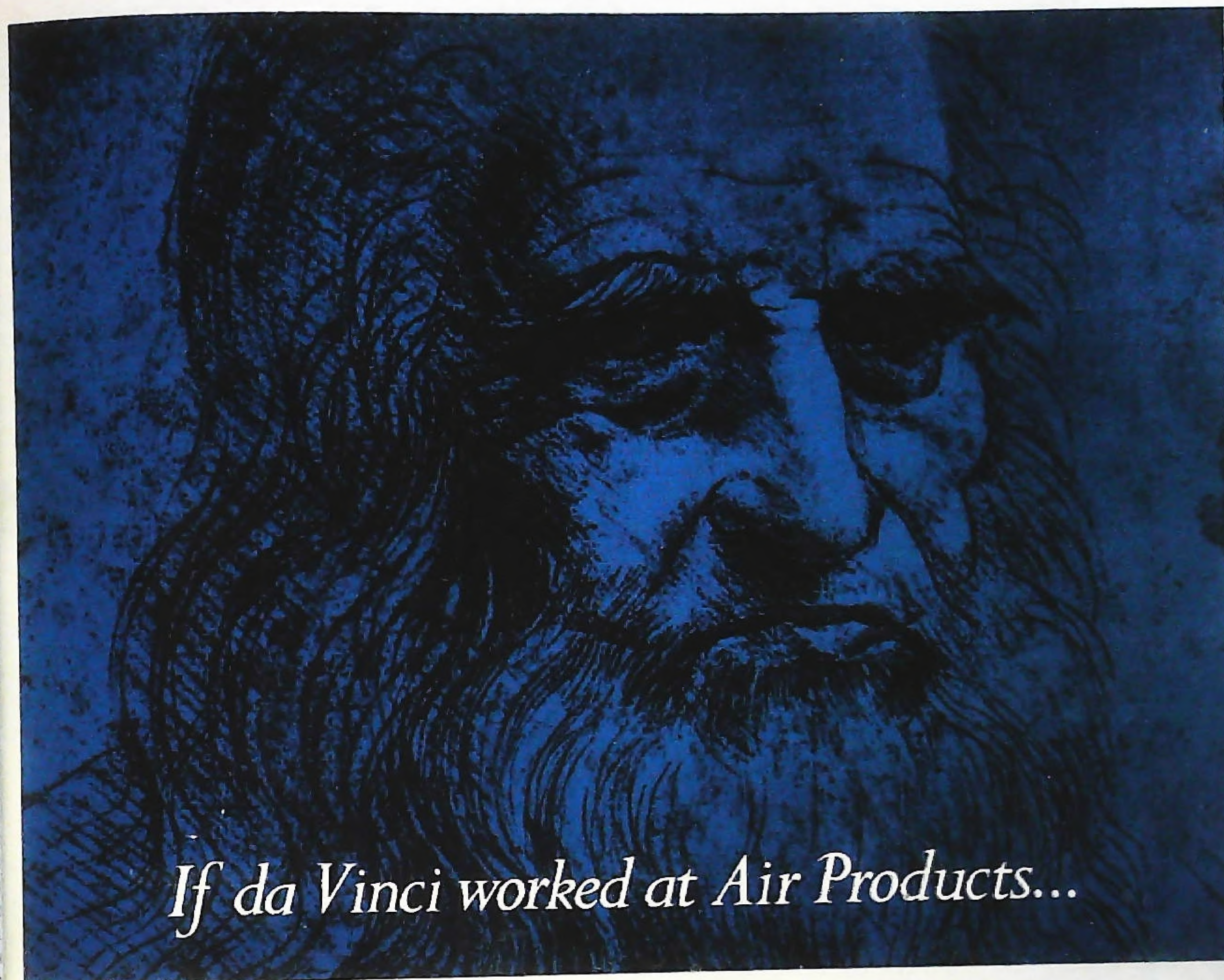
Einsam is married to Glory, a Hollywood starlet who trow beauty on before breakfast and in four-letter words. To believe characters is nothing short of generous. Or is it? In Miss Lurie's sympathetic hands, Glory and nearly everyone else in the book ate the appeal of children whose ingenuousness disarms the Most Hollywood starlets would be dead than bred. But Glory templating pregnancy at the Einsam, goes all starletty-er think I'd really like to get knocked she says.

Warning: Curves. The less *Nowhere's* plot the better. It like Los Angeles itself and w lentlessly as Mulholland Drive two books, Miss Lurie's sense of tion lags well behind her sense of acter. But the latter is sure eno engaging enough to compensate deficiency. If the trip through is not particularly compelling, characterization at least suggests wh Lurie's proper direction lies.

Short Notices

THAT SUMMER by Allen Drury. 128 pages. Coward-McCann. \$4.95.

It seemed obvious from the late press gallery back in 1934 those 100-odd characters milling and orating down below searching for some author to them up in a novel. So News Drury wrote *Advise and Cons* course there was a sequel—*A Difference*—but now the trouble started for Novelist Drury, he gun to write about ordinary. They are the nice upper-mid-



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At Air Products innovation is everyone's responsibility. Supported by in-depth capabilities, this spirit has propelled the Company to a position of leadership in chemicals and cryogenics sales and profits.

Even da Vinci would have admired the challenges that Air Products has met in servicing its customers. They include helping melt steel faster... freeze-sealing flavor in foods... propelling man into space... keeping water resources clean... fusing or cutting any metal... improving agricultural yields... saving heat for the winter... producing safer tires.

Like da Vinci, Air Products people have had to dream, design, and develop things that didn't exist before. Unlike da Vinci, Air Products has the total support capability to carry its innovations to the market place.



Air Products and Chemicals
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Did you know? Air Products operates worldwide, with over 75,000 customers, and has shown record sales and profits every year for the past seven years.

TIME maps / Some maps keep you from getting lost. In TIME, where the news is well sign-posted, they add an extra dimension to the story. They locate economic wealth, mark a new frontier, pinpoint explosions in a crisis, trace the path of a satellite, a ship, or an expedition. No need to stretch the imagination to measure a news area when there are TIME maps. Another of the dividends you find in TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine.



inhabitants of Greenmont, California, summer colony 6,000 feet up in the Sierras. Greenmont is slightly more exclusive than the U.S. Senate; residential memberships are restricted. It is also much duller. The argle-bargle of private thoughts is much less interesting than even the most preposterous oratory; the people are so ordinary that they can be sold to a public-opinion poll in an instant sample.

The intrusion of a U.S. Army with vague psychological problems into the inhabitants of Greenmont turns their smug torpor into some kind of malice. The major's crime is that he seduced (or has been seduced by) a thirtyish spinster of the Greenmont tribe. Before the major can be put to death by ducks, he is mercifully molated in a forest fire.

Drury seems to expect that his fictional enclave will be taken as a microcosm of the world—or, as he puts it, his frightful prose—"an easy-going wisecracking, self-centred distillation of all the busy bright uncaring of the world." Hardly.

DAVID SARNOFF by Eugene Lyons. 372 pages. Harper & Row. \$6.95.

Papa wanted his first-born son to come a trader; Mama, who came from a long line of rabbis, was determined that he should become a scholar. When Papa left the tiny Russian village of Uzlian to try his luck in America, Mama immediately sent her five-year-old son off to her uncle, penniless rabbi who lived several hundred miles away. For almost five years the little boy lived there. He was the only child among a household of grown-ups; he rose with them at sunrise for twelve or 14 hours a day in the pages of ancient texts in Hebrew, Aramaic until he could repeat the heart.

To this day, 75-year-old David Sarnoff, chairman of the massive Radio Corporation of America, Brigadier General of the Army in World War I and adviser to five Presidents, in those years of everlasting drudgery, clammy poverty, and the denial of normal family life, Eugene Lyons Sarnoff's first cousin and a senior editor of the *Reader's Digest*, suggests this deprived childhood sparked the satiable drive for success which made Sarnoff's public career. That is undoubtedly true, just as it is true that Sarnoff's success rests on his career for perseverance, his almost unimpaired administrative genius and a bulwark belief in the ever-expanding field of electronics and communication.

Unhappily, Author Lyons has produced something closer to an irritatingly detailed publicity release than a definitive and probing biography, a glossy photograph of achievements deserve better reception—and a better biography.

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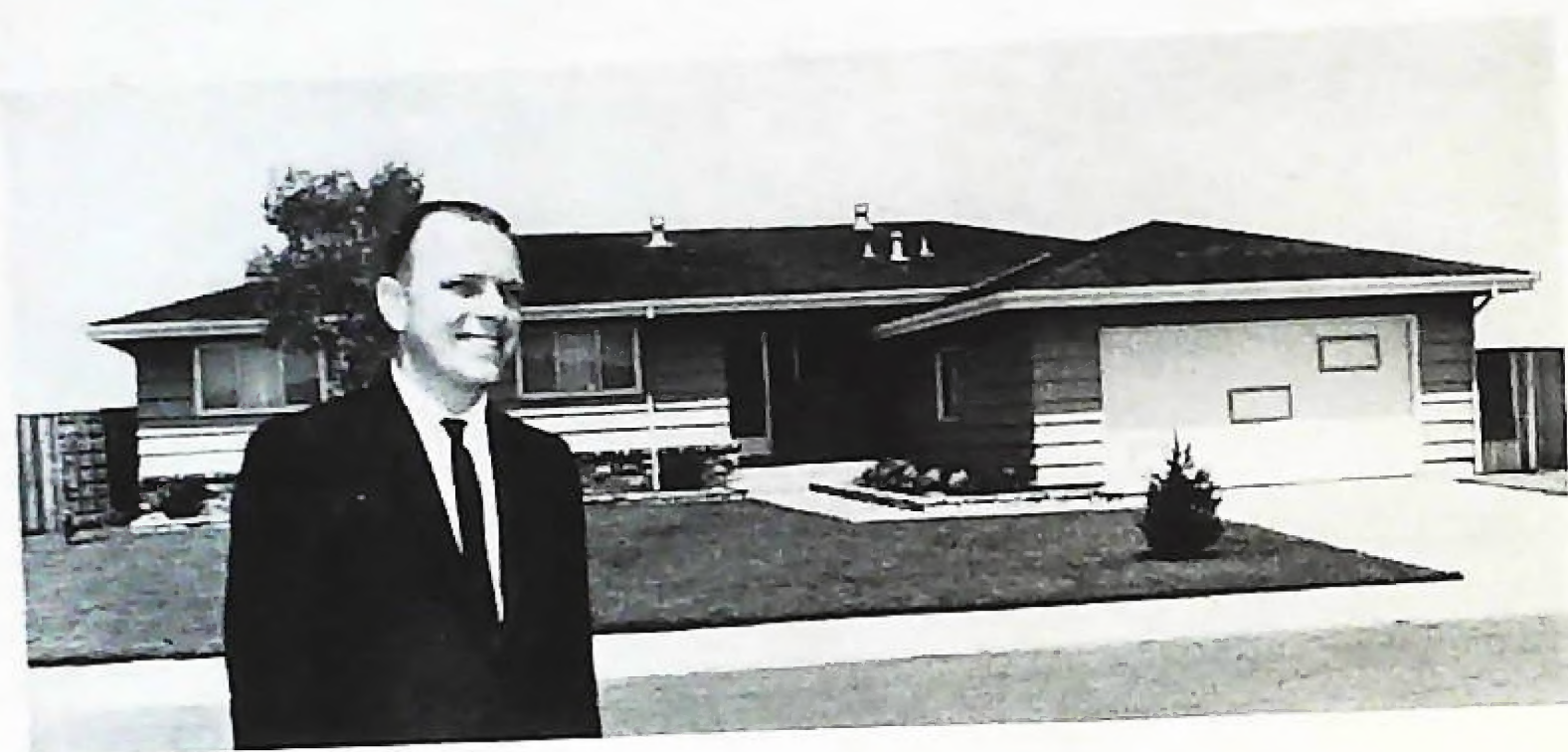
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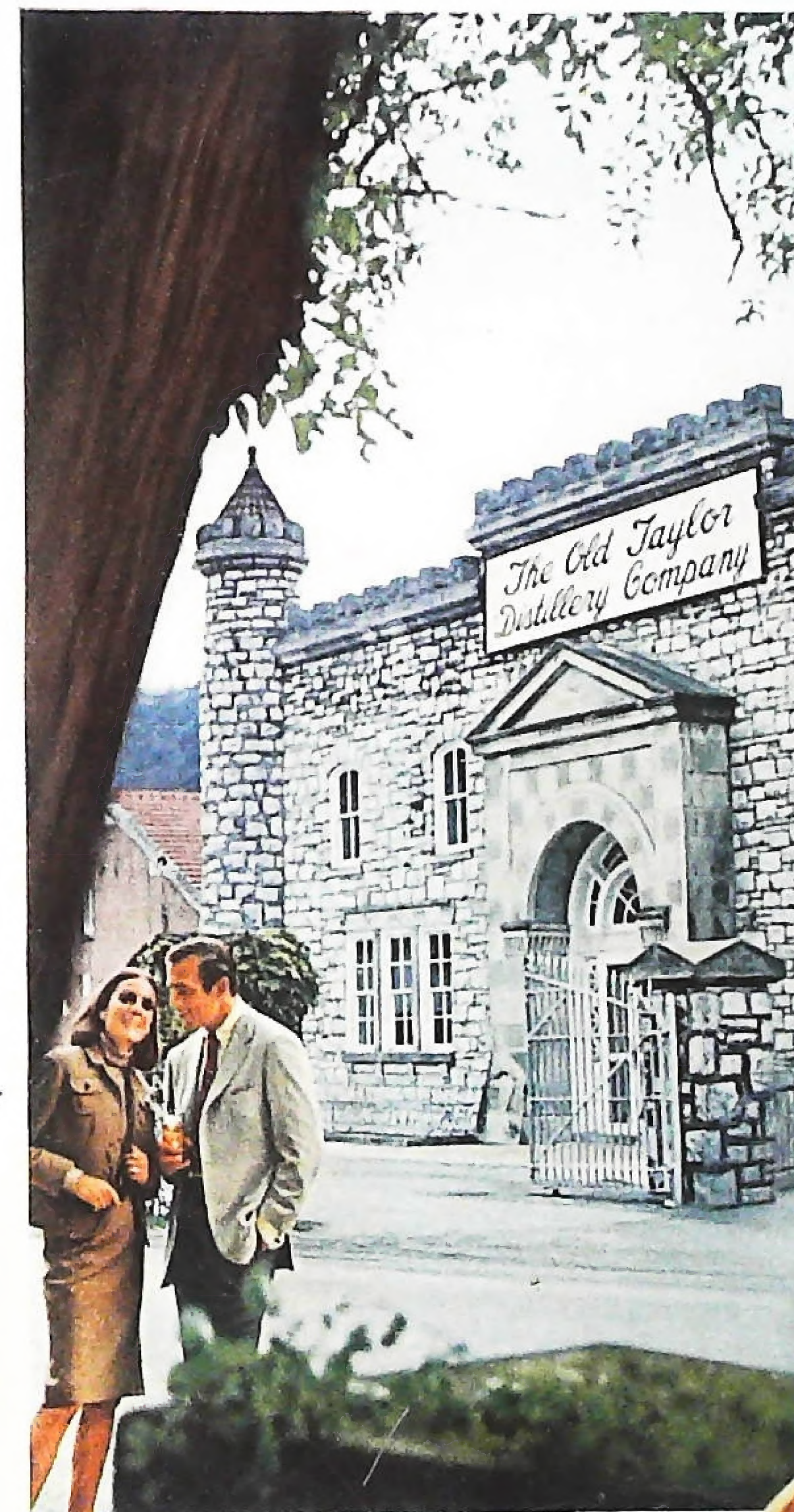
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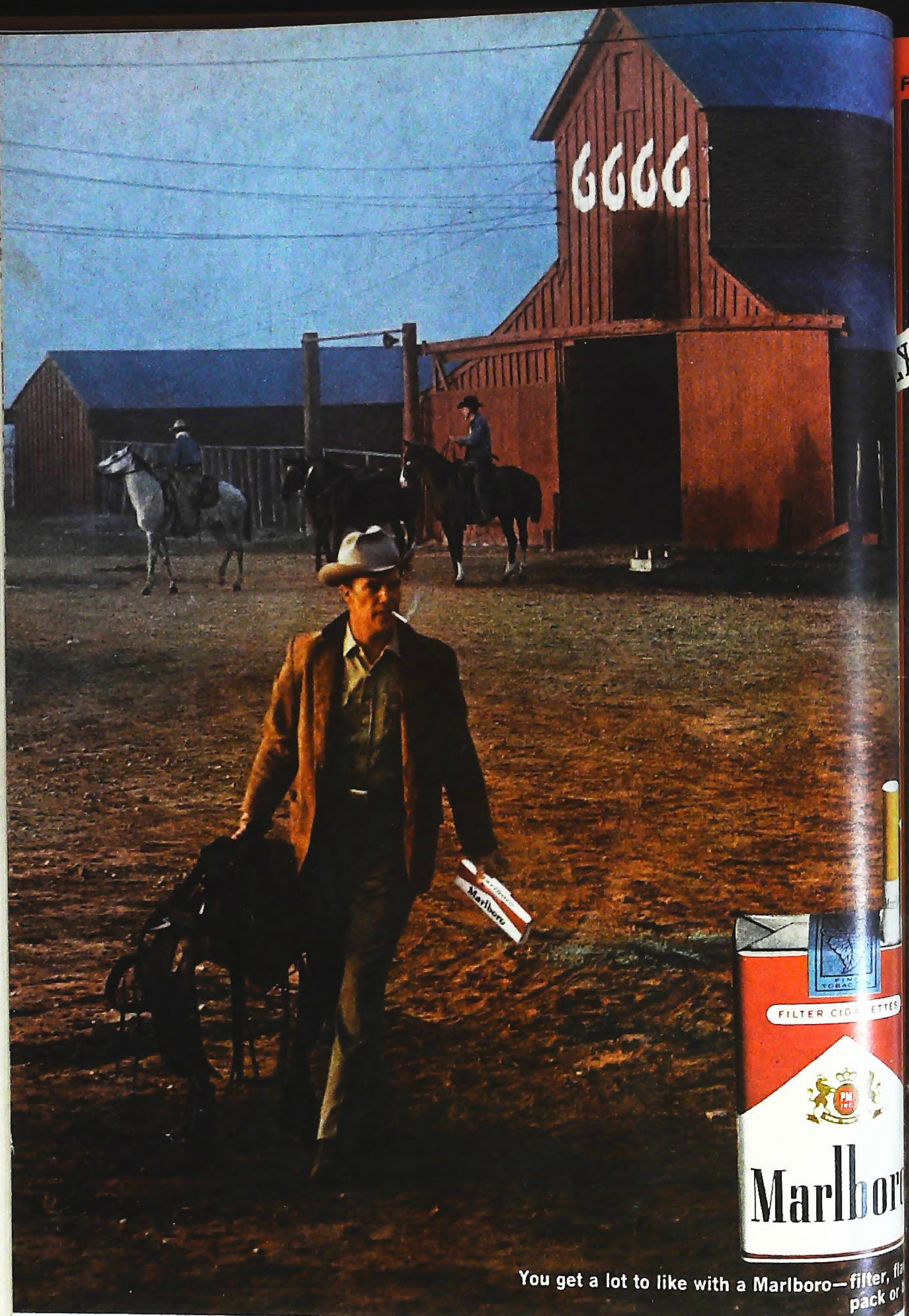
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